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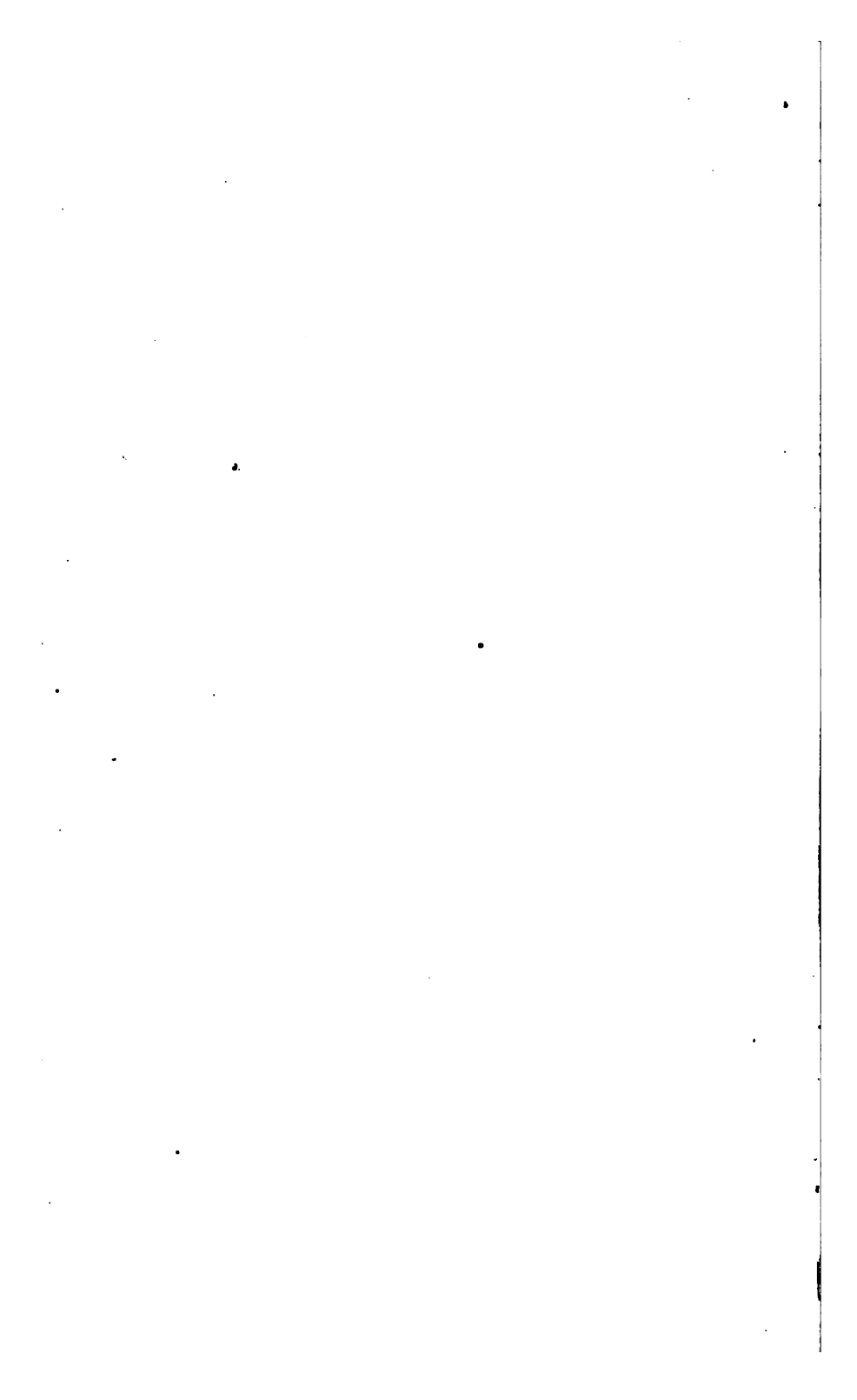
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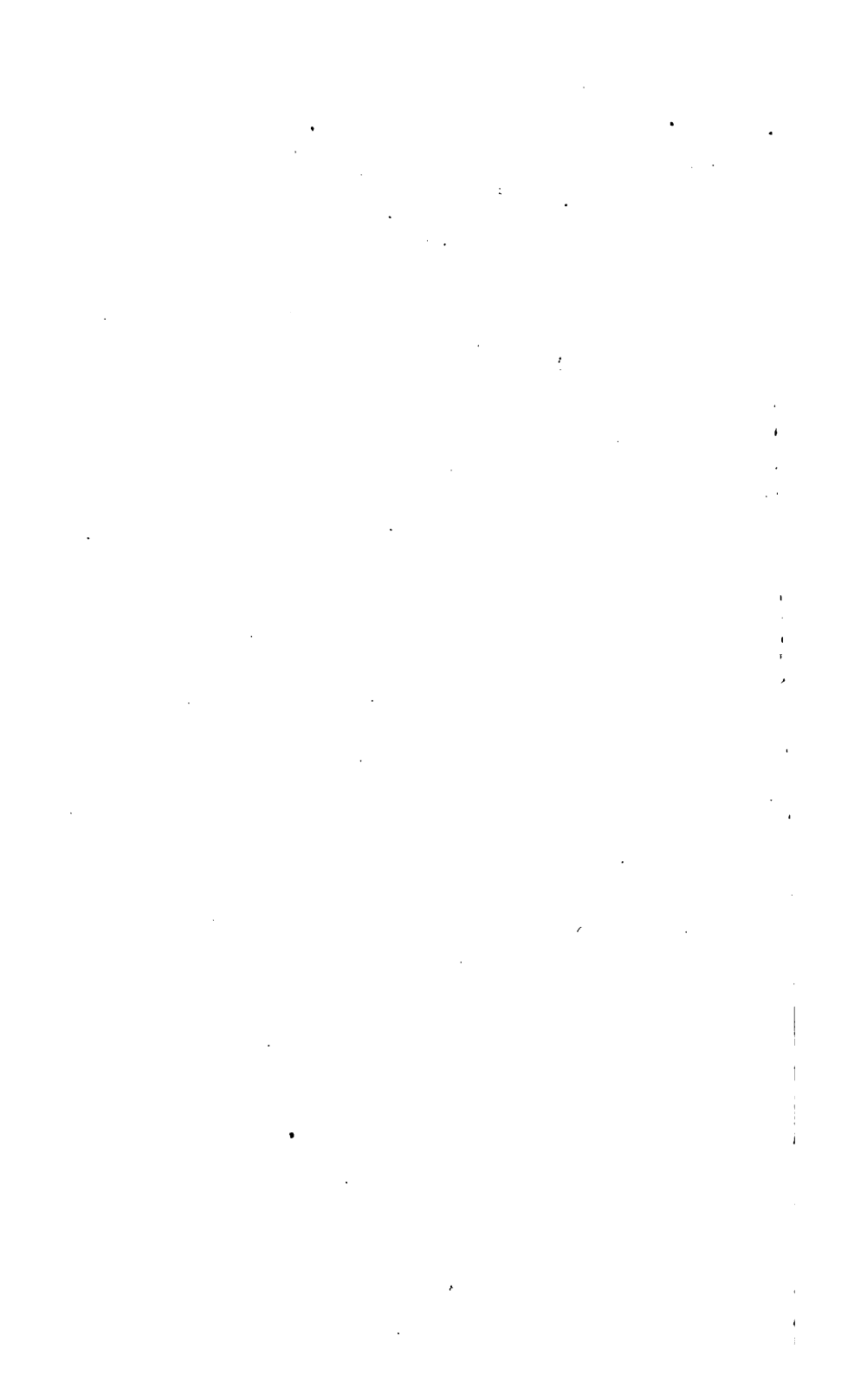


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THE
GOSPEL STANDARD,
OR,
FEEBLE CHRISTIAN'S SUPPORT.

"Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled."—Matt. v. 6.

"Who hath saved us, and called us with an holy calling, not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began."—2 Tim. i. 9.

"The election hath obtained it, and the rest were blinded."—Rom. xi. 7.

"If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest.—And they went down both into the water, both Philip and the eunuch; and he baptized him.—In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."—Acts viii. 37, 38; Matt. xxviii. 19.

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ADDRESS TO OUR READERS.

If, as the New Year came round, it brought with it *new* topics, it would render our annual task of addressing our Readers less difficult. But we have no new doctrines, new views, or new opinions to lay before them; in a word, no "Novelties of the season" to entertain them with.

Our desire and aim is to stand in the good old ways, and contend for the power and experience of those truths which are revealed in the Scriptures for the edification and consolation of the church, and which ever have been, and ever will be, dear to the hearts of those who are taught of God. The truths of the everlasting Gospel are dear to us—increasingly dear; and we cannot, dare not, tamper with them, conceal them, or deal deceitfully with them.

But because the truths for which we contend are old *in themselves*, it does not thence follow that they are always old *to us*. In this lies much of the sweetness and blessedness of gospel truth, when experimentally made known to the soul. A round of ever-recurring duties must soon be irksome to the most zealous Pharisee; one unvaried chime upon the free-will bells must, after a time, weary the most determined Arminian; and a dry repetition of "the five points," Sunday after Sunday, is enough, we should think, to wear

out the patience of the most inveterate dead Calvinist. But in the case of the living family, *Truth*, when accompanied by a divine unction to the soul, neither wearies nor cloyes. As food is ever grateful to the hungry, drink to the thirsty, rest to the weary, shelter to the houseless, and ease to those racked with pain, so *truth* from God's own lips must ever be precious to those who need a divine revelation to their souls. Does the hungry reject the bread because cut from yesterday's loaf, or the thirsty turn away from the time-worn well, or the weary refuse to cast his limbs on the oft-pressed bed, or the shelterless object to the proffered hospitality of the ivy-grown cottage, or the rheumatic despise an old remedy? To all these the *old* becomes new, because it brings relief. And is it not so spiritually? "He that sat upon the throne said, Behold, I make all things new." (Rev. xxi. 5.) "It shall bring forth new fruit according to his months, because their waters they issued out of the sanctuary." (Ezek. xlvii. 12.) As the family of God are brought into new trials, new straits, and new troubles, old truths, truths older than the world, are made new to them. Jesus Christ is "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever;" and his word, his blood, his righteousness, his grace, and his love are the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever too.

We can promise, then, our Readers no novelties for the coming year. We have no new light upon prophecy to bring forward, no recent scheme to reconcile free will and free grace, no patented project to unite church and chapel, no fresh invention to make religion easy, no hitherto-unheard-of plan to widen the narrow way, or to prove the truth of a late discovery that the gate is not strait of itself, but that men make it so.

All novelties in religion we consider as delusions, mere meteors, that blaze their little hour and then die away in the blackest night, and therefore utterly distinct from "the path of the just, which, as the shining light, shineth more and more unto the perfect day." Our grand object and single aim is that by our publication God may be glorified, and his church edified. We therefore wish to discard everything that does not tend to this point. Nor, through mercy, are we ignorant how this may be aimed at, if not attained. We are not sailing on a wide sea, ignorant of our course, or of the point to which we are tending. We are not running after a vague generality called "religion," without knowing what it is, and so fighting as one that beateth the air. We know that the only thing worth the name of religion is the life of God in the soul. And we

know that this inward and divine life is commenced, carried on, and completed wholly and solely by the power of God. Whatever, then, does not bear the impress of this power we reject, as being confident it is utterly useless to the point we have in view—the glory of God in the edification of his people. Whatever is stamped with this divine savour and power we admit as a message from God. However we may err in its application, this is the principle which decides our selection and determines our judgment. This is the test by which we try, or attempt to try, the pieces sent for insertion; and in this balance do we weigh, or endeavour to weigh, the books that we review.

In this divine savour and power, with which we desire to see our pages impregnated, there are, doubtless, degrees. As in the natural, so in the spiritual dew there will be a varying amount of deposition from the faintest trace of moisture to a copious shower.

In the salt with which the Priest sprinkled the offering, and without which there was no true sacrifice, (Lev. ii. 13; Mark ix. 49,) there were, doubtless, portions of the oblation on which but a few grains, and others on which a more copious shower might fall; and yet every part which the salt touched was “a sweet savour unto the Lord.” And so with respect to the spiritual salt, with which we desire all our communications to be seasoned, there will be, doubtless, some pages barely removed by a few grains from the tastelessness of the white of an egg, (Job vi. 6,) and others more nearly approaching that meat which the old Patriarch loved. (Gen. xxvii. 4.) But the utterly saltless we reject as fit only for the dunghill.

As, however, in the ordinance of preaching, the ministry of the sent servants of God, there are different degrees of unction and power, so in communications that spring from the pen of living souls there will be different degrees of life and feeling. But as we would not sit under a ministry in which there was no salt, so we would not willingly admit into our pages communications totally devoid of spiritual flavour. And if we are asked how we can distinguish such pieces, or if we are accused of presumption in setting up our judgment, we must reply, “In tasting natural food, how do you know whether there is salt in it?” And if the answer be, “By our natural taste,” may not we rejoin, with equal truth, “By our spiritual taste?” If the God of creation has given you a natural palate to distinguish seasoned from unseasoned, savoury from unsavoury food, why should not the God of all grace

have given us a spiritual palate to discriminate between heavenly and earthly provision? The new man of grace has the members of a perfect body—eyes to see truth from error, ears to hear the voice of the Son of God, (John v. 25; x. 27,) hands to take hold of God's strength, (Isa. xxvii. 5,) feet to run with patience the race set before us, a nose to smell the name of Jesus like the ointment poured forth—and why not a tongue and palate to taste and relish the seasoned and savoury food of the gospel? For if the ear trieth words, why should not the mouth taste meat? (Job xxxiv. 3.)

But it may, and probably will, be said that we thereby set ourselves up as judges of what is spiritual and what is not. To which we reply, "We certainly do." And do not all Editors set up their judgment in their several ways? If an Arminian Editor admits free will and rejects free grace, and if a Calvinistic Editor admits free grace and rejects free will, do not they constitute themselves judges of the one from the other? And why should not experimental Editors enjoy the same liberty, and be similarly allowed to exercise a right of judgment between the spirit and the letter, the form and the power? Some right and exercise of judgment is inseparable from the office of an Editor. He may indeed be an incompetent judge, or a dishonest one,—unable to form a right opinion, or afraid to pronounce a just one. Our incompetency we are, to a certain extent, willing to admit; our dishonesty, never.

As Editors, then, of a professedly experimental publication, our alternative is either to lay down our office as incompetent, or to exercise our judgment, such as it is, upon the power and savour of works and communications submitted to us. Could we see our way to do the former, it would be a joyful day to us; for what mostly do we reap as the fruit of our editorial labours? Weariness of body and anxiety of mind. It is no slight bodily task to read communications, and write Reviews. And as to anxiety of mind, the care and responsibility of a publication so widely circulated among the people of God cannot be small. If we would exercise honestly our own judgment, we must create to ourselves constant sources of pain. To be honest is to raise up powerful and bitter enemies, often to wound and alienate friends, to create jealousies and envyings, to make ourselves a mark for arrows of slander and reproach, to sharpen men's eyes to our own failings and short comings, and to stand in that painful, isolated spot where one is more feared than loved. As Editors, we are professedly judges of others; and we need not say how this draws the eyes of men to every failing or mark of

incompetency, and through what a magnifying glass wounded self-love views every blemish in the hand that hurts it. We see and painfully feel our incompetency. We see that we have said rash things, formed mistaken judgments, and, meaning right, have done what is wrong. "Why not, then," suggests some reader, "lay down your office?" Will you, Mr. Objector, undertake it? If you say, "Yes," our Readers might wish some proof that you are competent for the office, and might consider your readiness to undertake it not the most decided proof of your competency. And if you say, "No," we must still bear the burden till abler shoulders come forward to relieve us. But, as our Periodical enjoys a wide circulation, and, we trust, some acceptance among the family of God, we cannot hastily lay down our office, or embrace the first offer of relief, lest, by too great a desire to ease our own shoulders, we should transfer our load to a back that might break down under it.

Until, then, this desirable time arrive, when we can resign our charge into hands which have not only our confidence, but that of our Readers, (for both parties must be consulted in this matter,) we hope, with God's blessing, to continue our editorial labours.

Our aim and object are more certain and definite than the means of attaining them. In this we resemble all God's people, and more especially God's sent servants. Their aim and desire, so far as they have the mind of Christ, are clear and simple—the glory of God, and the profit of his people. But they and we find, with the Apostle, "The good that I would, I do not." They and we are dependant on Him who worketh all things after the counsel of his own will. As they may preach, but not profitably, unless the Lord preach by them; so we and our correspondents may write, but it will not profit God's people, unless he write by us. All our springs are in Him. Every particle of wisdom must come down from the Father of lights into our heart; every door of utterance be opened by him; every gracious feeling be communicated out of him; and all power, dew, unction, and savour, must freely flow out of His fulness who filleth all in all.

Let those, then, who see with us eye to eye in this matter, whose hearts respond to ours, and are "joined together in the same mind and in the same judgment," (1 Cor. i. 10,) lend us what aid they can. Let them send us letters, or other communications, that have been blessed to their souls; let them, in what they feel led to write themselves, have some inward testimony that it is penned under

the teaching and unction of the Lord the Spirit; and knowing their own barrenness and darkness, when destitute of his felt operations, let them bear with what carnality they see in us.

We have erred, and shall doubtless err again; but if our Readers believe that we are sincerely desirous of God's glory and the good of his people, they will bear with that weakness of the flesh in us, of which they see and feel so much in themselves.

We therefore desire to commend our little work to the blessing of a Triune God, and, in his name and strength, to continue our labours for the profit of his chosen, redeemed, and sanctified family.

THE EDITORS.

THE KINGDOM OF GOD IS NOT IN WORD, BUT IN POWER.

There is a power in divine religion which, however it may be denied and ridiculed, compels even its enemies to bear testimony to its reality. Those who possess this heavenly gift are often unconscious of the effects which are produced by their words and actions when under its manifested influence. Enmity and persecution awake and rise up against them as soon as it becomes evident that their faith stands not in the wisdom of man, but in the power of God. Many are awed and fettered in their minds at its appearance who have not the honesty to confess that it has any effect upon them. Their opposition to those who are the partakers of it is a bold and desperate pushing against inward conviction and checks of conscience; but, as they know that no human eye can penetrate into the secrets of their breasts, they disguise their feelings and appear courageous, though their hearts, like Nabal's, die within them, and they become as a stone. (1 Sam. xxv. 37.) There are others who, notwithstanding their hatred to the power of God, cannot disguise the fact of their being sensibly awed thereby. Saul, therefore, on certain occasions, bowed before Samuel and David, and confessed this power of God in them; Ahab humbled himself at its appearance in Elijah; Herod feared John, feeling him to be a partaker of it; and Felix trembled as Paul "reasoned of temperance, righteousness, and judgment to come;" each bearing testimony that the power of God makes those who are "among the living in Jerusalem" "terrible as an army with banners."

The people of God, in their intercourse with one another, communicate and receive the benefit of this inestimable blessing, and are thus declared to be "the body of Christ, and members in particular." (1 Cor. xii. 27.) By this they refresh, comfort, edify, strengthen, admonish, exhort, and reprove each other; so that "the eye cannot say unto the hand, I have no need of thee; nor again the head to the feet, I have no need of you. Nay, much more those members of the body, which seem to be more feeble, are necessary." (1 Cor. ii. 21, 22.) The continual absence of this power in a professor of

religion proclaims aloud his lack of divine teaching, and shows him to be as yet in the sepulchre, numbered among the dead. Whatever is devoid of power is to those who have "an unction from the Holy One" (1 John ii. 20) no better than "sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal." (1 Cor. xiii. 1.) To them the Churchman's liturgical mockery, and the carnal Dissenter's laboured, monotonous, cold, and lifeless prayer, running one unvaried round of set phrases and formal petitions, are equally insipid, irksome, and intolerable. From mock spirituality and the spirit of Diotrophes they desire to be preserved, whether they appear in a mitred bishop, a reverend dissenter, or a self-sufficient deacon who dictates to and keeps his poor cringing minister in fear, and holds forth in the table-pew at the prayer-meeting, or spouts at the monthly or quarterly church-meeting.

To look bold, to assume a spirit of confidence, to talk with great assurance, to be forward and ready to approve or to condemn any person or thing that may come under observation, does not necessarily prove, as some think that it does, the presence of power. All these things may exist where the life of God is unknown and unfelt. There is no power when religion is merely a mechanical thing, when there is no springing well, no divine inspiration, no humbling of the soul before God, and no inward reception of grace, strength, teaching, and direction from the Fountain of the water of life.

Ministers there are whose prayer is known to the people before uttered, and whose sermon might be preached almost verbatim by many of their hearers as soon as the text is given out. Such as look to these automaton preachers for something with which to feed their hungry souls, look in vain. Time after time, they are disappointed. Their case is never unfolded; their wants are not met; the word falls like an idle and twice-told tale upon their ears; and the attempts that are made from the pulpit to comfort and encourage the tempted and cast down are more calculated to stir up feelings of vexation and disgust than to afford any consolation, light, or instruction to the needy but disappointed seeker, who therefore writes bitter things against himself, and looks upon his case as well nigh hopeless.

It is often a long time before all God's children can account for these things. They feel that the ministry is not such as they require; but they are afraid to say that it is not of God. They feel a lack of power and dew; and their souls get dried up like a potsherd, and become as the mount of Gilboa; but they are slow to believe that this is the effect of the preaching which they hear, or to think that it is increased by their associating with untried, unhumiliated, and parrot-taught professors. But, in due time, the mystery is cleared up; the soul is enabled to see through the flimsy veil, and discovers that the minister and people lack *power*, and know not that the "heart of the wise teacheth his mouth and addeth learning to his lips;" yes, he finds that it was power that was lacking. It is power that the soul sought; for he stood in need of that gospel which comes "not in word only, but in demonstration of the Spirit, and of power."

Thus every anointed member of Christ is made to value power, and to count as loss all that is without it. With power, he is taught

in his own soul; with power, he is made to feel acutely and deeply his sinnership, his beggary, his helplessness, his emptiness, his ignorance, his carnality, his deceit, and his vanity. It is power which works in his heart, even that same power which raised up Jesus from the dead. This power causes him to confess his misery and guilt before God, searches his heart, makes him cry for mercy and forgiveness, reveals to him the throne of grace, and raises up groanings, sighings, and longings for the blood of sprinkling; it makes him hunger and thirst after righteousness, drives him out of his numerous refuges of lies, fastens the words of the wise like nails and goads (Eccles. xii. 11) in his heart and conscience, discovers to him the snares and delusions of Satan, shows him his need of divine teaching, humbles him before God, causes godly sorrow which worketh "repentance not to be repented of" to flow forth, raises up faith in the Redeemer, communicates peace to his soul, enables him to pour out his desires at the foot of the altar, and leads him to know, in some measure, the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost.

Such as are partakers of this power, and have escaped from the snare of the foolish and the congregation of the dead, are made partakers of the afflictions of the gospel. The keen, swift-flying arrows of scandal and false report are directed against them; the tongue that speaketh like the piercings of a sword seeks to wound their reputation and murder their fair name; their motives are misconstrued, their words perverted, and their actions misinterpreted. They are deemed proud and self-righteous, because they dare not associate with those who are made manifest to them to be the enemies of God; they are deemed censorious and bitter, because they condemn, with plainness and pointedness, the delusions of Satan in others, which delusions have been discovered and condemned in themselves; and they are said to be narrow-minded and uncharitable, because they do not, like the simple, believe every word that professors may utter. Some call them bigots; some enthusiasts; and others scruple not to ascribe their religion, the power of which they hate, to Satanic influence. The self-righteous pharisee dislikes them because they expose his pride and contempt of the righteousness of God; the hardened professor of the doctrines of grace, who has a form of godliness but denies the power thereof, despises them because he thinks them legal, and argues that because they speak so much of the corruptions under which they "groan, being burdened," they must consequently live upon their corruptions; the Antinomian hates them because they condemn his licentiousness, or speak against his unchristian spirit and loose conduct; and the man of the world shuns them, and ridicules them as fools. Thus they are the sect that is everywhere spoken against, and that is hated of all men for Christ's sake. But his power rests upon them; his power works within them; and his power defends them from evil.

In the hearts of those men in whom the kingdom of God, which is "in power," is set up, God suspends the balances of the sanctuary. Into these are put the true and just weights which Jehovah delights

in; and with these unerring scales the various things which are found within are weighed. Here true judgment is given; and though fallen nature may cry, "O that Ishmael might live before thee," the Righteous Judge cannot be persuaded to alter his righteous decision. Here the living soul learns to know and value what is right and lawful, and is taught what doctrines are false and damnable. No need has he to read the writings of Atheists, Deists, Socinians, Arminians, Sabellians, Papists, Wesleyans, Pelagians, Antinomians, &c., to be persuaded that there are persons who are thus deluded, and to form a judgment of their tenets; for he discovers that the bitter root from which all these sprang is in his own heart; and here they are tried, weighed, and condemned. The Holy Ghost is a Spirit of judgment to him that sits in judgment and strength to them that turn the battle to the gate. Hence it is that what to the deceived seems a certain and delightful truth, and is eagerly studied and strongly maintained and advocated by them, to him is known to be earthly, sensual, and devilish. What delights them, grieves him; what they contend for, he contends against; what they gather, he throws away; what they follow, he flies from; and what to them is a welcome visitor, to him is a Satanic intruder, or a foul temptation. Their hopes and confidence he knows full well; and their foundation he has proved to be a sandy one. He has felt what they feel, and knows what they know; but they have never experienced what he has, nor have they felt what he is a partaker of. Thus he that is of the flesh, minds, esteems, follows, and holds as sacred the things of the flesh; and they that are of the Spirit, the things of the Spirit.

But, notwithstanding much struggling, the partakers of power are enabled to "prove all things, and hold fast that which is good." When the Lord works in them, Satan works likewise; when they would do good, evil is present with them; and when truth is made precious and its power is felt, the father of lies assaults it with his subtle reasonings, his plausible conjectures, and his apparently strong evidences against its reality. His lying tongue is often hidden in their carnal thoughts, which are strung thereupon, and which he, with cunning craft, leads forth, to distress and harass them; but the more he tempts, the more divine power works in them; and though every infidel and minister of Satan, every panderer to sin and instigator of licentiousness, has a tongue which clamours within, the still small voice of Jehovah, which is "powerful and full of majesty," cannot be drowned, and always prevails.

But Satan often works in a yet more treacherous way. He produces a false peace in the soul, secretly insinuates into it the spirit of slumbering, and ceases to contend violently. Gradually, the soul gets careless and torpid; prayer becomes a burden and is void of power; hardness seizes upon the heart; the oracles of truth are little looked into; conversation upon spiritual things grows insipid and is avoided; while the things of the world gain ground in the affections; idols are set up and worshipped; Ephraim is joined to them, and, for a season, is let alone. Where now is the power he once felt and manifested? Like Samson, he is shorn of his locks; but, like Sam-

son's, they in time grow again. The Spirit of power makes him feel gradually his situation; and he finds his inability to deliver himself from it. He begins to cry to the Lord, "Turn thou me, and I shall be turned;" but his prayers seem not to be heard. He is terrified at the irreverence and mockery of God which he finds continually flooding his soul; and, filled with his own ways, he begins to bemoan his sad state, and to loathe and cry out against himself. Now, this arises from the working of power in his heart, which power continues to operate, and in due time enables him to pour out his soul before God, to take hold of his strength, and to receive hope and comfort again. The word is once more unsealed; the heart feels power in prayer; Jesus and his salvation are made precious; the enjoyment of his atoning blood and righteousness is sought after; the guilty conscience flies to the Fountain; and Christ is all and in all. He who has once felt the power of the Lord is sure to feel it again; for "to him that hath, shall be given." He that has been condemned with power will soon be justified with power; he that is chastened with power will be comforted with power; and he who is enabled to pray with power will be answered with power. In him who most feels his own weakness the power of God is most manifested; he stands when others who are "fat and strong" (Ezek. xxxiv. 16) fall; and he will rejoice when others shall mourn. He to whom he has fled for refuge will make him feel his power to save, to cleanse, to restore, to comfort, to teach, and to lead into all truth. And when all the family of God are beyond the reach of the archer, and are far from the "mountains of leopards," and the "lion's den;" and when they who are "preserved in Christ Jesus and called" "are come out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb," shall be led to "fountains of living waters," and shall have all tears wiped from their faces; they will, with one consent, confess that they who are kept, are "kept by the power of God, through faith unto salvation."

G. S. B. I.

A LETTER FROM THE LATE MR. MARRIANER.

Dearly Beloved in the Lord,—According to promise I now write to you, though I believe I have nothing to say worth hearing or reading. This place, like all others, is full of profession and pride; nor can I find any people here who are brought to seek the Lord. I have talked to many, but they are generally resting short. The hail has not swept away their refuges of lies, nor the waters overflowed their hiding place. Their league with hell is not made manifest to them, nor is their covenant with death broken up by the almighty power of the Lord. If they speak of distress, it does not arise from the right cause; and if they speak of joy, there is no oil, but it is dry, and leaves the speaker and the hearer barren.

I heard of a little people at W—, in B—, thirteen miles from O—. I went over the other day, and I found two or three whose hearts were right with me, and I really believe with the Lord also. They are a

savoury, unctuous, and deep-led people. An old shoemaker, who has been in the way thirty-eight years, came with me six miles on my way back, and I can assure you we could hardly part. He is a most choice man, and one whose conversation is sweet, powerful, and well seasoned. I know if — and — had been with us, there would have been only one heart among all four. I know you would like him. They meet together every Sunday, and read Mr. Huntington's works when they have no preaching. Mr. G— and Mr. W— speak to them occasionally. I should go over every Lord's Day, but I have no horse.

Here I have no person to speak to. I am very uncomfortable indeed. I cannot get a minute's time through pressure of business; and we are very much put out in our family order. The work within is very much confused. I am generally, the whole day, dark and stupid, having neither light nor life; my inward feelings are often worse than those who never made any profession at all; and there are many things without to confirm the devil's testimony that I stand on a level with the worst.

"Shock'd at the sight, I straight cry out,
'Can ever God dwell here?'"

Read the second and third verses of Hart's 18th hymn; that is what I pass through daily. I am really afraid (and sometimes not without ground) that I never went deep enough at first; and yet I know that I have been going deeper and deeper from that time. My experience of these things is simply this,—a growing in the knowledge of myself as a completely lost, ruined, and undone wretch. My many awful falls have brought me to know experimentally that he who trusteth in his own heart is the greatest of fools; and my many base and damnable backslidings of heart and affections have brought me to a conviction that I am not capable of exercising a good thought. All the vows which I ever made, the Lord has suffered me to break; so that I am driven from that refuge of lies. My own wisdom has been proved complete foolishness; my understanding, complete ignorance; my light, complete darkness; and my life, complete death. I am made truly sick of myself and of the devil. The Lord has made me quite sensible that nothing less than an almighty power had kept me from the lowest and deserved hell. On the other hand, I can appeal to the Lord, who alone searches the heart, that he has won my heart and soul over to himself by the many sweet persuasions of his mercy towards me, by the many lightnings-up of his countenance, by the many risings of hope, by the many sweet meltings of soul; and many times he has lifted me up when down, and caused me to bless him in singleness of heart when I have been persuaded of his mercy in Christ to my hell-deserving soul.

And now, —, what I have said, I know to be what I have felt at different times, let it come from where it may. I know that my soul is made honest in these matters; and, unless my heart is both dead and damned, surely the Lord is all and in all to my soul.

My love to —. Tell him I love him in sincerity. May the Lord bless and keep you both. I shall be glad to hear from you,

or any of the friends, at any time. When I began to write, I did not think of writing five minutes; but I have sent you such things as I have. My heart is with you to live, to die, and to live again. Accept our love yourself.

From yours in truth and undissembled love in Christ,
Oxford, August 2nd, 1829. NATHANIEL MARRIANER.

A WORD OF SYMPATHY.

My dear Friend and Brother in the path of tribulation,—I can now address you feelingly under this title, having for many years been, with very few and very short intermissions, in that spot described by Zechariah, xiii. 9. How hard it is, my dear friend, to

“Trust to Christ alone,
By thousand dangers scared!”

It is bad enough when we get wounded by an enemy, but when wounds come from the houses of our friends, from those friends with whom we have taken sweet counsel, and with whom, like David, we have walked in company to the house of God; I say, when these turn round upon us, and seem ready to devour us, how cutting it is! how it staggers and confounds us! Often have I gone to some friends, of whom I still have hope, when my soul has been so pressed down with affliction and sorrow that I could do nothing but groan and sigh; but, with some hard speech or other, they have sent me away wounded, bruised, and more wretched than before. And what has all this taught me? Why, the lesson taught by Isaiah, ii. 22. O sir, I have in some measure experienced the truth of what the poet says:

“’Tis to credit contradictions,
Talk with him one never sees;
Cry and groan beneath afflictions,
Yet to dread the thought of ease.”

O how often have I been ready to say, like poor Jacob of old, “All these things are against me; I shall go down with sorrow to the grave.” The instruments of Jacob’s sorrows were those of his own flesh and blood, those who ought to have been the earthly staff and stay of his right hand; yet those were the very persons that pierced poor old Jacob through and through by their ungodly ways. It is hard work for faith to grasp and hold firm God’s promise and the God of the promise, when her arms are paralysed, and, like Job, to exclaim, “Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him.” But, my friend, whom else have we to trust? We cannot trust the world, for it is treacherous; to trust our own hearts is foolish; and to trust our own spiritual friends, yes, or our natural friends either, I had almost said, is like taking a mad dog to caress and feed, hoping that it would not bite us because we were so kind to it. “Why,” says the world, “you would, in our opinion, be about as mad as the dog to do so.” Yes, my friend, and often have we proved it to be a species of madness to trust our nearest and dearest friends, either natural or spiritual, with our woes, sorrows, or afflictions, instead of carrying them

to a throne of grace. Our heavenly Friend will not turn round upon us and say, "It serves you right; you have brought these sorrows upon yourselves, and you may get out of them;" neither will he say, "I am on the mountain of God's presence; if you want to speak to me you must come up to where I am, for I cannot come down to you." No, blessed be God, our great High Priest comes down, for he knows his poor children could not for a thousand worlds get up to him, they are so helpless, weak, and destitute; nor can any of his servants prove that their commission authorises them to treat any of God's helpless family in that manner. But what is man when left to himself? how treacherous! how deceitful! But our Captain endured the same; Judas betrayed him, Peter denied him, his disciples forsook him, and, in the hottest part of the conflict, his Father hid his face from him. O my dear friend, we must in some measure drink of the same cup, and be baptized with the same baptism; but our precious Jesus will maintain us in the midst of ten thousand deaths. Our enemies may be countless, our sorrows multiplied, our faith feel ready to breathe its last gasp under the weight that presses with such amazing force upon it, but it shall live through all the malice of our enemies, through all our sorrows, faintings, and oppositions, to the praise of the glory of that God who has said, "Thine enemies shall be found liars unto thee, and thou shalt tread upon their high places." Often have I stood staggering under the weight that has appeared to press out even the very life of hope, believing that another storm, another wave, or another thrust from the enemy would sink me to rise no more. I have thought within myself, I can hold out no longer; and at the very time I have looked at my wasted frame, my trembling limbs, and my sinking state, and felt as if I were on the borders of desperation and apparently on the verge of eternity, concluding that all was about to be brought to an end; and yet many a storm has rolled over my head since I experienced these trials, and still I live, a wonder and a mystery to myself. Yes, my aged brother, having suffered so much myself, I can feel for you; and if one so weak and feeble might be allowed to speak to your comfort, I would say as I have done more than once when faith has been so feeble that tears have rolled down my cheeks, and grief well nigh choked my utterance,

"Let not thy heart despond and say,
How shall I stand the trying day?
He has engaged by firm decree,
That as thy day thy strength shall be."

It is by these things God's family live. I could not be an anti-backslider if I would, for I firmly believe that there is not an individual in the ranks of those who hold this detestable doctrine that ever got it from God's throne. Need I remind you of what I have heard you say more than once, "Leave the rod in your Father's hands, for if you take it in your own, you will hurt yourself more than you will hurt your opponent." I know that it is trying work for flesh and blood to be still; but do not be angry with a poor brother if he recommends you, and God's dear children through you, to carry all

your sorrows, conflicts, trials, temptations, afflictions, and crosses to a throne of grace, and leave them at the feet of Jesus. There is no wonder at professors forsaking you, but if children forsake you too, if they use hard speeches concerning you, and if for a time they are permitted to hold up to contempt both you and your preaching, be assured that God has some wise end to answer by it. God is his own interpreter, and in his own time he will make plain all his dealings and dispensations towards you. Noah, the first minister sent by God, was scorned, and his ministry treated with contempt; and shall my brother be free from slander and reproach? No. But you may depend upon one thing, if God has any of his own children amongst those who have persecuted you, and cast out your name as evil, which I cannot but think he has, he will bring down their hearts with labour, he will lay the rod upon them, and cause them, through the conflict, to stagger like a drunken man, not with wine, but with the anger of an insulted Father; and he will teach them, too, that it was not in vain he recorded those words: "He that toucheth you toucheth the apple of my eye." But the others, the vain professors, may go on triumphing in wickedness, and boasting of their exploits, but, to their amazement and confusion, they will find in the end that their ungodly fire will leave them to lie down in eternal sorrow, while a poor Lazarus shall enjoy all the fulness of a triune Jehovah in his Father's bosom.

One word, in conclusion, to those characters who are so zealously engaged in breeding schism and discontent amongst God's people. Be careful how you sport or trifle with God's word and people, lest He that sitteth in the heavens should laugh when your fear cometh, lest "the Lord should have you in derision." (Ps. ii. 4. See also Phil. ii. 1—5; 2 Tim. iv. 3, 4; 1 John iii. 10—15.) Ask, between God and conscience, are you clear of these charges? for depend upon it, God will one day rise up to vindicate and plead the cause of his people, and will say, "Who hath required this at your hands?" "then a great ransom cannot deliver you." (Job xxxvi. 18.)

That God may bless and support you, my dear brother, is the prayer of, yours till death,

Manchester, August 7th, 1843.

J. B.

**"MY STRENGTH IS MADE PERFECT IN
WEAKNESS."**

Dear Friend,—Yours I have this morning received, and in answer I would just say that (God willing) I hope to be with you, to attempt to speak in the name of the Lord, the first Sunday in June. But O that the dear Lord may come with me! for I am daily more and more convinced that the kingdom of God is not in word, but in power. I have seasons when I can bless God from my very soul that it is not by might nor by power, but by the Spirit of God; and I know, in some measure, what the apostle meant when he said, "We are not sufficient of ourselves to think anything as of ourselves, but our sufficiency is of God." I am still proving my own helpless-

ness, ignorance, carnality, and death. O what a carnal, sensual, devilish wretch I am, in my own feelings! O how it grieves my soul at times, that I should be so ungrateful to that God who has for so many years been my Helper, my Deliverer, and my Upholder, who has ever been near at hand, and never failed me in all my times of trouble, whether of body or of soul! O that the dear Comforter would but bless me with more of his life-giving unction and power! This is what I am much in need of, for I cannot call Jesus my Lord with sweetness and delight, but by the Holy Ghost.

My friend, I was very low last Saturday, when I wrote to you the few lines. It appeared to me that my preaching was gone spark out, for I had only just as much life as made me miserable, and just as much light as showed me what a fool I was. When I arose on Lord's day morning I thought it would be impossible for me to face the people; nay, it appeared awful presumption in me to attempt it! But, blessed be the dear Lord, I again proved that his thoughts were not my thoughts, nor his ways my ways; for he brought me through the day, and I believe he blessed his truth to the souls of the people. My soul had another token for good, and proved that he was with me, making me the instrument of comforting others with the same comforts with which my soul is comforted of God. O how astonishing it is that the dear Lord should ever own and bless his truth from the lips of such a babe in knowledge and such an old wretch in sin. I could not refrain from weeping, last Saturday night, to think that the dear people of our church and congregation had had to put up with such a lump of useless lumber as I felt myself to be, and wondered how they had borne with me for nearly twenty-seven years. Ah, my friend, God knows how to hide pride. I can assure you that I have nothing to boast of but rich, sovereign, electing, and discriminating grace, from first to last.

Give my love to all inquiring friends; and that we may meet together in peace and love, is the prayer of your unworthy friend and brother for truth's sake,

Trowbridge, May 5, 1842.

J. W.

"BY THE WORD OF TRUTH."

My beloved Brother in the Lord, and whom I love for the Lord's sake,—May our Lord Jesus Christ himself, and God, even our Father, who hath loved you, and given you everlasting consolation and good hope, through grace, comfort your heart and establish you in every good word and work.

Many thanks to you for your kind letter. It refreshed me; and there were some drops in it which melted my heart. A revelation of truth *in* the heart is what all the regenerated children of God have experienced; and unless the word comes to them "in power, and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance," they faint by the way. To know the truth of God by the power of God is the desire of every new-born soul. God may speak, by his servants, to the outward ear, as he did to Cain; for his word is called the *lively oracles* of God; but unless he speak to the heart, it will remain unchanged,

as regards the unregenerate; and the ordinances of God's appointment will prove dry breasts even to the regenerate, unless his still small voice be heard in the heart, working faith and love.

During my stay at C—, the people were generally observant of the outward ordinances; but those whom I met with, and who conversed with me, said that they had nought to say against the word delivered, except that there was no power with it; that there were no searchings of heart, no meltings of soul, no humblings before the Lord, on account of the much more aboundings of grace over the aboundings of sin. I think, therefore, that there is an importance in the word *preach* which is worthy of consideration; for the apostles were to "tarry" until they were "endued with power;" and it is said of them, that where they went, the Lord worked with them, and accompanied the same with signs; and that he manifested by them the "savour" of his knowledge, or the knowledge of himself, in every place. You, my dear brother, have known the truth of this for many years past in your experience; for the Lord hath worked and doth work with you.

It is a sad state for a man to be in, when he is satisfied with his ear being pleased whilst his heart is unaffected; for unless a man believes in his heart, it is only hypocrisy in him to make a confession with his mouth. If the apostle's prayer was to know more of Christ and "the power of his resurrection," we may be sure, as we know personally for ourselves, that the knowledge of Christ merely in the head is what the apostle calls "a form of godliness, whilst they deny the power thereof." To be under the deep experience of our own vileness, "black, but comely," is divine teaching, and will make a man a good disciple; for he will hate himself for all his abominations, and loathe himself for what is within him. And this divine teaching will make him rejoice in Christ Jesus, seeing that he is as much his sanctification as he is his righteousness, wisdom, and redemption. Blessed indeed are those who have unction from the Holy One, and know all things; for such are sanctified *wholly* by the very God of peace, who can "give power *always*, and by *all* means;" and such, like Job, have an experience of their own vileness, and abhor themselves; which agrees with the apostle's experience in Romans vii.

My dear brother will perceive that I have forgotten to whom I am writing; for you are much more capable of writing to me upon this subject than I am of writing to you. Forgive me, then, for this impertinence.

Yours in the Lord,

F. S.

AN INQUIRY.

Messrs. Editors.—Permit me to ask the favour of some of your correspondents to give me their thoughts on Philippians iv. 4: "Rejoice in the Lord always; again I say, Rejoice." And may God the Holy Spirit so enable them to explain it that it may be the means, in his hands, to relieve a mind which has been thrown into much darkness, and many doubts and fears, by hearing a sermon preached

from it. The preacher declared that it was an absolute command of God to "rejoice always;" and, in order to strengthen the text, he alluded to the eunuch who, after coming up out of the water, went on his way rejoicing, quoting several other passages of scripture to prove the *always rejoicing*. Permit me to say that this kind of preaching is so diametrically opposed to my experience that if the preacher be right, I am woefully wrong; for "I am bowed down by reason of affliction;" and my soul is groaning, sighing, and longing after the sweet and precious manifestations of God's presence, pardon, and deliverance. I often feel a heavy burden of sin and guilt, a guilty conscience condemning me, and an artful devil tempting me. Bless the Lord, I have some seasons of rejoicing; I have sometimes a glimpse of the dear Redeemer through the lattice. Then I can view him as "the chiefest among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely," and can feel his ever-precious name as "the ointment poured forth." But, alas! these rejoicings are but seldom.

The same preacher says that we have nothing to do with experience, or frames and feelings; but, without them, how am I to know that the Lord is working within me "to will and to do of his own good pleasure;" or how am I to know that the work of regeneration by God the Holy Ghost has taken place in my soul, if I do not feel it? It is my opinion that the dead soul cannot have any feeling, spiritually; but, when quickened by the Spirit of God, it becomes living soul, and has the most acute feeling.

I am, yours sincerely in the bonds of the gospel,

London, Oct., 1843.

A DEBTOR TO GRACE AND MERCY.

THE BARREN FIG TREE.

Messrs Editors,—Our object in writing to you is that we may be favoured with your opinion upon the subject of the barren fig tree. (Luke xiii. 6—9.) It was represented to us by one of the gentlemen preachers of our day, that that tree was planted in the vineyard by God the Father, and that the dressers of the vineyard were first pious parents, then Sabbath school teachers, and afterwards ministers of the gospel; and when God the Son came to seek for fruit, these dressers pleaded with him to spare the tree, promising to be more zealous in their prayers and teachings, in order that they might better cultivate that barren (profession) tree. Then Christ himself was represented as being the dresser, and God the Father represented as coming to seek for fruit, and the Father, the Son, angels, ministers, teachers, and parents were alike disappointed, but God the Holy Ghost was left out altogether.

Now, dear Sirs, if you, or some of your correspondents, through the medium of your periodical, would oblige us with a few words upon the above parable, we shall be truly thankful, and it may be made a blessing to some of the Lord's tried ones.—Yours affectionately for the truth's sake,

September 12, 1843.

THE OUTCAST BAND.

"I SOUGHT THE LORD, AND HE HEARD ME."

Dear Friends in the kingdom and patience of our Lord Jesus Christ,—Having been much exercised of late as it regards my personal interest in the everlasting love of the eternal Jehovah, I thought it might be of some use to the tried family of heaven were I to relate a few particulars how the Lord has graciously delivered me from all my fears.

I had for some time been favoured with much sweet communion with my heavenly Father, and had enjoyed free access to the throne of mercy, and often longed to be at home, in the presence of my best Beloved, that I might enjoy nearer communion, and gaze more fully on the smiles of his loving countenance for ever. But it pleased God to lay upon me a heavy trial concerning some things which I had thought to be his work, and in which I had frequently sought at the throne of mercy for his direction. My heart (with shame be it spoken) boiled up in such awful rebellion against the God of heaven, in his divine sovereignty, that I told him in my heart that I would never pray to him any more, nor ask another favour at his hands. But God knew well how to deal with his rebellious worm. He left me to fall, in soul feeling, almost into the pit of hell; I doubted my interest in the finished work of Jesus, nay, I may say I fully believed that I never had any standing in him at all. "Ah," thought I, "I am like wicked Cain, or Esau; God has set the mark of reprobation on my forehead, and every one that sees me shall know it too." O how ashamed I was to lift up my head before God's dear people! for I remembered the word of truth, which says, "The show of their countenance doth witness against them;" and similar awful portions of God's word rolled in upon my mind, amongst which was the following: "There remaineth nothing but a fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation, which shall devour the adversaries." I thought myself worse than the lost spirits in hell, for they had never sinned against so much goodness and mercy, nor had they tasted of the grace of God, as I once thought I had. The covenant of mercy appeared to be for ever lost to my view; and I feared that God would never more be gracious to my poor soul, for he had driven me almost to the brink of despair, and, to my view, well nigh to destruction. But, to the honour of his great and holy name, I would tell of his matchless mercy and condescending love to a sinful worm, in bringing me up again from the gates of death. The Lord was pleased to put a cry into my poor heart, when I was in the depths of soul affliction, and I said if ever it was the will of his blessed Majesty to reach down the arm of his mercy, and to bring me out of this horrible pit, I would exclaim, as did Jonah, "Salvation is of the Lord." God heard my cry, and sent deliverance to his poor unworthy worm; and he gave me such a sweet view of a suffering Saviour bearing my sins in his own body upon the tree, that I wept with grief and joy at the same time—with grief at the tremendous load of suffering which Jesus endured

on account of my transgressions, and with joy at the rich abounding of his love in pardoning my iniquity, and bringing salvation home to my poor soul. Thus you will see that God gave repentance unto life, and faith in the rich atonement of Christ, that I might magnify his mercy, and testify of his everlasting love to many generations.

May the blessing of the God of Israel be with both writer and reader for ever and ever. Amen.

MARY.

THE THREEFOLD CORD WHICH IS NOT QUICKLY BROKEN.

Dear Brother and Beloved of God,—May the Lord of all lords sustain you with the bread of heaven, and with abundance of the good old wine of the kingdom, in all your trials whilst passing through this wilderness of sin and woe, out of the eternal fulness of Him who has never been a barren wilderness to his people. No, my brother, he has ever been, he still is, and he ever will be a hiding-place from the storm, a covert from the wind, as rivers of water in a dry place, and as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. How eternally blessed and everlastingly safe are all they who know the Father and the Son by the power of the Holy Spirit, "for theirs is life eternal," saith our eternal Fulness of all blessedness, "that they might know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent." Blessed be the name of the Lord, he has manifested himself to us, poor hell-deserving mortals, as a God of everlasting love, and made us accepted in the Beloved; and this, too, when we were enemies to him by wicked works, and "dead in trespasses and sins;" and by his free and all-powerful grace, he has brought us, poor helpless sinners, to his dear Son for life and endless salvation, notwithstanding all our sin, filth, guilt, temptations, and the terrors of the law. And bless the name of our dear Jesus, he has brought us to know the Father as a God of boundless mercy. Yes, my dear brother, He has shown us, by the power of his Spirit, that our sins are pardoned through his obedience, blood, and righteousness; and that, too, at a time when we stood trembling on the brink of ruin, looking for nothing but eternal torment, the just reward of our sin and rebellion. So that we have received the threefold witness of the eternal Jehovah, in and through that dearest name of all names, Jesus; and we are at times enabled to say with good old Simeon, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace; for mine eyes have seen thy salvation;" and, blessed be God, it is a salvation of his own preparing, and in which alone he hath saved his beloved ones, and in which he, as a God of love, mercy, and grace, receiveth them, and that for ever: "Which thou hast prepared before the face of all people, a light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of thy people Israel." Now, my brother, have we not received the threefold record of the Almighty? Yes, bless his glorious name, we have, let men or devils say what they will. The Father's voice within us was, "I

have loved thee with an everlasting love, and have blotted out thy sins, and will not remember them any more;" the dear Saviour's voice was, and still is, "Peace be unto you; return unto me; I have redeemed you; ye are mine;" and the voice of the eternal Spirit of love in our hearts was, "Abba, Father," bearing witness with our spirits that we are the children of God.

"Thus, God Three-One to sinners lost
Salvation sends, procures, and seals."

And this never-to-be-lost blessing is as free to us as the rain and dew from heaven; which never tarry for the goodness of men, nor wait for the merit of the sons of men. This I am a daily witness of, for none can be more unworthy than myself. Ah, my brother, I would not have salvation in any other way, nor in any other hands than it is for all the world. It is now out of the reach of both men and devils, and what is a still greater blessing, it is out of our own power to lose or forfeit it. This is a mercy we cannot fathom; it is above the heavens, and reaches to the lowest hell; it overtops all our sins, and goes lower than all our crimes: "I will praise thee with my whole heart, for thy mercy is above the heavens; and thou hast delivered me from the lowest hell." This boundless mercy is in the heart of Jesus, and praise be to him for it.

That God may ever bless you, is the prayer of, yours to serve in the bonds of the gospel,

February, 1841.

E. P.

A SHORT ACCOUNT OF THE LORD'S GRACIOUS DEALINGS WITH ONE OF THE ELECT VESSELS OF MERCY.

"Who hath saved us, and called us with an holy calling, not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began."—2 Tim. i. 9.

It is not the intention of the writer of this account to particularize the vicissitudes of the first fourteen years of his existence, though, by the tender mercies of a covenant God, his worthless life was brought through many precarious ills. The object of the writer is to show forth the riches of God's free grace as flowing down to one of the vilest of the vile. There are two things which happened while under this age which I desire to mention with thankfulness to my God and Father for preserving my life and frustrating the designs of wicked men.

When about nine years of age I was at play with a school-fellow, and he having hid himself in a carpenter's shop, I ran in after him, when two young men seized me, and made me swallow a quantity of sugar of lead. I ran home as soon as I could, and it was soon manifest to those within that something was the matter. A doctor who lived near was soon on the spot, and the means used for removing the poison from my stomach were blessed, for I soon recovered. Two or three years after this, I took a very spirited young horse out of my father's stable, and after I got upon its back, away it went till it reached the top of the town, where it threw me with such violence

against a house that my left arm was broken, my head cut open, and one of my knees much injured. This was another merciful escape, but I pass on to the time of my father becoming a publican, which event opened unto me a dreadful school for the cultivation of all that was evil. At the early age of fourteen I was much given to gambling, and my father having a bagatelle room, I used to take every opportunity to practise till I became as dexterous at the game as any of the evening players. I was also dexterous at the card table. This was the beginning of future evil.

At the age of fourteen and a half years I was apprenticed to a linen draper for the term of seven years; but my employer, before I had been with him twelve months, finding my conduct getting so bad, thought it expedient to send for my father. He came, and it was agreed that my indentures should be cancelled, and I returned home. While in this situation I added dissipation and drunkenness to gambling, and used to spend the greater part of the Lord's Day at the inn, which I could not do at home, being under the immediate eye of my parents. My being at home proved a favourable opportunity for the indulgence of all sorts of idleness, and there was nothing else before me, there being no chance of getting another situation, as my character was blasted. I very soon became indolent and careless, and many a time thought of running away from home. Sometimes I would think of going to sea, and at others of enlisting for a soldier. Just at this crisis a fair took place about six miles from my father's home. I went and told my mother I was going, and that I must have some money. She did not know how to act. She tried to persuade me not to go, and brought forward many objections, but all was in vain. At last I got what I wanted, and away I went, promising to be at home early the same evening; but, alas! I remained till my father and eldest brother came after me, having been away three days. My poor mother was nearly distracted, some one having told her that I had enlisted for a soldier. I believe I was her favourite child, though the worst of the ten, and this partiality, I have no doubt, was owing to my being so much afflicted when young. I had the smallpox twice. I was inoculated when about two years old, and at that time I had it lightly. At eight years of age I went to see a school-fellow, who was at the time dying in a shocking state of putrefaction. This spectacle so frightened me that after I got home I was immediately taken ill of it again, and was so bad that little hopes were entertained of my recovery. But, to return. I had not, as was rumoured, enlisted for a soldier; and no thanks to me, for the fact is that I was too short by half an inch. I think I wanted one inch and a half of the standard height, but they will take youths one inch under. I returned home with my father, and I think I see the tears which stood in his eyes as we journeyed homeward; but I was so hardened in sin that his tears affected me not. These are some of the awful effects of indulgent parents. O that he had spared his tears and used the rod!

I would just say, (should this fall into the hands of a parent,) never allow the least offence of a child to pass without *due correction*, for if the child find you are lenient in one offence it will expect the

same in others, and thus disobedience will become more frequent, till the parent no longer can control it. Again, never allow them to possess much money till they are taught frugality and the worth of it. Solemn indeed is the responsibility of parents to their children, but how few think of this even among the Lord's family. O that solemn injunction, "Bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." (Eph. vi. 4.) Alas! alas! it is too often, "Bring them up in the nurture of this world, and the Lord will nurture them for himself."

A few days after my return from the fair I was taken very ill, and I shall ever remember the singular sensations with which I was seized immediately after I retired to rest. I got out of bed as quickly as I could, and ran down stairs, for I felt assured that I was going to die. O how I trembled at the thought of death! After I again got to bed, I mumbled over a few prayers which I had been taught when a child, thinking that they would mitigate the agony of my soul, but nothing but despair remained within me. In a few days I became blind with a swollen head, and remained in a delirious state about a fortnight. Nothing but dissolution was for a long time expected, but, to the astonishment of many, a favourable change took place, and I gradually got better. Change of air being recommended, I went to my uncle's, who is a surgeon in Dorsetshire, and there I soon recovered my former health, but the old fear of death still continued to harass me, and while it lasted I was the greatest pharisee in the parish. After remaining with my uncle more than twelve months I went to London, and in about a fortnight after my arrival there I got a situation. A cousin of mine was apprenticed in the same establishment, and as he usually went to Mr. S.'s chapel, P—, I went with him, and was exceedingly distressed under that man's ministry. I continued going to this chapel about six months regularly, and all who went there seemed happy but myself. O what a poor wretch, in feelings, was I at that time! "My tears were my meat day and night." I went on in this way, (crying, groaning, fearing, and sometimes reading the word of God, but could not get any comfort, having no spiritual understanding either of God or his truth,) for about six months, when a brother of mine came to town, and instead of my going home with my cousin, I went to my brother's lodging, which was near the Strand. This being in an opposite direction from the Chapel, I could not get to my brother's and from thence in time. To be brief, being easily led from the path of duty, I soon, yea, very soon, gave up my punctuality, and in a very short time, gave up going at all. Thus I "returned like a dog to his vomit." Loose periodicals and newspapers became my Sunday pastime. A little time after my brother's arrival, (I think about six months,) I spat some congealed blood, and became gradually ill, and was afflicted with a severe cough, which alarmed me very much. The doctors thought me in a consumption, and I was ordered in the country immediately. I left London on the 29th of March, and bore the journey as far as Salisbury, where I was left at the Antelope Inn. My bodily sufferings at that time surpassed all that I had ever felt before, and I was in such agony that I swore and wished to die.

An uncle of mine who resided about thirteen miles from Salisbury, came to see me, and under his direction I was removed to the house of a cousin, at Wilton, about three miles distant, who being a surgeon, I had every attention paid, though I believe he thought his attention would be in vain. But, blessed be God, he remembered his covenant, that covenant which standeth sure "to all the election of grace." Bless his dear name, "his thoughts towards me were thoughts of peace and not evil." Though I was so despicable and rebellious a wretch, he again restored me to health. It might be supposed that this affliction would have brought me a little to my senses, but alas! alas! all proved ineffectual.

As soon as I was sufficiently strong, I obtained a situation at Salisbury. Here I broke out again, and only kept the situation two months. I then returned to my uncle's, and thence I went to my father's. Here I found out my old companions in sin, and went on in the same course of iniquity. One night I remained at the inn rather late. It was a very windy night, and opposite my father's house stood a row of poplar trees, which, when the wind blew, made a very solemn noise. When I was going to bed, I was led to reflect upon where I had been, and who I had been with, and I thought I must give up my present associates. How I wished that I could get away from them, for then I thought that I could become good. I fell down at the foot of the bed, and begged of the Lord that he would remove me from all my wicked companions, and, strange as it appeared to me, the next post brought me a letter to go to a situation at P— immediately. One would have thought that such a wonderful interposition was enough to make me praise and bless God's dear name for granting me my desire. But alas! "What is man in his best estate?" He is altogether vanity; he is worse than nothing; he is desperately wicked; a monster of iniquity. Such am I. As the storm abated, so the quietude abated. I went to my situation, where two of my fellow workmen were Unitarians, and the rest a most desperate set. I went to the Unitarian chapel a few times, and the doctrines I heard there seemed just such as I wanted; for I found they did not believe in everlasting destruction or punishment, but that we shall be punished according to the magnitude of our sins. They say, "Can that God be called merciful who would damn a man for ever, for the sins of ten, twenty, or eighty years?" This I thought was very plausible, and it gave me liberty to enjoy myself a little more. I again plunged into sin, and went on at a most diabolical rate, drinking and swearing, until I became a complete drunkard and a most awful swearer. On Sundays a number of us used to meet at a tavern, called the White Hart, where the greater part of the day was spent in gambling and drinking; and so depraved were we, that on some occasions we used to get the little white worms which are to be found in decayed nuts, and made a small circle with chalk, putting two worms in the centre, and the worm which got outside the line first was the winner. I lost at this, one Sunday afternoon, twenty-one glasses of spirits and water, and won fourteen glasses; there being seven in the company, this made

five glasses each. I must say that in all these shameful practices I was the foremost.

But you are ready to ask, "What became of your fears all this time? Had they all passed away?" O no! My fears increased as my vile propensities increased, though I used all sorts of means to stifle them. Thus I went on fearing and drinking, but no one can enter into the feelings of my soul at that time. I was often afraid, when going to bed, that I should not live till the morning, and when this was the case I could not sleep, but kept rolling from one side of the bed to the other; the least noise I heard made me tremble from head to foot, thinking that it might be the devil coming to carry me away. If ever a poor sinner had the foretaste of hell in his conscience, it was I, at these seasons. I was strongly tempted to cut my throat; but, bless the Lord, he kept me from laying violent hands upon myself. I was so severely tried about this, that I gave my razors to one of the young men, and got shaved at the barber's. How many, many times have I vowed, if the Lord would only spare me to see another day, that I would not go on at such a dreadfully wicked rate! But my love of drink was such that I could not exist without it. In the morning I was often so bad that I could not eat my breakfast, till after I had had something to drink.

Whilst in my situation at P—, I went into Hampshire to visit one of my aunts. One Sunday, during my stay there, the family having all gone out, I was left in the house by myself, when a friend called whom I knew to be a very dissipated young man. After inviting him in, I desired the servant to bring the decanters, and we began drinking. He drank wine and I drank gin and water. In a short time we commenced playing cards, and continued playing and drinking till midnight, when he ordered his horse and went away. How he got on I know not, but when I went up stairs to bed, such an indescribable horror seized my soul that I thought the devil would certainly now come, and take me to that place of torment from whence there is no redemption.

About this time I became acquainted with a female, who, as I have reason to believe, is one of the Lord's chosen ones. By this connexion I became somewhat moralized. She often used to talk to me about the immortality of the soul, the shortness of time, and the certainty of death and judgment. But I could not bear to hear these things, for they only opened the old wounds afresh. My employer and I having had some misunderstanding, I left him at the expiration of a month. On leaving the town, my female friend gave me a bible, with a note, from which the following is an extract: "You will with this receive a copy of the sacred volume. Allow me to suggest the propriety of applying daily to its pages for instruction. You are not ignorant of the plan of salvation by a Redeemer. (She little thought that I disbelieved the divinity of Christ.) I trust you will not be unmindful of the claims he has on you, for we are not our own, but are bought with a price." This cut me up, and I thought I would do as she advised me, read the Bible daily; but, alas! this was like the "morning cloud and as the early dew which goeth away."

I obtained another situation at T—. One Lord's Day morning, not long after my arrival, I awoke about four o'clock. I feel satisfied in my own mind that God specially awakened me, for I was then, and still am a very heavy sleeper. As I did not get to bed till twelve o'clock on Saturday night, I used to lie till nine o'clock on the Sunday morning, which was the hour for breakfast. However, I got up about four o'clock, and took a walk. Being fond of reading, I took one volume of a work entitled, "Dwight on Theology," and, as I walked along, I began reading the sermon on the Existence of God. This cut me up root and branch. All my non-existence was annihilated. I did not know where to go, nor what to do. I felt that I was undone; that nothing but hell and damnation was before me. The sentence of condemnation was passed in the court of conscience, and I was afraid that the earth would open and swallow me up, for I could scarcely think it possible for God to pardon such a rebel. I had heard of there being seven o'clock prayer meetings, and as I was at this time in a village called Bishop's Hull, where there was a chapel, I went to see if anything was going on; but the gates were locked, and all was quiet. I think I never met with a greater disappointment, for I wanted to hear if there were any hope for such an ungodly wretch as I felt myself to be. I thought I could get back to T— in time for the meeting there, but how to go back to T— was the question, for I was afraid, though it was daylight, to move out of the village. If I heard a bird move in the hedge, it made me tremble. However, I went back to T—, fearing and trembling, and was at the chapel before any one else. I waited a little, and the meeting was soon opened with singing and praying, but all was death with me. I was too vile even to expect mercy, for I had sinned against the dictates of conscience; I had despised the many warnings, and determined not to have this man, Christ, to reign over me. I was sometimes afraid, while walking through the streets, that the houses would fall down upon me. I thought that the Lord could forgive some of my sins, but that it was impossible for him to forgive all of them, and that I should sink to hell with all my sins upon me. O how I groaned in spirit, and begged of the Lord to have mercy on my poor soul. But, though I prayed for mercy, I thought it impossible that the Lord could bestow it, for I felt myself to be the vilest sinner out of hell. Thus I went on, crying and groaning, afraid to call upon God, and fearing that he would cut me off for presuming to approach him. Soon after this I was at times blessed with such liberty in prayer that I felt quite relieved by it.

I now began to have a little hope; yet, at times, I was in sore distress. I attended a Sunday school, and wished to join a church where my employer was a deacon, and to whom I mentioned my desire. I was at length proposed as a candidate for church fellowship, and was visited by one of the pastors and a deacon, who asked me a few questions and went away quite satisfied, though I was not. I was received into the church on the 1st of August, 1841. I wrote to a friend on the subject, and the answer I received made me trem-

ble when I read it, especially when I came to these words, "He that eateth and drinketh unworthily eateth and drinketh damnation unto himself." "O, what shall I do?" cried I, "What shall I do? Truly I am unworthy! O that I had never said anything about it!" I could not tell how to act; I had not sufficient courage to tell them that I wished to decline joining, after giving in my experience. I was in a labyrinth and saw no way of escape. O the anguish of my soul! Go where I would these words followed me. The Sabbath day came that I was to partake of the emblems, and I went, trembling, for I still felt myself to be one of the unworthy ones. I could not look up for weeping, and if ever a poor sinner felt himself to be a sinner, I did that morning. I felt a little relief after giving vent to my feelings.

(To be continued.) •

"THE WORK OF FAITH WITH POWER."

Dear Madam,—Yours I received, and return you my best wishes, with the ancient blessings in their gospel signification, namely, that grace, mercy, and peace may be with thee from Him who ever lives and ever loves. I have also returned your tribute of thankfulness to your greatest Creditor, knowing that you are a debtor to grace. I find a degree of gratitude to God for his condescending to own any feeble attempt of mine to the refreshing the bowels of his saints. I am willing, Madam, to entertain you with a second epistle on the pleasing subject of gospel faith, if I can get my cruse to spring again. But you know I live upon divine alms myself, and I doubt you will be more earnest in petitioning at second hand than I am at the first. I find by daily experience that it is an easy matter for a thirsty, inquisitive soul to drain a preacher dry; but truth hath said, "He that watereth shall be watered also himself."

Faith is not only an eye, by which our forefathers saw the promised seed at a distance, but the encircling arm by which they embraced the promise; and was that soul-employing, God-honouring, and victorious grace, by which they went from one nation to another without suffering harm. Faith led their hearts and affections from the vanities of time and sense, so that they had no desire to return to that country from whence they came, though they had an opportunity. Faith led them to trust in God, and to walk before him as in his immediate presence, and to place their confidence in him as their shield, and their exceeding great reward. Faith thus purifying their hearts, and overcoming the world in them, led them to seek a better country, that is, a heavenly, and often reminding them that this was not their rest, sweetly led them to look for a continuing city which had foundations, whose Maker and Builder is God. Thus, faith led them to credit omnipotence for protection, strength, and safety, and to look out for a glorious accomplishment of the promises, persuading them that He was faithful who had promised. Under faith's influence, they confessed

themselves strangers and pilgrims upon earth; strangers, because none knew their birth or nativity; pilgrims, because they viewed not themselves at home this side of the grave; foreigners, because their birth was from heaven, and heaven was their journey's end. God's irrevocable decree brought their faith into this world as into the firing pot, and when they were tried, purified, and polished, they went back again. After faith had done its last office for them, which was to make their dying bed easy, and their views of heaven clear, these all died in faith, and now they burn in love, shine in glory, and bathe in pleasure that never can be fathomed. O happy souls! happy state! and happy place! Faith is a viewing of Christ, (Heb. xi. 27,) a longing for Christ, (Psalm lxiii. 1,) a coming to Christ, (Heb. xi. 6,) a laying hold of Christ, (1 Tim. vi. 12,) a closing in with Christ, (Ps. xxvii. 13,) a dwelling in Christ, (Ps. xc. 1,) a receiving of Christ, (John i. 12,) and is attended with a cordial love to Christ. (Gal. v. 6.) Faith puts on Christ, (Rom. xiii. 13,) stands fast in Christ, (1 Thess. iii. 8,) and is a walking in Christ, (Col. ii. 6,) and the end of faith is the salvation of the soul. (1 Pet. i. 9.) The Lord bless my friend with this soul-establishing grace, which leads us to see the glorious end of all real religion. Faith feeds upon Christ in the promises, mixes her influence with the promises, and kills the soul to all but Christ Jesus the Lord revealed in the promises. Beware of that faith which boasts in temporal prosperity, but is dashed out of countenance in adversity: "He that believeth shall not be confounded." Fiery trials discover gospel faith from daring presumption; hence the trial of faith is more precious than gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire. I never could trust an untried faith. When faith hath been once tried, her language is, "God hath delivered, and we trust that he will yet deliver us." Real faith will find her way to God in a storm, and bring help from him too: "This is the confidence that we have in him, that if we ask anything according to his will, he heareth us; and if we know that he hears us, whatsoever we ask, we know that we have the petitions that we desired of him." That is a precious faith that will never give up prayer till it gets relief; then faith appears in its true character, as it is written: "O woman, great is thy faith!" Her faith had stood three discouraging rebuffs, and yet it overcame by importunity. That is a precious faith that persuades the mind it shall surely obtain its request, even when there is no visible signs of it. It was this faith that set Habakkuk the prophet upon his watch-tower, and kept him waiting till the vision revealed the way of life: "The just shall live by faith." Thus, faith appears "the substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen." Faith, as an eye, keeps looking to Jesus, and as a hand, she will keep her hold: "I held him, and would not let him go." Who can lose their way with such an eye? and who can drop into hell with such a hand? "He that believeth is passed from death unto life, and shall never come into condemnation." Faith is like a salamander, she can exist in the flames: "By faith they quenched the violence of

fire;" (Heb. xi. 34;) or, she is like the ark, she can swim in the floods: "By faith Noah, being warned of God, prepared an ark to the saving of his house, by the which he condemned the world, and became heir of the righteousness which is by faith." Faith is like an eel, she can dive into the mud; she dived with Jonah into the whale's belly, and made him look toward the holy temple, and directed a petition to enter the ears of the Almighty, even from the depths of the sea; and in answer to faith's petitions, the living house of prayer vomited up the prophet: "My prayer came in unto thee, into thine holy temple. And the Lord spake unto the fish, and it vomited up Jonah upon dry land." The grace of faith is better felt and enjoyed than described; but it may be discerned by the fruit of the lips, by her fruits in our life, and by her spiritual effects on our souls. When we hear nothing come out of a man's mouth but pure, unmixed truth, directed to the honour of God, without being tinctured by human worth, or savouring of fleshly confidence, we are informed that that springs from a good treasure in the heart. When we hear a man delivering, in an experimental manner, the mysteries of God, and can find that God gives his approbation of it, by the preacher's lively frame, by his cheerful countenance, and by the irresistible Spirit of truth, so that scoffers are astonished, the mouths of fools stopped, the judgments of saints informed, and their bowels refreshed, we may conclude that that man holds the mystery of faith in a pure conscience. And when we see a person wholly unsupported by friends, and furiously opposed by enemies, who use both fraud and force against him, and yet this man perseveres in the path of holiness, we may then say he walks by faith and not by sight; for here is nothing before his eyes but discouragement. And when we see such a person sorely thrust at, that he may fall, and others setting traps in his way, others watching for his halting, others laying things to his charge that he knows not of, and others, crediting false reports, beginning to triumph, and saying, "Ah, ah, so would we have it," and yet that man stands firm in the testimony both of God and saints, we may conclude that he is strong in the Lord, for by faith he stands. (2 Cor. i. 24.)

Justifying faith is known by the internal blessings that attend it; faith works by love, and is a companion of peace: "Being justified by faith, we have peace with God." A divine faith is known by her leading the soul to live on divine food: "I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me." A living faith is known by the living object she applies: "That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith." The faith of God's elect is known, because it submits to, and rejoices in, the doctrine of God's election: "Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect?" The doctrine of eternal election is known by faith: "As many as were ordained to eternal life believed." An active faith is known by her choice foundation and spiritual industry: "Building up yourselves on your most holy faith, praying in the Holy Ghost." False faith is known both by her con-

fessions and fruits; by her confessions, as they are never consistent with the Spirit's work, if they are with the outlines of scripture: "And none of the wicked shall understand." (Dan. xii. 10.) Secondly, by her fruit. False faith pleases the world, unites with the world, and is of the world. But true faith displeases the world, comes out from the world, fights against the world, and overcomes the world.

My cruse, madam, is almost out again, and my pen always drags heavily when reflection and recollection are obliged to travel so far to fetch matter in. Writing is a pleasure to me when matters flow easily without labour, because it refreshes my soul as it runs. You may expect a line drawn between true faith and false, when the great Master of living figures shall draw the outlines on my mind. In the meanwhile, dear Madam, believe me to be thine in all godliness,

Winchester-Rew, June 6, 1784.

W. H., S. S.

A LETTER FROM JOHN BERRIDGE.

Messrs. Editors.—Having been favoured with a sight of some of the letters of that good old man of blessed memory, John Berridge, I forward you one.

Kingston.

A. N.

Dear Friend,—I perceive, by some hints in a late discourse, that the rough draft of my soul has reached your hands. The lines, perhaps, were strong in many parts, but yet imperfect. This I call its fellow. But, alas! were I to write whole volumes upon the subject, they would be but small sketches. To anatomize my own soul, and to point out the irregular turnings and windings of a deceitful heart, is beyond my skill. Satan is always beating and hunting the powers of my soul, watching what will start next, whether pride, sensuality, covetousness, worldly pleasure, &c.; and whatever sins they are, he will be sure to strike in and follow. How often has the soul gone hand in hand with Satan, in chase of pleasures, till it has even tired! and then what fruit has it produced but sorrow and shame?

But, Sir, in order to my deciphering the combined forces of sin, hell, and the world against me, you have justly opposed the threefold grand alliance that is for every believer, viz., *Father, Son, and Spirit*. True; but the query still remains, "Can such a one as you be in alliance with the King of heaven, or bear the image and stamp of the Lord Jesus?" Where is the consistency? I want to know the worst of myself. I own that a spark of real grace shall be kept alive. Let the wind of temptation blow ever so high and strong, or the waves of temptation beat ever so hard, true grace shall be victorious. This is a matter of comfort, to find a smoking ember under a load of ashes. There may be, indeed, two men in one person, the old and the new man, flesh and spirit. So upon a medal there may be, on one side,

the image of the devil, rebellion, slavery, and tyranny; and, on the other side, the effigy of a good Prince, loyal subjects, peace and plenty, and the enemies' hearts trampled upon and conquered. This, I think, is a lively representation of the case; and it would be a happy turn, could I make it out so to my soul. I want to see the divine image carved more legibly on my heart. I am sure that I see the picture of the devil strong enough there. I do not so much fear the allied army of the prince of this world, and the world itself under the command of its captain-general the devil, as I fear the rebellion in my own bowels, the restless monster sin within me. Civil wars are the most shocking and the most fatal. Besides, my soul is the seat of wars and conflicts. And you know, Sir, what havoc is usually made in such places. I know that all the powers of the enemies (let the devil call them invincible, if he will) could not harm me, were it not for inbred foes. It is the corruptions within me which I fear, and not the contagion of evil without, or the bloody armies around me; it is that unruly, rebellious regiment of bawditti within my heart, my lusts, appetites, and passions, that I fear will destroy me. It is I that infect myself; and, therefore, my daily prayer is, "Lord, deliver me from myself." This is always a part of my litany, and sometimes the first voice of my retired ejaculations.

Indeed, Sir, this is an unnatural rebellion, to be in arms and in conjunction with one's own inveterate foes, who are aiming at my heart's blood. What! fight against myself? Yes, so it is; flesh against spirit, the unrenewed against the renewed, sin against grace. Indeed, I have proclaimed war in the name of the King of heaven against the states-general of hell, (so far as it is in league with Satan,) and against the potentate of sin. But, to tell you the times I have been foiled and beaten, or have raised the siege, or been wounded, or had a limb shot off, or been trappanned or taken prisoner, I know not how. Yet I can never sign a truce; and I am determined, through grace, if I die, to die sword in hand. I must own that I have sent out a hue and cry many times after the traitors, and have sometimes hoped that I had secured some of them. I have had them in prison and in fetters perhaps for weeks and months together; and they have been brought out to several courts of judicature, particularly the court of conscience; but that is partial. There have been bribes at times, but not sufficient chastisement. At other times there have been very severe rebukes, and conscience has condemned the vassals to run the gauntlet with horror, doubt, and despair; the charges of the court of conscience have been read aloud, terrible peals have been rung, and the chains of hell have rattled in the ear. Though sometimes conscience has given the verdict on the side of grace, at other times there has been an arrest of judgment and a citation before the Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench of heaven; and though the wretch deserves no hearing, being outlawed, yet, to the honour of the grace and mercy of his Sovereign, the criminal is brought to the bar; and though there is no room to say anything but "Guilty," yet every plea that can be made in his favour is heard—how he was

drawn in by some of the clans of hell; perhaps forced, as it were, against the settled judgment of the soul; and perhaps, through weakness and infirmity, could not get out of the way; or from ignorance of the crime, or from extenuation of the guilt, or from being hurried away into the service of the invader without so much as giving time for a cool thought. And sometimes the poor soul has been a galley-slave, wishing for deliverance from the bondage of corruption, and crying out of the load and fetters of sin, and saying with one of old, "Bring my soul out of prison, that I may praise thy name." The high court of judicature hears particularly the relenting groan, and the Attorney-General of heaven has compassion enough to put in a petitionary plea for the guilty wretch whose hand is still upon the bar; but the dead warrant is come down from heaven for the execution of sin and all the heads of the clans of hell: "Mortify, therefore, your members which are on the earth, fornication," &c. So, if an eye or hand offend thee, cut it off. A reprieve, at last, has been issued out for the soul; and the repenting rebel has gone again in pursuit of those invaders of the peace and court of grace. The soul, having laid hold of some of them, cries out for justice and revenge against these traitors in his own breast, and lays the sacrificing knife to the throats of these brats of hell. But how often have they raised up their seemingly dying eyes when on the very block, and asked for pity, and during the very execution have done much to make me bleed and groan afresh! I hope, at times, that they are being crucified; but crucifixion is a lingering death; and I find that they still have life, which, with the help of Satan, their grand ally, they too often discover. They break out again; and all that I can do is to cry out, "Murder, murder!" to the Lord Jesus. I may truly call them murderers; for they often destroy my peace and comfort. I long to see them dead.

I desire your prayers for the poor wounded, but your affectionate, humble servant,

Everton:

JOHN BERRIDGE.

POETRY.

"FOR IN THIS WE GROAN."

2 Cor. v. 2.

A groan that comes up from the heart;	I groan and sigh, as under load;
That groan the Spirit doth impart;	I groan, and thirst, and pant for God.
A groan, beneath a sense of sin,	The panting hart my troubles shows;
Is kindled by the Lord within;	For I am hunted down by foes;
A groan, because I am so base,	And nothing will my thirst supply
Will mount up to the throne of grace;	But God himself, to whom I sigh.
A groan, because I am so poor,	"Lord, shall my groanings ever be
Will surely find out mercy's door.	A sign that I shall sing to thee?
I often groan because 'tis night;	O gracious God, then carry on
I groan, and long to see the light;	The work, I trust, thou hast begun;
Like David, groan, and watch, and pray,	And search and try my inward part;
Or long and wish, with Paul, for day.	And make me honest in my heart;

That, when my groaning days shall cease, And hedge me up on ev'ry side!
 I thee may know the God of peace." With grief I think I must have died,
 The time has been, I laugh'd at sin; Had not he come, at mercy's hour,
 I felt no plague nor sore within; And 'suaged my grief with love & power.
 I sported on the brink of death; Come, ye that love the Lord, with me;
 In curses spent near ev'ry breath. Let us present our humble plea,
 Well might the Lord with vengeful frown, That Jesus Christ, the sinner's Hope,
 Have cut so vile a monster down; Would stay us with his mighty prop.
 But, ah! what matchless, sov'reign grace, A word of his our joy will raise,
 To make me know my awful case, And turn our groaning into praise.

Westham, Oct. 12th. J. C.

GLEANNING.

The soul, like the woman mentioned Mark v. 26, wearied with vain expedients, finds itself worse and worse, and is gradually brought to see the necessity and sufficiency of the gospel-salvation. A man may soon be a believer thus far: that he believes the word of God; sees and feels things to be as they are there described; hates and avoids sin, because he knows it is displeasing to God, and contrary to his goodness. He receives the record which God has given of his Son; has his heart affected and drawn to Jesus by views of his glory and of his love to poor sinners; ventures upon his name and promises as his only encouragement to come to a throne of grace; loves the Lord's people, accounts them the excellent of the earth, and delights in their conversation. He is longing, waiting, and praying for a share in those blessings which he believes they enjoy, and can be satisfied with nothing less. He is convinced of the power of Jesus to save him, but, through ignorance and legality, the remembrance of sin committed, and the sense of present corruptions, he often questions his willingness; and, not knowing the aboundings of grace and the security of the promises, he fears lest the compassionate Saviour should spurn him from his feet. While he is thus young in the knowledge of the gospel, burdened with sin, and perhaps beset with Satan's temptations, the Lord is pleased at times to favour him with cordials, that he may not be swallowed up with over much sorrow. Perhaps his heart is enlarged in prayer, or under the preached word, or some good promise is brought home to his mind, and applied with power and sweetness. He mistakes the nature and design of these comforts, which are not given him to rest in, but to encourage him to press forward. He thinks he is then right, because he has them, and fondly hopes to have them always. Then his mountain stands strong. But ere long he feels a change; his comforts are withdrawn; he finds no heart to pray; no attention in hearing; indwelling sin revives with fresh strength, and perhaps Satan returns with redoubled rage. Then he is at his wits' end, thinks his hopes were presumptuous, and his comforts delusions. He wants to feel something that may give him a warrant to trust in the free promises of Christ. His views of the Redeemer's grace-fulness are very narrow; he sees not the harmony and glory of the divine attributes in the salvation of a sinner; he sighs for mercy, but justice seems against him. However, by these changing dispensations, the Lord is training him up and bringing him forward. He receives grace from Jesus, whereby he is enabled to fight against sin; his conscience is tender, his troubles are chiefly spiritual troubles, and he thinks if he could but attain a sure and abiding sense of his acceptance in the Beloved, hardly any outward trial would be capable of giving him much disturbance.—*Newton.*

THE
GOSPEL STANDARD,
OR,
FEEBLE CHRISTIAN'S SUPPORT.

"Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled."—Matt. v. 6.

"Who hath saved us, and called us with a holy calling, not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began."—2 Tim. i. 9.

"The election hath obtained it, and the rest were blinded."—Rom. xi. 7.

"If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest.—And they went down both into the water, both Philip and the eunuch; and he baptized him.—In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."—Acts viii. 37, 38; Matt. xxviii. 19.

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WRATH.

In answer to a request from Frome, I send the following two or three hints on Psalm lxxvi. 10; "Surely the wrath of man shall praise thee: the remainder of wrath shalt thou restrain." And a sense of the shortness of time, and one's own heart being both as tinder-box and sparks, might make any one shy and backward to have any thing to do concerning mortal wrath.

But I think there should always be two considerations (and no doubt there are those two considerations always more or less) riveted in all justified men as regards it. First. How all wrath on God's part is virtually ended, buried and sunk, in respect to the redeemed, when the sweet Lamb of God sunk and drowned it with himself, as mediator in regard to his favourites, in the sea of atonement, blood, and mercy, as far as to all vindictive feelings, for evermore towards his own. "As the waters of Noah shall no more go over the earth, so have I sworn that I would not be wroth with thee." And the second consideration is, that "the wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God." Wherefore we, on our part, are to give place unto this wrath, (not to fulfil it). Wherefore revenge, bitterness, and all ungodly violence, are to be put away from saints. How amiable, therefore, is Christ, in the fulfilling and being the end of the fiery law, from which wrath and bitterness do spring to such wretched transgressors as we! How amiable and lovely are the fruits of free grace without works, which thus can soften such obdurate and miserable transgressors from being lions into lambs; from being tigers to dove-like gentleness; from hardness, impenitence, and ferocity, to the sweet image and sensations of Christ, who endured such contradiction of sinners

against himself; who, when he was reviled, reviled not again; gave blessings for curses; and instead of being warped from the beauties of divine excellence by ill treatment, only shone with extra gentleness towards those who scourged him. For if forgiveness does not stand like a quenching barrier against every feeling of bitterness in a saint towards others, (be they who they may) there is no end to the bitter flow of bitter feelings that thence will spring. We are not even, by ungodly violence, to pull up or destroy the tares, (the non-elect,) how much less should we, who are brethren and redeemed, rend each other with angry virulence when we are called contrariwise, that we should "*inherit a blessing?*" And although it is said, "Cursed is the man that keepeth back his sword from blood," (Jer. xlviii. 10,) yet to do this in a wise and profitable way, and good spirit to good and bad, is not such an easy thing. And O! the evil and venom that will arise otherwise! I know I have sinned and smarted herein; and would, in my right mind, as to recompenses, any day, be rather ill-treated to any extent, and would show two-fold kindness in return, rather than take up those dangerous weapons of hurting others, or avenging oneself, which God has expressly forbidden. Therefore the children of God are "sons of peace;" and however contrary feelings may riot and rage in them, yet their anchorage is firm; for being *in* Christ, his meekness and gentleness rule and reign more or less triumphantly and apparently in them. Well, therefore, may they be called the excellent of the earth; for these things, eminently so, the children of God well know are the very reverse of all the elements of nature. Therefore grace moves the sceptre, and is well worthy to reign, for "the fruit of righteousness is sown in peace of them that make peace."

And I know (and the children of God know) that the wrath of man, when indulged in, shall praise God, and the remainder of it God will restrain, whether those men be elect or non-elect; for God, who reserves to himself the prerogative of taking vengeance, and who can over-rule poison itself to excellent ends, (as medical men say,) he, (how wonderful is his wisdom and power!) will take vengeance on both elect and non-elect men, in a gracious or vindictive way, for all their inventions; and will overrule them and their goings-on (no thanks to them) to final good. He will restrain the unrenewed part in his people, by giving them godly sorrow, that beautiful quality! He will restrain others of the non-elect, by cutting them down and sending them to hell at a stroke. Oftentimes God will outwit in their plans others of the non-elect, though cunning as serpents, and thus make their wrath to praise him. "There are many such things with him," as Job speaketh. Again, as in the history of Joseph, such a long chain of events in this praising and restraining is in the matter, that God marvelously getteth to himself the victory, that both elect and non-elect stand holding up their hands astonished. Happy soul, that has a heart to humbly inquire about these things. He giveth grace unto the humble. But in the winding up both of providence and grace,

both as regards the children of God and the children of Satan, no doubt but at the last day, and through eternity, the invisible government of God will redound then manifestly to his infinite praise, and unspeakable honour, and wondrous glory. Then will it be seen how he has brought the wheel over the wicked, and curbed and ripened them in their violent wildness, while he has screened the regenerate on account of being interested in the active and passive perfection of Christ's finished work in their behalf, to the praise of wondrous grace; which grace, as I have said, will bring the whole train of immortal excellencies that accompany salvation; and these accompanying excellencies will shine forth in a victory over all anger and such like. O beauteous victories! I hope my happy soul will stand on that happy land, where peace sheds its universal sway, like balm that has cured all the havoc that anger and bitterness have dealt out amid perverse, crookedly minded, and iniquitous mortals. "For he is our peace, having made peace by nailing all ordinances of wrath that was against us unto his own cross; thereby making peace." O, costly and precious work! hoping my soul is interested in it, viz., Christ's finished work without our works! O the transcendent blaze of glory which has sprung out of it to my enraptured soul at times, making tribulation itself, as Hart says, to be even sweet, and letting in a little of the beautiful secret of forbearance and forgiveness towards others. A long illness of above twenty years, with broken nerves, unfits and indisposes an ill-deserving person as myself for all angry warring and contentious bitterness, such as the psalmist, in the passage these hints touch on, says men are engaged in. But, however, "the wrath of man is to praise God, and the remainder of his wrath is to have a restraint put upon it," by him who shall drown the war-horse and his rider, sooner or later, in the bottom of the mighty seas; for salvation or destruction (those mighty seas) must end all mortal strife. God's eye thus is both on the elect and reprobate, for he hath formed all things for himself to get glory from them, and with infinite and supereminent abundance from the redeemed; and the silvery sounds (Num. x. 2, 10) of mercy from Calvary will (as they have on mine) break on the ears of all the elect, and will make them in their hearts wisely consider and act in their lives when they see the virulent spleen of ungodly men getting themselves on the bosses continually of God's buckler; brewing up mischief for themselves or others; for "where envying and strife is, there is confusion and every evil work." And as to the children of God, "from whence come wars and fightings among you?" says James; "come they not hence, even of your lusts?" Yes, oftentimes from pride, perverseness, ignorance, and carnality; so that anger, in its exercise, is of so difficult a nature, "be ye angry and sin not; let not the sun go down upon your wrath," that it is next door to wisdom to waive it altogether, and have nothing whatever to do with it; for it is one character of the children of God that they are "the quiet in the land." (Ps. xxxv. 20.)

Abingdon.

I. K.

THE ETERNAL SONSHIP OF CHRIST.

My dear Friend,—I am exceedingly averse to controversy, more especially with friends, as I think it usually ends in each party being more rooted and confirmed in his own belief, and scarcely ever tends to soul-profit or spiritual edification.

I have had so little experience of dreams and visions, such as you speak of having lately had to illustrate your views of the Trinity, that I can say little about them; but I confess I do not place much dependance upon them. One "Thus saith the Lord" in the Scriptures of truth weighs more with me than any dream or vision. I believe, however, we are agreed on the main fundamental points of the glorious mystery of a Triune God, and abhor all Arianism, Sabellianism, or Tritheism. We believe that there are three distinct Persons in one undivided Godhead; that these three co-eternal and co-equal Persons are but one God; and that these three Persons are called, in the word of truth, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. Our only point of difference is, whether the term *Son* be one of nature, or one of office. I believe that, primarily and essentially, Christ is a Son by nature; and that Sonship is, so to speak, the very nature and essence of his being.

We must bear in mind that, in discussing these sacred subjects, we must leave our natural reason at the foot of the mount with the servants and asses. Thus, in the sacred mystery of the blessed Trinity, reason would say, "How can three be one, and one three?" but you justly and wisely, in this matter, discard reason, and answer, "What is impossible with man is possible with God." Now, apply this, which you admit in the case of the Trinity, to the eternal Sonship of Christ. You say, "Sonship by nature implies inferiority; therefore, I cannot receive it." I admit that it does, according to natural and merely rational views. But we agree to discard nature and reason in the mystery of the Trinity; and why should we not equally discard them in the mystery of the mode of subsistence of the three separate Persons in the Godhead? All language is necessarily borrowed from human, natural, and temporal things. Words, therefore, borrowed from such limited and carnal subjects cannot adequately set forth heavenly and supernatural mysteries. Remove, then, priority, (and in eternity there can be neither prior nor posterior,) and the term *Son* conveys no inferiority. Nay, rather, it implies equality; for the very essence of the idea *Father and Son* is, that they partake of one common nature. But in Deity there must be equality. The idea of inferiority in Godhead cannot be admitted. I believe, therefore, that the Son of God is and must be the brightness of his Father's glory, and the express image of his Person, because he is his Son, and, therefore, one with him in nature, essence, and being. I have seen an idea upon this point, which I think much to the purpose, taken from the sun, and the ray that proceeds from the sun. These are of the same nature, and co-existed at the same moment. The sun generated the ray, and yet did not exist before it. Could we conceive the sun to be eternal, the ray

would be eternal too; and thus we should have what some so much object to,—“eternal generation.” And this is a scriptural figure; for the word (Heb. i. 3) rendered “brightness,” literally signifies “the off-shining,” or “off-ray,” and contains an allusion to the sun. Generation, then, does not necessarily imply priority, or inferiority. Analyze your ideas of inferiority as attached to Sonship, and I believe you will find them all turn upon something merely natural and rational, something usually accompanying the idea of generation, but not necessarily or essentially belonging to it. I trust this may be a help to remove any stumblingblock derived from inferiority.

But it seems to me that there are many texts of scripture which would lose much of, if not all, their force, were Christ a Son only by office. For instance, look at the parable Matt. xxi. 33—41. “Last of all, he sent to them his son.” (37th verse.) Was this son the householder’s own literal son, or a friend who had assumed the name? That he was his own proper, true, and literal son, makes all the beauty and force of the parable. So, Matt. xxii. 2, we read of “a certain king who made a marriage for his son.” Was not this his true, proper, and real son? If Christ is not the true, proper, and real Son of the Father, the meaning of the parable is lost.

So there are texts which speak of God’s “own Son,” as Rom. viii. 3: “God sending his own Son,” &c. But if Christ is God’s Son only in virtue of the covenant, what is meant by his *own* Son; i.e., his proper, peculiar Son? The expression, “his own Son,” seems to me to convey that he is his Son by essence and nature. So the expression, “the only begotten Son of God,” (John iii. 16, 18,) seems to me to imply something more than Sonship by office. It is true that in his human nature he is sometimes called “the Son of God,” (Luke i. 35,) but, I think, never in this sense, “the only begotten Son of God.” Again, we read, “And we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father,” &c. (John i. 14.) But this glory was not that of his human nature, which was without form or comeliness, and his visage more marred than any man. It must therefore be the glory of his divine nature, and that is called a begotten nature. Now, does not that at once imply Sonship by nature?

Again, what great stress is laid in the Scriptures upon believing that Jesus is the Son of God. (See John ix. 35; Acts viii. 37; 1 John v. 5, 10, 13, &c.) And what is meant by this believing that Jesus is the Son of God? Does it not refer to his divine nature? The Jews understood it so. (See John xix. 7; v. 18.) It was for this that Christ was crucified. Now there surely must be some meaning in the word Son analogous to and agreeing with our ideas of the term Son, or the Holy Spirit would have misled us in the Scriptures. When Christ said, “I and my Father are one,” if God is not really and truly his Father, we are deceived by the words employed. Has the blessed Spirit ever explained them in your sense? Or has he ever cautioned us that the word “Son” does not mean Son, nor the term “Father” mean Father? I therefore believe that God the Father is really the Father of Christ, as he said, “I ascend to *my* Father and your Father;” and I confess I am very

jealous of any departure from the express words of the Holy Ghost. And is it not far better, laying aside our own wisdom, to receive what God has said because he has said it, than wrest and misinterpret the plainest declarations of scripture merely because we cannot make them square with our natural, rational views? There is something so endearing and affectionate, something which so heightens the love and enhances the sacrifice, something which so emboldens the soul to come to the Father, through the Son of his love, in my view of the subject, that I cannot describe, but which I cannot see nor feel in yours. There seems a greater reality in the faith and confession, "Thou art the Son of God," when his Sonship is viewed as a real and actual one, than were it merely assumed as a covenant title.

Besides, what confusion does your view introduce into the Trinity! If "Father," "Son," and "Spirit" are merely covenant characters and names of office, and are not essential modes of existence, I see no reason why the Father might not have been "the Son," and the Son "the Father," and "the Spirit" either. I think I need not say how every spiritual feeling that we have toward the blessed Trinity revolts from such an idea. But when we view their covenant characters flowing out of, and necessarily connected with, their mode of existence, it sheds a beauty and glory upon them.

Your view, again, to my mind quite neutralizes what is so often said in the Scriptures of the peculiar love of God: "He that *spared not his own Son*;" (Rom. viii. 32;) "In this was manifested the love of God, because that God *sent his only begotten Son* into the world that we might live through him. Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us, and *sent his Son* to be the propitiation for our sins." (1 John iv. 9, 10.) The peculiar tenderness of Paternal love, and the sacrifice, if I may so speak, that it cost the Father to give up his own dear Son is destroyed, or certainly very much weakened, if Christ be a Son merely by office.

When at Christ's baptism there came a voice from heaven, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased;" and again, on the mount of transfiguration, "This is my beloved Son; hear him;" (Luke ix. 35;) if it were merely a covenant title, I see no reason why some other covenant office might not have been testified to, as, "This is the Saviour." But no; "This is my beloved Son," my own dear Son whom I have sent forth from my own bosom.

So in that divine prayer which Jesus offered up before he was betrayed; how tender and how touching is the way in which he speaks: "*Father*, the hour is come; glorify *thy Son*, that *thy Son* also may glorify thee." "And now, *O Father*, glorify thou me." "*Holy Father*, keep through thine own name," &c. "As thou, *Father*, art in me." "*Father*, I will," &c. "*O righteous Father*," &c. What sweet filial confidence does the Lord here show! Does not he approach the Father as his own Father? A Son by office or mere name could not, would not approach the Father thus. There must be a reality in his Sonship, or he could not thus have the feelings of a Son. How low, how poor, how forced is Sonship by office, compared with Sonship in reality! And to my feelings the real, true,

and proper Sonship of Christ shines with such a ray of light through the New Testament, that I could no more give it up than I could his blood and righteousness. Nay, I consider the denial of it to be a serious and dangerous error, and not very far removed from that solemn passage, "Whosoever denieth the Son, the same hath not the Father." (1 John ii. 23.)

All the saints, too, from Athanasius to Hawker, (Romaine, I believe, excepted,) have strongly contended for this doctrine of the actual and proper Sonship of Jesus. I do not indeed mean to say we should servilely adopt the creed of others, but I should greatly fear if on any one point of my creed I found the church of God against me.

The Lord, according to his gracious promise, guide us into all truth, and show us light in his own light.—Yours in gospel bonds,

Stamford, Feb. 28, 1843.

J. C. P.

The substance of the above letter was written to a friend who seemed disposed to adopt the doctrine, that Christ was a Son by office only. As it was, I believe, blessed to convince him to the contrary, as I have been requested to send it to the *Standard*, as the real and true Sonship of Christ is a truth dear to my soul, and as I have reason to believe that some of God's family are in some measure tainted with the error I have endeavoured to expose,—for these reasons I have been induced to send it for insertion.

It is right to add, that I have enlarged the original letter, and introduced additional arguments to strengthen my point.

Jan. 9, 1844.

J. C. P.

A SECOND LETTER FROM THE LATE MR. MARRINER.

Beloved of God,—I earnestly hope this will find you, and your family, and all friends, in good health, and your souls alive to God through faith of his own operation. Having felt the goodness of God to my soul, I am desirous to tell thee of it, well knowing that T— is not a stranger to these things.

On the 5th of September last I went down and heard Mr. S—, of W—. In the morning and afternoon I was sensibly shut up, but in the evening the Lord was pleased to break in upon my soul in a wonderful manner. We went to supper at a farm house, where we lost all our comfort, through their carnal conversation. We then went to bed, where we had not been many minutes before I found enlargement of heart gradually growing upon me; and the dear Lord indulged my soul in such a way that I never felt before. Matter kept springing up in both our souls, so that we had but very little sleep. My undeserving soul saw and felt, without a shadow of doubt, my eternal justification through the finished work of my dear Lord. I fell asleep under a blessed sense of being a pardoned sinner through his precious blood. My soul blessed his dearest name, that I, the most vile and filthy wretch out of hell, was assured that neither sin, death, hell, nor the grave could ever pluck my soul from the hands of my covenant God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name." I awoke in the morning with a little of the savour on my spirits.

Mr. S— proposed to go and see two or three old friends at S—, and on our road thither we were tolerably comfortable. We spent a few hours with the people, but not altogether pleasantly. On our road from S— to B—, (Mr. S.'s home,) the dear Lord was pleased again to visit our souls in a most wonderful manner; and so powerful was the goodness of God felt in our souls, that we were too full for utterance; and sure I am, that had not Mr. S— been with me, I must have gone under the hedge, and heaped a million blessings on the head of my dear Lord for such unthought-of, unsought-for, and unspeakable condescension. Mr. S— declared to me that he never had such a visit in all his life. I have not altogether lost the remembrance of it to this moment; nor can I say that two days have passed away without some blessed intimation that my sins, which are many, are all put away by the sacrifice of Christ, which causes my soul to bow with adoration and wonder, so that I become even as a weaned child before him. The substance of these two lines by Mr. Hart is engraved as a sunbeam in my soul:

"Behold, thy bad works shall not damn,
Nor can thy good works save thy soul."

For

"The terrors of law and of God
With me can have nothing to do;
My Saviour's obedience and blood
Hide all my transgressions from view."

I bless his dear name, he is growingly precious. Every time he comes he shows himself mighty to save; and sure I am that no souls will prize him till they can acquit God in the damnation of their own souls; and when they are brought to feel themselves utterly lost, to all intents and purposes, every refuge failing them, being past all hope in and of themselves, till they are obliged to fall down, crying from their inmost souls, "Lord, if thou damn or save me, I can do nothing; I lie at thy sovereign disposal; if thou, dear Lord, wilt save my soul, I shall then be obliged to proclaim, 'Grace is free indeed;' but if thou damn me, I must say, 'Truly thou art all my desire; and if I perish, I will perish at thy blessed feet.'" O T—!

"Sinners can say, and none but they,
'How precious is the Saviour!'"

You and I stand as monuments that He saves to the very uttermost. I have sometimes such a boiling up of corruptions within, that my flesh is made to tremble, and I am constrained to cry out, "Hold thou me up, and I shall be safe." I am often astonished at his preserving mercy. May the dear Lord preserve us to himself, and increase our faith in his precious blood from day to day, that our hearts may be sensibly sprinkled from an evil conscience, that we may serve him in newness of spirit, and not in the oldness of the letter.

Give my love to poor old friend P—, whom I love in the Lord; and to all that love my dear Lord in truth. I suppose dear S—s have left before this; if not, give my kind love to them. We are all tolerably well in health. I shall be glad to hear from you or any of the friends, when you feel disposed. The Lord bless thee, T—,

and keep thee, and give thee peace. My wife joins in love to all. I conclude with the comfortable words of Mr. Hart :

"On the cross thy body broken,
Cancels every penal tie;
Tempted souls produce this token,
All demands to satisfy."

I bless the dear name of Christ, I can feel no bar whatever between him and me ; my soul and he are one.—Yours in the best of bonds,

Oxford, October 3, 1830.

NATHANIEL MARRINER.

[We find that we mis-spelled the above name, in our last number; but, in the copy sent us, it was so clearly written "Marrianer," that, contrary to our private judgment, we had it so printed. More recent information tells us it should be spelled as above.—Eds.]

"THE PURPOSE OF HIM WHO WORKETH ALL THINGS AFTER THE COUNSEL OF HIS OWN WILL."

Dear Friend,—I read your letter with some degree of interest. I find you are in great confusion by reason of contrary winds. I would exhort you to read, reflect, pray, and wait; for the Lord has said, "I will make all my goodness to pass before thee, and will proclaim the name of the Lord." This is the work now on the wheels, and you must not think it anything strange if you should pass by the door of death to the door of life, by the gate of hell to the gate of heaven, or by the mount of corruption to the mountain of holiness. I do say unto thee, that the path upon which thou art entered is death and destruction to everything in self. God has exalted his dear Son above every name, and the devil and your heart are determined to debase him; but we shall soon see who is stronger, whether God to fulfil his own purpose, or wickedness to overturn that purpose; and let me tell you that the depths and heights, the lengths and breadths of divine teaching exceed the limits of reason. Judah married a Canaanite, and had children, but his children were wicked, and the Lord slew them and his wife; but when Judah went astray with the harlot, the children of whoredom built his house. Now in all the affair Judah's life was bitterness, but it did not overturn the purpose of God, that our Lord should spring out of Judah; neither did it disinherit Judah from the patriarchal office, nor cross his name from the book of life; but Judah, in his spiritual tribes, shall be taught the use of the bow, and with the other tribes shall be sealed twelve thousand. Jacob's inordinate affection spread itself into many mysterious circles, and when poor old Jacob, after years of affliction, stood before Pharaoh, he bore this sentence upon his forehead, "Few and evil have my days been;" yet these things did neither overturn his birthright nor his blessing, which the sovereign Disposer of all things gave him before he was born. No, the juice of these bitter-sweets was an excellent eye-water for the poor old man's eyes, which mightily broke the film. Paul's "thorn in the flesh" was sin, in its black tides, swelling itself over all his self-righteousness, legality, and creature-glory; so that in the midst of all his labours and sufferings, he was the least of all saints, and the chief

of all sinners. And you, my friend, will find all the might and main of your spirit directed against sin, which runs like a mighty torrent through your whole flesh, and overflows all its banks, setting you and all your tears and prayers at defiance, and bringing you, like Samson, shorn of your strength before the Philistines; but shall it overtop the promise of life given us in Christ before the world was, or are the purposes of God stopped in their course by it? No, the wrath of man shall praise him, and the remainder of wrath he will restrain. Some say that this doctrine leads to licentiousness, and my carnal heart says the same thing, and would like to put it into practice; but is the arm of Heaven shortened? is the promise of the Father to Christ become of none effect? No, his arm shall rule for him. My dear friend, we often, like Sarah, put our hands to what we judge the fallen interest of God, but the Lord wants none of our aid. I know that we may kick and break our own bones; we may sin, and bring hell into our conscience, but in the depths of sin we cry, not from nature, but from grace, "Out of the belly of hell cried I, and he heard me from his holy temple; he sent from above; he took me; he drew me out of many waters." Religion does not stand in that sleek, smooth-faced behaviour that some thousands of religionists apprehend, but in a right knowledge of ourselves, and a right apprehension of Christ. As to your being troubled about preaching, it is a usual consequence. When one sees into divine things, he wants to tell others what he sees, but we cannot tell how much of flesh mixes itself therewith. I was many years under similar feelings; but when I thanked God I had discovered my pride, and hoped to have overcome it, God sent me with a message under almost the same circumstances in which his servant Moses was placed; so that I found then little else but objections. But this is like us, to choose anything except the will of God. There is no need of you to compile many sermons; for it is likely that they will be rotten before they are wanted. Mark the footsteps of God in providence. Do nothing rashly. I should like to see you here; but what is there to come to? It is better to wait twenty years, like Jacob, when God opened the door back to his country, than to open the door with our own hand. Farewell.

Yours as ever,

Norwich, August 31, 1843.

G. M.

A SHORT ACCOUNT OF THE LORD'S GRACIOUS DEALINGS WITH ONE OF THE ELECT VESSELS OF MERCY.

(Concluded from page 26.)

I now became very anxious about the salvation of others. I talked to one, and wrote to another, and became very zealous, but not according to knowledge. Here was I writing and prating about salvation to others, and having no evidence in my own soul of being saved myself. But I thought I will try to save others, if I am not saved. I worked hard to make up the breach at Sinai, and tried to attend to what Moses delivered to the children of Israel, but the more I worked

the wider the breach got, for I found that the law required strict and perfect obedience. This I could not understand, for I truly found that I could not keep it one hour. Then I thought that these were feelings of human nature, and that we could not possibly help them. This was a very agreeable idea to my vile appetites. But I was not left long to remain under these delusions. It pleased the Lord, in the order of his providence, to remove me from T— to L—, where one of my employers was termed an Antinomian. A short time after I got there, he began to talk about God's discriminating grace, in electing some to salvation, and leaving others to perish. This I could not think was true, as I had never heard such a thing before, and it appeared to me to be dreadful to think that Christ should make satisfaction for some and not for others. As my employer had scripture for what he said, I soon began to think that he was right and I was wrong, and that I should be damned after all, for, thought I, "How can such a vile ungodly wretch as I be one of God's elect? If I were, God would surely never let me go to such unparalleled lengths of iniquity." These thoughts used to make me tremble and groan, and sometimes afraid to move. I often wondered where the scene would end, and, to make matters worse, one night, as I was going to bed, this passage came strongly to my mind, "God is a consuming fire." I fell down upon my knees, but was not able to pray, for I thought that God was going to cut me off there and then. I felt satisfied that the devil was in my bedroom, and I expected every moment to feel myself locked in his grasp. The feelings of my soul at this time none can enter into. However, this excitement wore off in a few days, and I experienced much liberty in prayer, and had such rapturous views of the glorious and solemn scene on the cross, that I sometimes scarcely knew where I was.

But my deliverance was near at hand, and it was brought about in the following manner. One morning, about ten o'clock, I went up stairs under a deep sense of my sinfulness, and O what communion I had with the Lord! "whether in the body or out of the body," I could scarcely tell; and presently, this passage, "Thy sins, which are many, are all forgiven thee," came into my soul with such light, unction, and power, that I felt persuaded that there was not one sin against me. O how I blessed, praised, and adored the name of the Lord! A new song was put into my mouth, and all the powers of earth and hell combined could not stop me from blessing and praising the Lord that he should deign to notice so vile a wretch. "Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless his holy name. Bless the Lord, O my soul; and forget not all his benefits!" O, I wanted a seraph's tongue to praise the Lord for healing my wounds, for forgiving all mine iniquities, for redeeming my life from destruction! "O, give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good, for his mercy endureth for ever!" O that all the saints of the Lord would join with me to praise the name of the Lord! "O sing unto the Lord a new song, for he hath done marvellous things; his right hand and his holy arm hath gotten him the victory." "The Lord hath made known his salvation, his righteousness hath he openly showed" unto

me! He hath remembered mercy. Bless the Lord! Make a joyful noise unto the Lord! Sing unto the Lord, O my soul, for he hath redeemed thee! "I sought the Lord, and he heard me; he brought me up also out of the horrible pit and miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock." O, how my soul wanted the wings of a dove, that I might flee away and be at rest! I longed to live in a wood, or some desert, out of the bustle of the world, for I felt afraid that I should soon lose my Beloved. I exclaimed, "My Beloved is mine, and I am his," and he was indeed to me, "the chiefest among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely." O how painful was it for me to leave this solemn chamber to go into the busy world again!

The Lord now stript me of my filthy rags, and took away my free-will lumber, and showed me that he had chosen me, and that I had not chosen him. "Why me, Lord?" cried I, "Why me? Why not some one more deserving of thy choice, more worthy of thy notice?" The scales dropt from my eyes, and the Lord opened up a little of the mystery of salvation by grace, and not by works, and showed me that there was no salvation out of Christ, and that our salvation was consequent on our being united to Christ, in covenant relationship, ere time began. The sweetness of this deliverance lasted some time; and one day, as I was walking in the garden, the following passage was so blest to my soul that I thought I saw the throne of God, surrounded by all the angelic host, and the spirits of just men made perfect, who united their hallelujahs on my account: "I say unto you that likewise joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons that need no repentance." (Luke xv. 7.) O, to think that there was joy in heaven over such a sinner, was more than a match for my heart! O how my soul was humbled at the thought! How precious was Christ to my soul! All that loved him I loved. And I was led to exclaim, "The Lord hath made my mountain to stand strong, and I will praise the Lord, I will glorify his name for evermore, for great is his mercy towards me, and he has delivered my soul from the lowest hell." So happy was I in the Lord, and so satisfied of my salvation, that I thought I should never doubt again. "I said I shall not be moved." But, alas! alas! I forgot that I had a body of sin and death. I did not then know that my greatest enemies were those of my own household. These mighty foes have often brought me to cry, "Unclean, unclean;" and it is only because his faithfulness fails not, that I am not consumed. What a mercy for me that Christ is immutably "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." Yes, bless his dear name, though I change, he changeth not. "He is of one mind, and none can turn him." My comforts, however, decreased; my strong mountain was mouldered into dust; and such a darkness came over me that I could not see whether I was in the right path. I began to think that all was a delusion, mere self-excited feelings, or the workings of fanaticism; that it was a fleshly religion, and not a spiritual one; and that I was only deceiving myself, and my hypocrisy would be made manifest to the world. But, blessed be the Lord, he broke through the clouds of obscurity, and dispersed all

my doubts and fears, so that I could rejoice with "joy unspeakable, and full of glory." I now began to know the difference between the form and the power. Whilst I denied the former, I could not be satisfied without the latter. I wanted that religion of which God alone was the author. Feeling myself a poor indigent sinner, helpless in and of myself, I could not any longer sit under a *must-do* gospel, for I found that if my best performances were weighed in the balances of God's justice, they would be found awfully wanting. I therefore came out from among the unclean, and though my name was secretly stigmatized, I found the blessedness of having God on my side, not only as my God, but as my Father; for those that honour God he will honour, but those who dishonour and despise him, he will lightly esteem.

Some time after this, I was in great darkness and distress, and thought again that all was over. I had grown cold and lukewarm, and had no spiritual appetite. I felt my ingratitude to be so great that my soul was ready to sink, when the Lord set my soul at liberty by the application of these words: "But after they had rest, they did evil again before thee; therefore ledest thou them in the hand of their enemies, so that they had the dominion over them; yet, when they returned, and cried unto thee, thou heardest them from heaven; and many times didst thou deliver them according to thy mercies." (Nehemiah ix. 28.) O that "many times" was of more value to me than all the riches of Egypt! I told the Lord that if he sent me to hell, I would bless him, and admire his justice; for hell was my desert, and fiends my fit associates. I did indeed feel that the Lord would be fully righteous in consigning me to that place where hope never comes, and from which there is no redemption.

A little time after this, "God is love" was so blessed to my soul that I could not help weeping for joy. He led me back to his love in the plan of redemption, as purposed, settled, and fixed in eternity; he showed me the immutability of his purposes, the security of the church in all ages, and in the most unparalleled trials; he took me to the flood, and showed me the ark of his covenant, which was riding upon the same element that was destroying the wicked; (Gen. vii. 15—23;) he led me through the Red Sea, and thence to the fiery furnace, (Dan. iii. 20 to the end,) and from that to the lion's den; (Dan. vi. 16—22;) and thus he has proved himself faithful to his promises: "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee; for I am the Lord thy God, the Holy One of Israel, thy Saviour;" "No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper; and every tongue that shall rise against thee in judgment thou shalt condemn. This is the heritage of the servants of the Lord, and their righteousness is of me, saith the Lord." Remember that, reader. Hast thou a righteousness? and is it a righteousness of thine own, or of the Lord's? These dear testimonies of the saints' security cheered my soul; and again I could cast my care upon the Lord, and say, "Thy will be done." I could be anything or nothing;

for the Lord's will was my will; and I could from my soul say, "Let him do what seemeth him best."

"How sov'reign, wonderful, and free,
Is all his love to sinful me!
He pluck'd me as a brand from hell:
My Jesus has done all things well."

"He saw me ruin'd in the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate:
His loving kindness, O how great!

"Though num'rous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along:
His loving kindness, O how strong!"

O how astonishing did his love to me appear! Astonishing, because I was so unworthy of it. I begged the Lord, if it were his dear will, to make me useful to some of his dear children. I felt, with Moses, that I would rather suffer affliction with the children of God than enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season. How I begged the Lord to tell me the substance of "If ye love me, keep my commandments!" "Do, dear Lord," cried I, "show me what are thy 'commandments,' and give me grace and power to keep them." The Lord heard my cry, and soon taught me that baptism was one of his commands, and that no person had any right at the Lord's table till he had been baptized (*immersed*, I mean; not *sprinkled*). The first passage which proved to me the truth of the ordinance was this: "Suffer it to be so now; for thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness. Then he suffered him. And Jesus, when he was baptized, went up straightway out of the water." (Matt. iii. 15, 16.)

Some of the literati of the day define the word *baptize* to be the same as "to sprinkle." I would ask such poor, narrow-minded divines the reasonableness of such a definition, when compared with the preceding portion of God's truth. Is it not obvious, even to the most illiterate, that before a person comes up out of the water, he must, of necessity, first go into the water? And does it not here say that "Jesus, when he was baptized, went *up* straightway *out* of the water?" They never learned such views in the school of Christ; for he teaches all his chosen people what the truth is. These love the truth; and these will hold it fast. Yes, and where the truth really is known from soul experience, it will make a man bold and brave for it. He would rather give up all, and be dispossessed of every thing of a worldly character, than give up one grain of God's eternal truth. "Buy the truth, and sell it not;" and where the truth is dearly bought, it will be precious. "But," says my reader, "what do you mean by *truth*?" The substance of it is, election by God the Father ere time began, redemption by the Lord Jesus Christ, and regeneration by God the eternal Spirit. These are the blessed truths which so many fight against; but, blessed be God, they are as immutable as himself, and "stand sure to all the election of grace." This is a little of covenant verities; and neither the dead professor, the mongrel Calvinist, the Arminian, nor the presumptuous Antinomian,

knows the secret of this covenant; for "the secret of the Lord is with them that fear him, and he will show them his covenant."

But again. I now saw the ordinance of believers' baptism; but this was the question: "Am I fit for the ordinance?" I examined myself by the law and the testimony; and the more I examined the more unfit I appeared. Sometimes these lines came into my mind:

"Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream:
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him."

If I had known that these words came from the Spirit, it would have sufficed; but I was so full of doubts and fears that I thought, "After all, I am out of the secret."

Whilst in this state of mind, I began to read Isa. liv. When I came to the 11th verse, the Lord blessed these words to my soul with power: "O thou afflicted, tossed with tempest, and not comforted, behold, I will lay thy stones with fair colours;" but it came into my soul like this: "O thou afflicted, tossed with tempest, *be* comforted." The raging billows ceased, "and there was a great calm." This was another time of rejoicing; and how blessed are such seasons! Why, we have not a single care about our old man when the Lord sheds abroad his soul-ravishing love in the heart by the Holy Ghost. Such testimonies of his love make me so contented with my position, that I would not be anything but what I really am for ten thousand worlds. "What is that?" say you. A saved sinner. I envy not the happiness of men or angels. The Lord is mine, and what more can I want? "Ah!" say you, "I want more than this; I want to be with Him 'whom my soul loveth.'" I think if thou art a humble follower of the Lord, thou wilt be content to wait his own time. I do not envy Adam in his state of innocence; for were I in that state, my righteousness would be but creature righteousness. But now, by the blessed imputation of the righteousness of Christ, I stand, in the sight of my covenant God, righteous as he is righteous, and holy as he is holy; and this is what I call the "best robe." How astonishing the fact! I, in and of myself, a poor, vile, filthy, ill, and hell-deserving sinner; I, a monster of iniquity, and polluted, root and branch; I, that cannot think a good thought, in Christ to be perfect! O wondrous grace! amazing love! O how it surprises me to think that I should be one of God's "excellent ones," in whom are all his "delights!"

"Why was I made to hear his voice,
And enter while there's room,
While thousands make a wretched choice,
And rather starve than come?"

So long as the Lord was pleased to manifest himself to my soul, I had not a doubt about my fitness for the ordinances of his house; and, a short time after this deliverance, seeing four persons baptized, how I wished that I was one with them! I felt inclined to take off my coat, and ask the minister to baptize me there and then. But

this was not the set time. I soon fell into my old frame of doubting and fearing; so much so sometimes, that I was really afraid to say anything about religion; for I thought that I had none, and therefore had no right to talk about it.

Just at this crisis, I went to hear a minister in Kent. He spoke from these words: "I will go in the strength of the Lord, and make mention of his righteousness, even of his only." He complained of great darkness of mind, and so entered into my feelings that I could not refrain from weeping. I felt my soul so knit to his, and that he was the man to baptize me, that I could say with the poet,

"In all my Lord's appointed ways,
My journey I'll pursue:
Hinder me not, ye much-loved saints;
For I must go with you.

"Through floods and flames, if Jesus lead,
I'll follow where he goes:
'Hinder me not!' shall be my cry,
Though earth and hell oppose."

I informed this dear man of God how the Lord had made use of his darkness to benefit my soul, and that I wanted him to baptize me. He therefore proposed me to the church. But a day or two after, such dreadful fear enveloped my soul that I began to wish that I had never said anything about it. My fears increased so awfully that I was afraid to call upon the name of the Lord, lest he should cut me off for presuming to approach him.

Two Lord's days before the time appointed for my baptism, my mind was deeply solemnized. In the evening I had the "grace of supplication" poured into my soul, and I had a more solemn season of communion than I ever had before. I begged the Lord to decide the matter at once, that I might not any longer deceive myself; and I entreated him to let me know, by the application of some scripture passage which had reference to baptism, that it was truly his will that I should go through the ordinance. The first portion of scripture that my attention was called to was this: "I will also ask you one thing; and answer me: The baptism of John, was it from heaven, or of men?" This did not come with unction or power. The next was, "I have a baptism to be baptized with; and how am I straitened till it be accomplished!" This, I thought, had nothing to do with my state; for it had special reference to the agonies of Christ. I again looked up to the Lord, and entreated him to give me one text which would set my soul at rest; and the whole matter was silenced with these words: "One Lord, one faith, *one baptism*, one God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in you all;" (Eph. iv. 5, 6;) and I went to bed in peace.

But after this, I was continually harassed about my fitness. One night, these words thrilled through my soul: "He that believeth, and is baptized, shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned." (Mark xvi. 16.) The Lord's "shall" appeared so prodigious in this portion of Scripture, that darkness increased till the Friday night before the Lord's Day on which I was to be baptized. I went up

stairs to bed in the greatest state of darkness that ever I felt. I thought that all was a blank, and that there had been no reality in any of my past experience. I got into bed trembling with fear; and O the dreadful things which entered my mind! I felt myself to be a poor deluded wretch, and that such was now going to be made manifest. Death seemed at hand; and I felt in my soul that all was over. "Outer darkness" seemed near; and I was just going to call for my employer, who was in the next room, to come to me, (for I was afraid to remain alone, feeling satisfied in my mind that I was dying,) when these words came into my soul, "He was exceedingly sorrowful, even unto death." Jesus had been in my exact position, "sorrowful, even unto death." Peace came into my soul; the storm abated, and there was a calm. Bless his dear and precious name, this is having a little "fellowship with him in his sufferings."

On Saturday I was very unwell. Unbelief again began to stir; for I had told the Lord that I would rather he kept me at home by affliction than go through the ordinance without his sanction and blessing.

The next day, (Lord's Day, January 1st, 1843,) the Lord raised me up in strength and in peace, took me to his house, and blessed the word of his grace to my soul. His servant entered into the very trials with which I had been exercised. In the afternoon I was blessedly strengthened in the ordinance which took place; but in the evening I was attacked with the most dreadful thoughts of infidelity, which made me tremble in my soul, and brought on such fear that I scarcely durst walk home from the chapel. Yet, bless the Lord, these feelings did not last long; for, whilst I was going home, he dropped a little dew into my soul. I could therefore "rejoice in him, and have no confidence in the flesh."

"How strange the scenes through which I go!
What joys I meet, and sorrows too!
Sometimes delighted in the Lord,
And fill'd with joy from Jesus' word.

"This holy pleasure from on high,
Makes all my grief and sorrow fly;
It lays me low at Jesus' feet,
Yet lifts me high to honours great.

"But ah, alas! how soon again
I sink in darkness, grief, and pain,
Wherein no comfort seems to flow,
And all seems dark and gloomy too!

"Yet, while I walk this thorny path,
A love to me my Saviour hath,
That bears me up, and ever will,
Till I shall stand on Zion's hill."

Through the ensuing week, the Lord manifested himself to my soul in such a gracious manner, that I could not help asking him how long it would be before I should cast my crown at his dear feet, and praise him for his love. O what soul-ravishing, soul-bedewing, soul-comforting visits I had! I could say, "My Beloved is mine, and I am his;" and his love to my soul was better than wine. "I sat

down under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet to my taste."

But the scene is now altered. "O that I knew where I might find him, that I might come even to his seat. Behold, I go forward, but he is not there; and backward, but I cannot perceive him; on the left hand, where he doth work, but I cannot behold him; he hideth himself on the right hand, that I cannot see him." "Tell me, O Thou whom my soul loveth, where thou feedest, where thou makest thy flock to rest at noon." "I sought him, but I could not find him; I called him, but he gave me no answer." "By night, on my bed, I sought Him whom my soul loveth; I sought him, but I found him not. I will rise now, and go about the city, in the streets, and in the broad ways I will seek Him whom my soul loveth. I sought him, but I found him not. The watchmen that go about the city found me; to whom I said, Saw ye Him whom my soul loveth? It was but a little that I passed from them, but I found Him whom my soul loveth." Nevertheless, I could not hold him; and I now find that his visits are less frequent and more transient than formerly. But blessed be his name, for ever visiting such a despicable wretch!

Thus, by the free grace of a covenant God, I was "plucked as a brand from the burning." The Lord took away my filthy garments, and clothed me with change of raiment. "I will greatly rejoice in the Lord: my soul shall be joyful in my God; for he hath clothed me with the garments of salvation, he hath covered me with the robe of righteousness, as a bridegroom decketh himself with ornaments, and as a bride adorneth herself with her jewels. (Isa. lxi. 10.)

I have given you a brief outline of "what the Lord hath done for my soul;" and suffice it to say that I am going on, sometimes sighing, crying, groaning, mourning, longing, panting, and thirsting for "Him whom my soul loveth;" sometimes I am happy upon the mount; and sometimes I am sorrowing in the valley. But it is a mercy to know that though I change, he changes not; and that though my frames and feelings vary hourly, with him there is no variableness or shadow of turning. And I have so learned Christ as to know that my position is equally as blessed, though not as congenial, in the valley as on the mount. In the valley I learn the value of a mountain visit. What is it that sends me fearing in the valley? Nothing but a feeling sense of sin; for, as sin is the source of all fear, there would be no fear without a sense of sin. Then I say that it is blessed to be a fearing inhabitant of the valley; and I believe that a child of God walks as safely, if not more safely, in this state than in any other. When under doubts and fears about his safety, he becomes more anxious and more earnest with the Lord to "decide the doubtful case;" he speaks about eternal realities with more care and seriousness; he opens his Bible with more reverence; he examines himself, and compares his experience with the experience of the saints of old; he is careful in all his movements, lest he should bring reproach upon the cross; he goes to the throne of grace with fear and trembling; and he does not rush into the presence of God as the unthinking horse into the battle. I was in a similar state to this a short time

ago. I felt afraid to look, move, or speak. "I cried unto the Lord in my distress," and he laid me low at his dear feet, and manifested himself in so solemn a manner that I rejoiced with trembling. He showed me his bleeding side; and I felt in my soul that my sins had made the dreadful wound. And what a mercy for me that they did pierce him! for if they had not pierced him, they must, of necessity, have pierced me. But, blessed be God,

"Payment he will not twice demand;
First at my bleeding Surety's hand,
And then again at mine."

Bless his dear name, "he was wounded for my transgressions, he was bruised for my iniquities," bearing, as my Surety, the hell which was due to me; and, by the imputation of his perfect obedience, I shall at last rise triumphant over self, sin, the world, and hell, to be for ever with the Lord in the mansions of eternal bliss and blessedness!

And now, reader, I have told thee what an awful state I was in when the Lord arrested me. Hast thou ever been arrested? And I have told thee how I looked for hell and damnation, and the Lord manifested heaven and salvation. How stand matters between God and thy soul? Hast thou been brought in guilty before the great Lawgiver? "O, no," say you, "I have not been such a great sinner as you have." But hast thou never sinned? Remember this: "He that offendeth in one point is guilty of all." Perhaps thou art busy working thyself a covering. Let me tell thee that whatever covering thou hast, if it be not of the Spirit, thou wilt find thyself awfully wanting, when the great day of the Lord shall come. But, on the contrary, if thou art a poor, groaning, sighing, longing, panting, thirsting, sensible sinner, thou shalt, in the Lord's "set time," know what it is to be adorned with the immaculate righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ; and, thus arrayed, thou shalt stand complete in the latter day. May the Lord bless thee and do thee good in his good pleasure, for his dear name's sake. Amen and amen.

HARD WORK MADE EASY.

Dear Friend,—Yours came to hand, and I have just time to say that I intend, God willing, to be at P— on the 30th of September, and if I can be conveyed from there to G— on the 1st of October, I will very gladly come; but I must be at L— the day following. I dare not attempt to preach more than three times in the week days, as too much exertion brings the jaundice upon me; so I am obliged to preach less, or lay myself upon the shelf. No thanks to me; for when I enjoy my dear Lord in his work, it is sweet employment indeed; but when Christ is not enjoyed, it is very hard work. Indeed, I do not find any work but what is hard when Christ is not enjoyed. I know, in every blessed respect, that he is the resurrection and the life. There is not a cross nor a trial of any description that we may be exercised with but the blessed enjoyment of his presence will make us solemnly cheerful therein. You have had your trials, and no doubt they have been great, but the Lord is much greater; and O how great is his mercy! You have had some sweet feelings

of it, and that is better than thousands of worlds. Be thankful, my dear friend, that the Lord has been pleased to take your dear son to himself; and remember that many of God's people have had their children taken from them, for whom they had no room for hope. O may the Lord make you thankful; for you have much more cause to rejoice than to mourn; and what still adds to the blessing, he has given you a name better than of sons or daughters, even an everlasting name, which shall not be cut off.

My poor wife has been at the point of death, and there is little hope that she will ever recover, though, through mercy, she is much better than she was. I daily long and pant to live more in and upon Christ, for all things else are fleeting, yea, and dying too.

Excuse this little scribble, as I have both my hands, and head, and heart full of work.—Yours in the Lord, with love to all friends.

August 12, 1834.

W. G.

"YOUR HEART SHALL LIVE THAT SEEK GOD."

I am sorry to hear of my dearly-beloved friend's increasing weakness; but I am more than sure that the inward man will revive and be renewed, day by day. I am more than sure of this; for their "heart shall live that seek God." Their heart or conscience that is alarmed, awakened, and quickened, shall live; their convictions, their awakenings, their feelings, their sensations, their appetites, their cravings, longings, desires, and struggles shall never die away, as the alarms of Ahab and Judah did, who sought not to God, but to Satan. Their "heart shall live;" they shall never get into carnal ease so as to abide in it, nor into dead insensibility; nor shall they ever settle on their legal lees of self-righteousness; nor shall they rest in their own performances; nor shall the devil ever regain his palace and keep his goods in a false peace. Their "heart shall live that seek God." If faith be weak, and hope low; if joys abate, and love cools; if meekness fails, and patience gives up the ghost; if fears abound, and heart and flesh fail: yet life shall abide; their conscience "shall live that seek God." The holy spouse who felt every power of the soul cold and indifferent, and every grace dormant and inactive, felt her heart, her conscience, alive and upon the watch: "I sleep, but my heart waketh: it is the voice of my Beloved that knocketh." She had life, and felt his reproofs, and knew where the voice came from; and she calls him her Beloved, though cold, and in a deep sleep." It is life, my beloved, that gives us our longing appetites, and nothing else; and you know that the Lord has pronounced those blessed "that hunger and thirst after righteousness," and promises that "they shall be filled." It is life that gives us all our spiritual relish to favour, taste, and approve of the death and satisfaction of Christ; and that animates us to crave and feast upon that savoury meat which all the heirs of promise are so doatingly fond of: "My flesh is meat indeed, and my blood is drink indeed." Their "heart shall live that seek God;" and so shall my dearly beloved; and I shall live with him.

Ever yours,

W. H., S. S.

OBITUARY.

John Bury was born near Accrington, Lancashire, in the year 1796, where he lived, and indulged in all the vanities of this wicked world as far as his station in life would afford, following the dictates of a depraved heart, and giving full proof that he was dead in trespasses and sins. He committed iniquity with greediness, often, in his younger days, secretly laughing at, alighting, and scorning the advice and warnings of a dear father and mother, who used to say unto him, "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth; and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes, but know thou that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment;" the remembrance of which, in after life, made him often groan and say, "The time past of our life may suffice us to have wrought the will of the gentiles."

In 1823 it pleased God, in the riches of his grace, to quicken his dead soul. He then felt himself to be a sinner, which was a strange feeling to him, and he attempted to smother it by running into his former delights. The justice and holiness of God in the law made him tremble and fear before him. He now purposed to reform and begin afresh. He sinned and repented until he became ashamed of his do-and-live covenant. He laboured and toiled to fulfil the law's demand, but his sins grew heavier upon him, and at length his hopes were dashed to the ground. Christ and salvation were by him seen only afar off, and he found no comfort, either in the word, or in the ministry, for it was a yea and nay ministry he sat under at that time. I have heard him tell of the sore distress of soul which he experienced one evening, when he resolved to lay his case before the Lord, and waiting till the family retired to rest, he went out of the house, scarcely knowing what he was doing. The evening was rough, and the storm of God's vengeance was rough and terrible in his conscience, and he thought that the clouds and storms were crying for vengeance upon his sinful head. On returning to the house, he fell upon his knees before God, and all he could say, amidst groans and tears, was, "Lord have mercy upon me, Lord have mercy upon me;" but the Lord seemed to take no notice of his prayer.

He continued to bear the iniquities of his youth, seeing his sins set in the light of God's countenance, with the curse of God feelingly drinking up his spirits, and no prospect for his poor soul but eternal death. But in 1824 it pleased God to send a man to Accrington that preached a free-grace salvation. He had for his text, "If our gospel be hid, it is hid to them that are lost." Friend Bury heard him preach, and in the course of the sermon God the Holy Ghost brought together a hid gospel and a lost sinner. The blood of Christ was applied to his broken spirit, and his poor guilty conscience felt a washing in the fountain opened for sin and uncleanness. The righteousness of the Son of God was brought near, and that faith, by which he before could see nothing but the justice of God going forth in the condemnation of his guilty soul, was now directed

to the Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world. He now received "the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness." Here he found that when the Spirit was poured out from on high, the work and effect of righteousness was peace. His soul now dwelt in a quiet resting place. The stonement of a dear dying Christ was so especially applied to his soul that the doctrine thereof became rooted in his heart, so that from that time even to the day of his death, all the universalists in the north of Lancashire (and they are not few) were unable to make him believe, for one moment, that a precious Jesus died without knowing for whom. Passage after passage was now opened up to his heart, and many were the times of refreshing he had from the presence of the Lord.

He now began to declare the everlasting love of God to the Church, manifested in the person of the Son by the teaching of the Spirit, earnestly contending for the Spirit's work in regeneration, and God's discriminating sovereignty in saving the heirs of glory. The justifying righteousness of the Lord Jesus was a glorious shield against the law, sin, death, and hell to his own poor soul, now rich in faith, and feelingly an heir of the kingdom. In those days there were no streams of sanctuary waters at Accrington except such as were polluted with blind men's feet, (Mat. xv. 14,) at which he could not drink. He was therefore compelled to turn his back upon some whom he loved, who told him he had got too high in sentiment, and that he would soon be an Antinomian. At B—, however, he thought he found a people who drank of the streams of that river which maketh glad the people of God, and he expressed a desire to join them. They were glad to hear what the Lord had done for his soul, and he was baptized on the 6th of February, 1825.

As he was a man of sound judgment and strong mind, his usefulness was soon manifested, and some of the friends thought that the Lord had designed him for the ministry. He once attempted to speak before the church, after which he begged earnestly they would not ask him any more. It would be well if some self-sent preachers in the true church of God had the same good sense now. Shortly after this he was called to the office of Deacon, wherein he laboured with almost unwearied exertions. So anxious was he to make peace and keep the flock of God in gospel order, that he visited many at a distance in the country, if he thought they were faulty. Having a disease in the chest, his health at length began to decline. Though he was a man at times highly favoured in spiritual things, at other times he was much tried, and subject to darkness and soul trouble.

I cannot help remarking here my own feelings respecting his prayers at our prayer meetings. I had (as I hope) only been lately brought into the Redeemer's banqueting house, and I have no doubt I had more zeal than faith, for when friend Bury was telling the Lord of his fears, darkness, and indwelling sin, and complaining of the power of Satan, and his want of the Lord's presence, asking the Lord if his mercy was clean gone for ever, and pleading that it might be with him as in months that were past, my vain and silly heart

was saying, "I wish that old hobbling, grovelling creature would give over, for he has nothing but fears and darkness to talk about; if he would let some one pray that can pray, we should get on better." I sometimes said to myself, "Surely the Lord has never converted him." But I know now much better where my dear old friend was than I did then.

His strength now began to fail fast, and though only one mile from the place where he attended he had to rest often by the way. Last winter he had two severe attacks of his illness, after which it pleased the Lord to shut him up in great darkness of soul, such as he had never experienced before. I saw him when in this state, and he said to me. "I never will deceive the people, for I cannot profess to be one of the Lord's family, and live in such darkness as this. O, it is terrible! I am shut up in it, and cannot get out. What must I do in this darkness?" I said, "Such darkness must be very distressing, but you know the reason why the sons of Jacob are not consumed." He said, "Yes, the sons of Jacob, the sons of Jacob;" and then exclaimed, "O that it were with me as in months past. O that the Lord would lift upon me the light of his countenance." My poor soul was driven to the Lord to pray for one of the best friends I ever had in the world, and I never prayed more earnestly than I did at that time, that the Lord would restore unto his soul the joy of his salvation, and bring his righteousness near, so that he might be enabled to "trust in the name of the Lord, and stay himself upon his God." It pleased the Lord in his own time to break in upon his soul with light, power, and love, and to give him soul-comforting views of his interest in covenant mercy. Darkness was now made light before him, and crooked things straight. The glory of the Lord was again revealed to his poor soul, and he was enabled to bless the Lord who giveth power to the faint, and strength to him that had no might. Shortly after this, one asked him if his old creed of particular redemption was as good as ever. He got up on his feet, and with an earnestness peculiar to himself said, "The longer I live the firmer I grow in that truth, and all connected with it. I never doubt that truth, no never; and when the Lord reveals to me my interest in particular redemption,

"I tread the world beneath my feet,
And all that earth calls good or great."

On Lord's day, March 13th, being unable to walk to the house of God, he rode, and was very lively during the service, as far as his strength would allow. On Tuesday morning, about one o'clock, he was again attacked with his old complaint, which was followed by inflammation in the bowels, which medical aid could not subdue. I saw him the same day at noon. He was in great distress, and almost distracted with pain, being unable to utter many words at a time. I said, "You are very poorly." He said, "O yes; this is terrible; never anything like this before." I said, "May the Lord give you patience; you have need of patience." He then said, "Whether this be death that we have so often talked about I know not." I said, "Well, John, if it is, the Lord liveth." "O yes," he replied, "the Lord

liveth, and blessed——” He was here prevented, by the violence of his pain, from further expression, but his lips continued to move as if adoring the God of his salvation. After a short time I said, “The apostle Paul says, ‘Which hope we have.’” He answered, “Yes, we have,” and in a little exclaimed,

“Jesus, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man-ashamed of thee?”

I visited him again a short time before he died, and found him much weaker, though the extreme violence of the disorder was a little abated. I said, “You remember him that was wounded in the house of his friends.” He replied, “O yes, and of his enemies too. Bless his holy name for one thing.” This he repeated three times, and upon asking him what it was, he said, “O bless his name, he has not suffered the devil to have one knock at me all this day.” I said, “What a mercy! His mercy endureth for ever.” He answered, “Blessed be the name of the Lord for ever; for his mercy doth endure for evermore. Let the redeemed of the Lord say so, whom he hath delivered out of the hand of the enemy.” This took him a considerable time, as he could only speak as the pain allowed him. Very suddenly he became weaker, and I heard him say in a whispering tone, “Tell me, O thou whom my soul loveth, where thou feedest, and where thou makest thy flock to rest at noon.” He went on, but the remainder I could not hear. Several other broken expressions fell from his lips, which could not well be put together. He continued till five o’clock on Wednesday morning, when he turned his head over on the pillow, and in calm silence breathed his soul into the hands of him who hath the keys of death.

Thus ended the pilgrimage of one who, we believe, was kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation.

Accrington, July 4th, 1842.

A BROTHER TRAVELLER.

EDITORS’ REVIEW.

The Truth as it is in Jesus; in Essays and Letters on the Doctrines of the Gospel and Christian Experience. By Job Hupton.—London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co. 1843.

If “the truth as it is in Jesus” from any lips is weighty, it must be from his who has had a long experience of its power; and if any one can say with some claim to be heard, “Listen to me,” it should be he who has walked for half a century in the way of righteousness. And if to a long experience of the truth there be added the exercise of the work of the ministry for an almost equal duration of time, a life of unblemished consistency, great amiability of temper, and considerable faculties of mind—these additional qualifications form such a claim upon our respect and attention, that we must read with great interest and pleasure whatever proceeds from such a pen. Mr. Job Hupton, the author of the above little work, unites, we believe, in himself the qualifications we have named; and we, therefore, need

scarcely say that we have read it with some interest and attention. The immediate cause of its publication he gives in the preface:

"The following Essays and Letters were written from a sincere desire to expose error, advance truth, honour the Lord, and edify the household of faith. As they were produced they were transmitted to the *Gospel Magazine*, in the years from 1803 to 1809, with the signatures, Ebenezer, J. H—n, Eliakim. Testimonies to their usefulness were given from various quarters. Many years having elapsed since their first circulation, and the volumes which contained them having nearly disappeared, it was thought by a most valuable friend and sincere lover of divine truth, that their reappearance might add to their former usefulness. This suggestion being accompanied with persuasion, and the generous offer of all needful assistance, both in the preparation and publication, the several pieces have been collected, and are sent forth in the present little volume. May the blessing of the eternal Trinity in covenant attend it with unction and power, and make it an everlasting blessing to their chosen and redeemed."

It would appear, then, from this statement, that we have not, in these Essays and Letters, the result of so long an experience as we had supposed, some having been written forty, and none less than thirty years ago. This is at once a considerable deduction from their value; for though they may contain more of the vigour of youth, they cannot have so much of the ripeness of age. Another considerable drawback is, that they were contributions to a religious periodical. This may seem strange language from us, who are ourselves Editors of a similar work; but we believe we have good grounds for our assertion. Pieces contributed to a periodical, and especially to the *Gospel Magazine* of that date, are almost always doctrinal or controversial. They have generally some reference to disputed points, to questions of correspondents, and to other matters interesting at the time to the readers of the periodical, but which, when riven from their connexion with the magazine, and put together as consecutive papers, have a disjointed and incoherent appearance. Pieces, too, sent to a periodical have usually a stiffness and dryness about them, and are, for the most part, destitute of that warmth and flow of feeling which characterize letters† written to friends as the heart dictates. A studied precision of style often cramps such contributions; and what they thus gain in correctness of expression is seriously counterbalanced by loss of simplicity and savour. From these faults we cannot say these Essays and Letters are entirely exempt; and we, therefore, do not wish to view them as the best products of an experience of sixty years. Were we favoured with a perusal of private letters written by this veteran minister to intimate friends under the pressure of trials, personal or ministerial, in the gloom of the Lord's absence, or under the sunshine of his presence, we believe we should feel more union with them, and have our heart more warmed towards him. Such simple breathings of his experience might not show to equal advantage his powers of reasoning, and might not

* We do not at all like this expression. It has to us a Tritheistic sound. We fully believe Mr. Hupton to be a sound Trinitarian; but it especially behoves such to be as careful to drop nothing that may militate against the unity of God as against the distinctness of the Persons in the Godhead.

† It is for this reason so many more letters appear in the *Standard* than pieces; the latter being often sent us, but being rejected on account of the above-named faults.

present such clear and able elucidation of truth; but they would doubtless open to us more of his real spiritual character, and possess more life and feeling than this collection of by-gone contributions. We confess ourselves disappointed, therefore, with the book. Indeed, the opening sentences of the preface which we have given above threw a complete damp upon our feelings of anticipated pleasure; for, instead of the results and fruits of a long personal and ministerial experience by one on the verge of eternity, we are thrown back to a period of forty years ago, and all the intermediate space is completely lost. We, therefore, do not accept these Essays and Letters as those of the aged and experienced Job Hupton, the revered father of so many ministers, but as certain papers which appeared in the *Gospel Magazine* in the years 1803—1809; and, therefore, we desire all our remarks to be considered as relative to the young Job Hupton of 1803, and not to the aged and venerable Job Hupton of 1843. And thus the feelings of tenderness and respect to the hoary head in the way of righteousness, which would disarm or soften all criticism and bid us suppress a breath of disparagement, do not equally prevail when we consider that the subject of Review is not the now aged veteran, but a minister who, some thirty or forty years ago, sent certain papers to a religious periodical.

Whether these Essays and Letters have been retouched by his more matured hand, or whether they have been materially improved and modified by his increased experience, we are not informed; but as they have been thought worthy of a revival, they are a fair and legitimate subject for criticism; and we shall therefore endeavour to express our opinion of them as impartially and yet as kindly as possible.

As specimens, then, of sound truth, clear and able reasoning, acuteness of observation, and vigour of style, they may be read with much pleasure. There is an earnestness and truthfulness about them, a distinctness of statement, a nicety of discrimination, an elucidation of truth, and exposure of error, which might render them to minds in a certain state and stage of experience very useful and profitable. To one halting between Calvinism and Arminianism, or half-entangled in the meshes of Fuller's and Baxter's sophistry, they might be valuable aids. There are, for instance, some excellent and admirably as well as scripturally reasoned-out papers on "Ministerial offers not warranted," and "Spiritual blessings not purchased by Christ." The former subject especially is most powerfully and convincingly handled; nor have we ever read anything on the question so much to the point. The commencement of the first paper on this subject is a good specimen of his clear, earnest, and nervous style:

"Equally unevangelical with the notion of purchased blessings, and yet, notwithstanding, full as popular, even among those who are deemed gospel preachers, is the ministerial offer of spiritual blessings. Long have our pulpits rung and our presses teemed with offers, tenders, and overtures of mercy and grace, pardon and peace, life and salvation, Christ and heaven. Ministers of all denominations are zealously employed in making these offers, tenders, and overtures. In whatever else they differ, in this they are in perfect unison. Here the avowed Arminian and the reputed Calvinist join hands; and although it is difficult to say which of the two is the most strenuous for general offers, 'tis easy to determine which is the most consistent. These offers and over-

tures accord very well with the Arminian notions of universal grace, general redemption, the sovereignty of free-will, and the imperial powers of human nature; but neither the wisdom of man, nor the deeper sagacity of angels, will ever be able to reconcile them with Jehovah's perfections, with the volume of revelation, and with legitimate Calvinism. When I hear a professed Arminian declare to his auditory that God always intended his grace for every man; that he loves one of the sons of men as much as he loves another; that '*election is the devil's lie, and a horrible decree*;' that Christ has obtained redemption for every child of Adam; that God has not absolutely determined anything relative to the effects of the death of Christ, but has cast the lot into the lap of human caprice, and left the whole disposal of it to the will of man; that men have it in their power to choose or refuse Christ, turn the scale which way they please, and render his obedience and sufferings effectual or not effectual to salvation; and after all that Christ has done and suffered, with a view to the salvation of all the human race, it rests with man to determine whether all or none, whether many or few shall be saved; when I hear a man of this description advance such sentiments as these, and then vociferate his offers of grace, of Christ, of salvation, I forbear to wonder, because I consider him, though at war with the Scriptures, yet consistent with his own principles and character as an Arminian. But when men who are distinguished by the Calvinistic character ascend the pulpit and assert that God, in the riches of his unbounded grace, freely and immutably chose a people for himself in eternity, and appointed them to a certain salvation by Jesus Christ; that he absolutely determined the number of his chosen, and specified the persons who compose that number, so that neither addition nor diminution, nor a change of persons can by any means take place; that all the immense treasures of his transcendent love, grace, and mercy, together with all spiritual blessings and privileges, were entailed upon them, *exclusively*, in Christ, by a sovereign act of his will; that he passed by the rest in righteous sovereignty, and never designed any spiritual favour for them, but left them to perish in their sins; and that in consequence of the fall, every man's will is entirely depraved, enslaved by Satan, and averse to all that is good; and then in a moment drop from this eminence into the quagmire of Arminianism, and begin to advance their offers and overtures, who can help exclaiming with amaze, 'How is the fine gold become dim, and the wine turned into water.' How is the melodious note of the mounting lark changed for the doleful din of the bird of night. These men are not only beside the scriptures, but also beside themselves, and hostile to their own characters as Calvinists."

Our next extract will afford a favourable specimen of his cogent and scriptural reasoning:

"Whoever declares himself a Calvinist, professes to believe that God, the Father of all mercies, has blessed his own people with all spiritual blessings in Christ Jesus, according as he hath chosen them in him before the foundation of the world; and that he never intended that a single person more than the number of his elect should partake of any such blessings. Now, by what means can general offers of spiritual blessings be made to accord with election, particular redemption, and the limited grant of those blessings? Can it be made to appear how God can, consistently with his character as a being of *infinite sincerity*, make an offer where he has absolutely determined never to make a grant of what he offers? Or how the Almighty, who has immutably decreed that all shall not be saved, can with *sincerity and uprightness*, principles eternally inseparable from his existence, offer salvation to all where he sends the gospel? This ought to be done, and must be done, before the doctrine of general offers can be established. It is said that we cannot possibly account for all the divine procedure; and that we are obliged, upon the authority of scripture, both to believe and publish many things which, though they are not contrary to reason, yet are so far above the comprehension of a finite understanding that it would be presumption in mortal man to attempt to explain them. Granted; but then we are not called to believe anything which is incompatible with Jehovah's revealed character, nor to publish anything which militates with his known attributes of truth, integrity, and uprightness; which the doctrine of general offers appears to do, but to abide by that sacred axiom, 'God cannot deny himself;'

or, in other words, he cannot act inconsistently with his own perfections, purposes, and character.

"For the farther illustration of this subject, let us suppose a case. There is a good, the possession of which would be very much to the advantage of an individual, but to which he has a great aversion. This good is in the possession of a neighbour, who has both power to bestow it upon him and to dispose his mind to receive it, but has *determined not to do either*, and yet he makes him an offer of it. Can this neighbour be fairly deemed an *upright, sincere character*? Whether this supposed individual be acquainted with his neighbour's determination or not can be of no consequence, for neither his *knowledge* nor his *ignorance* can in the least alter the *fact* as to the man's *real character*. The question therefore is, first, whether he can consistently with himself, or with the truth, uprightness, and integrity of his nature appear to be what he is not, or manifest a disposition which he does not possess? Secondly, whether in making an offer of spiritual blessings to all he would not manifest a disposition to bestow them upon all? And, thirdly, whether he really possesses any such disposition. Indeed, I cannot help concluding that, as he is a being of infinite perfection, it is impossible for him to manifest a disposition which he does not possess; that as a disposition to bestow spiritual blessings upon all the world would be inconsistent with his doctrine of election, he possesses no such disposition; and that as the manifestation of a disposition to bestow them upon all is inseparable from an offer of them to all, there can be no such offer intended by God in the preaching of the gospel."

The extract we have given will afford our readers a clear idea of the doctrinal views contained in this work, and of Mr. Hupton's ability to set them forth. Our next extract, taken from his preface, and therefore containing his present views and matured judgment, will show what he considers to be true experience:

"That which is rightly called christian experience is *not all* that a christian experiences. Many things happen to him, as *man*, which are common to *men*, and are not, therefore, peculiar to him as a Christian; such things, whether painful or pleasant, are not christian experience. Christian experience consists of the feelings of pain and pleasure peculiar to those who are born of God and are anointed with the Holy Ghost:—of *pain* arising from the daily sense which they have of their imperfections and sins; from manifold temptations; from the hidings of the cheering light of the Lord's countenance; and from those internal chastisements, known only to themselves, which, with paternal love, he administers to them for their good;—of *pleasure* arising from the knowledge of the true God and Jesus Christ, whom he hath sent; their conscious reception of him as the gift of God; their adherence to him as the only and all-sufficient Saviour; their reliance upon his obedience, blood, and intercession for their whole salvation; and from their communion with him in the life of faith which they live, through the vital, efficient energy of the Holy Ghost, who fulfils in them all the good pleasure of his goodness, and the work of faith with power, by means of the truth, which, in its various branches, he reveals in their minds, applies to their hearts, and writes in their inward parts; and by which he sanctifies them, according to our blessed Saviour's intercessory prayer, 'Sanctify them through thy truth: thy word is truth.'"

We ought not perhaps to expect or require strict accuracy in a definition, even from so clear and logical a writer as Mr. Hupton, but did our space admit, we think we could show the above definition of Christian experience can by no means be accepted as correct. The sources, for instance, of *pain* we consider far too much limited, as all outward trials and external chastisements are excluded; and these we know make up much of that "tribulation through which we enter into the kingdom of heaven." Mr. H.'s sharp pruning knife would cut off all Paul's sufferings, (2 Cor. xi. 23—27,) and those of the Old Testament saints, (Heb. xi. 36—38,) from being a part of Chris-

tian experience. But one would think that to be "sawed asunder" would cause as much pain, would be as sharp an exercise of faith and patience, and would need as much divine support and consolation as any inward chastisement.

And thus too Mr. H.'s definition of *pleasure* as a part of Christian experience seems to us deficient in not making greater mention of manifestations, and laying too much stress upon "conscious reception of," "adherence to," and "reliance upon Christ," all of which fall short of powerful manifestations to the soul. But as his drift is good, and views generally sound, and as he does contend for "communion with Christ in the life of faith, through the vital, efficient energy of the Holy Ghost," we would not dwell harshly upon what might be an unintentional omission. But we cannot now pursue the subject further, and therefore hasten to a general summary of our views and feelings respecting the work.

Works written by men of truth we think may be divided into three classes—those which we read with weariness—those which we read with attention—and those which we read with profit. The first we yawn over, the second we are interested with, and the third we feel under. The first tease and perplex our brain, the second instruct and inform our head, and the third touch and soften our heart. The first we are glad to forget, the second we find hard to recollect, and the third we wish ever to remember.

Where among these three classes shall we place the work under Review? We will not place it under the first; we can hardly place it among the last; it must go then between the two. It instructed, it interested, it pleased us; but we must candidly confess, it did not very much touch, move, or profit us. It is very ably and very convincingly written; and though most of its contents are controversial, yet there is little in it of the dryness and nothing of the bitterness of controversy. But we want something more than to be convinced and instructed. We want the power, savour, and unction of the blessed Spirit to rest upon and clothe a work to make it really profitable. We might give our assent to every sentence in Mr. Hupton's book, and yet be no nearer the kingdom of heaven than before we took it up. There is little or nothing of experience in it, with the exception of one piece, "Arminianism Renounced," and even in that there is something, to our mind, lacking. Having, for instance, spoken very well of the convincing operations of the blessed Spirit in laying a sinner low, he thus describes the work of faith with power:

"Trembling and afraid, filled with shame and covered with confusion of face, reproaching themselves and bitterly bewailing their woful condition, their divine Instructor leads them hard by the dismal gulf of despair, and through the bewildering mazes of manifold temptations, to the Door of Hope which is opened before them in the dispensation of divine grace, to Jesus, the Father's unspeakable gift, the gratuitous gift of his free and boundless love,—to Jesus, the helpless sinner's kindest Friend, the Saviour, the only, the Almighty Saviour, full of grace and truth, who says, 'Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth; for I am God, and there is none else;' 'If any man thirst, let him come unto me, and drink;' 'Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest;' 'Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.'

"The heavenly Teacher proceeds in this glorious work, which he never for a

moment relinquishes; he carries it on with a power to which all resistance must yield, and will complete it to the praise of the glory of the whole divine Trinity and all the sacred perfections of Deity. In the faithful mirror of the gospel he presents to their astonished view the glory, personal and mediatorial, the grace, the righteousness, the atonement, the redemption, the salvation of Immanuel, in the transcendent beauty of their perfection, and in the riches, the superabundant riches of their freeness to the guilty, whose only desert is the vengeance of eternal fire. *His glorious almighty power effectually disposes them to believe the gospel testimony concerning Jesus; and assuring them that the absolute grant which God the Father has made of him, and all the riches of his fulness to sinners as such, is their complete and only warrant to receive him, he encourages their desponding minds, and emboldens and enables their fearful, trembling hearts, swollen with anguish, to claim him as their own, on that very ground; to venture their languishing souls upon him, and to place their entire confidence in him for justification, pardon, and peace; for sanctification and everlasting life. Here they triumph; here they rest; this is their rest for ever; here they shall dwell in perfect safety; no power shall separate them from Him in whom they confide; their righteous souls shall never be removed from this impregnable foundation, this invincible sanctuary where grace reigns over sin, and death, and hell, through righteousness, unto eternal life.*

"This is the glorious era of their existence: before, they existed as mere men; now, they exist as Christian men; they now enter upon a new career; they begin to live a life of faith, of love, of hope, of self-denial, of humility, of godly fear, of prayer, of praise, of cheerful obedience to the divine command, and of ardent desire of the highest possible enjoyment of God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, whom they affectionately regard as the supreme good, whose favour is life, and whose smile is bliss. The faithful Spirit carries on his gracious work; he will not, he cannot forsake it; he helps their manifold and various infirmities. Under his efficient influence, and in his never-failing strength, they fight the good fight of faith, resist the devil, wrestle with flesh and blood, 'put off, as concerning the former conversation, the old man with his deeds, putting on the new; and run with patience the race which is set before them, looking unto Jesus;' nor shall they faint; for God has granted unto them that they, being delivered from the hand of their enemies, might serve him without fear, in holiness and righteousness, before him all, not a part only, but all the days of their lives."

There are two things remarkable in this description. 1. That the deliverance spoken of seems more of a doctrinal than an experimental nature. We have put into italics the parts which seem to us defective. There is too little said of manifestation or application. More is said of what the Holy Ghost *enables them to do*, than what he does in them as passive recipients of mercy and pardon. Thus, according to our extract, "the Holy Ghost enables them to believe the gospel testimony concerning Jesus, and that the grant of the Father is their complete and only warrant to receive him; they are *thus* enabled to claim him, to venture upon him, to confide, and thence to triumph and rest in him." And is this all that need be known and felt that the soul may rejoice in the Lord? Is this a complete and thorough gospel deliverance? We are very much inclined to believe that a poor sinner so delivered will have, before he dies, to be delivered over again, and to have something more of manifestation and revelation than is here spoken of. It certainly does look to us like a bed too short and a covering too narrow. Though we believe such as is here described may be and often is the work of the Spirit, and affords excellent ground for encouragement and comfort to a seeking sinner, yet it seems to us to fall short of a full gospel deliverance. It seems to us more like a half-way house than

the end of the journey—more the distance-post than the goal. A poor guilty sinner cannot so easily receive God's absolute grant of Jesus as his only warrant. He wants "who loved *me* and gave *himself* for *me*" to be whispered in his heart. Nor can he *claim* him as his on the ground of an absolute warrant; for a poor law-condemned sinner has a thousand fears that he is not one for whom Christ died, which no absolute grant or general warrant can overcome. Still less can he for ever triumph and rest in this confidence, for till the Lord assures him with his own lips that he is his, a thousand suspicions will damp all confidence that rests on such grounds.

And 2. We would remark that the doctrine of unwavering assurance is implied, if not expressed, in this extract. Nothing, at least, is said of any subsequent doubts or fears, exercises or conflicts; nothing of dark and gloomy paths, and of the inward conflict. In the light once seen, in the life once felt, in the faith once communicated, in the peace once enjoyed, the believer is assumed to walk during the rest of his pilgrimage. Not a hint is given of this faith being ever tried in the furnace, or that there is as much need of fresh deliverances and fresh manifestations as if the soul had never enjoyed any.

And here, we suspect, is the great and prominent defect of Suffolk divinity. Correct in doctrine, (one or two points, we believe, excepted,) and possessing a large share of natural and acquired ability, the Suffolk divines appear to us very deficient in that power and unction, that vein of experience, that entrance into the very heart and conscience of God's people which are so sweet and so profitable. A dryness and hardness pervade their writings, so that we can neither get into them, nor do they much get into us. A doctrinal assurance runs through their works, which has to us very much the air of false confidence; for it is built, not so much on manifestations to the soul, or grounded upon the experience of felt and enjoyed mercy, as it rests upon the doctrines of grace as they stand in the word. Thus, their assurance is a logical, rational assurance—one built upon a syllogism, thus, "The elect can never perish; I am one of the elect; I can never perish." Now, this syllogistic sort of assurance is a very different thing from the witness of the Spirit; its seat, for the most part, being the head, more than the heart. Such a logical assurance does very well until the soul gets into a storm; but that makes terrible havoc with the *minor premiss*, as logicians call it, "I am one of the elect;" and if that limb of the syllogism is torn away by Satan, what becomes of the conclusion, "I can never perish?" But this tearing to pieces of logic and reasoning makes a sweet, yea, the only way for the inward voice of love and mercy, raising up a faith which stands not in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God.

Highly esteeming and respecting Mr. Job Hupton, we wish he was more decidedly free from the faults of Suffolk divinity, and that we could feel towards him all that love and union which warm our heart to those preachers and writers who, without half of his ability in argument or clearness of style, more abundantly dip their foot in oil, and, more manifestly to our conscience, preach the gospel with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven.

POETRY.

"THIS IS NOT YOUR REST."

Poor burden'd heart, bow'd down with They teach those lessons to the mind,
Dejected and oppress'd; [fear, "That this is not thy rest."
A stranger and a pilgrim here,
"For this is not thy rest."
Polluted, worthless, dark, and vain,
Still at the root a worm there lies,
All things on earth, at best, "For this is not thy rest."
Are scenes of sorrow, toil, and pain,
Raise not thy earthly prospects high,
"For this is not thy rest."
If joy and peace awhile abound,
On earth seek not thy rest;
And animate thy breast, If so, the storm and wintry sky
Will prove "'tis not thy rest."
Yet base corruptions oft astound,
Dear Jesus! hear my humble prayer,
"For this is not thy rest." Regard this one request,
Afflictions are in love design'd, To live and die beneath thy care,
Although so roughly drest: And find eternal rest.

T. C.

"SAY UNTO MY SOUL, I AM THY SALVATION."

O Lord! assist me while I write; To men and devils, (sure I must,) Do thou my thoughts and words indite, That thou, O God, art truly just.
To speak thy matchless, wondrous grace, I feel I'm helpless, Lord, and vile;
And sing to thine eternal praise. Yet do thou, Jesus, on me smile:
Mighty are all thy works and ways; One blessed smile will cheer my heart;
Thy mercy shines through endless days; One sovereign look will ease my smart.
Thy justice, too, as brightly shines, Of all on earth I know none worse,
Drawn in the Law's unerring lines. None more, O God, deserve thy curse;
Thou art a Sovereign Lord, and we Lord, I am vile, yet hear my cry,
Before thy throne must bend the knee; Oh! bring thy great salvation nigh.
All must before thy great name fall, I know that none but Christ can save;
But not in adoration all. No other Saviour would I have;
At that great day when thou wilt come Thou'rt such a Saviour as I want,
To give to each his righteous doom; For save myself, O Lord, I can't.
That thou art God all then will own, It is the Spirit's work, I know,
But some will their hard fate bemoan. The evils of the heart to show,
Socinians, that deny him here, To show the rottenness and pride
Will own he's God, and fall with fear, That in our cursed heart do hide.
But hate him still, and know full well Of sinners, Lord, I feel the chief,
They must for ever sink to hell. And this is now my constant grief;
Arminians, that his truth deny, I trust 'tis by the Spirit's light
And say election's all a lie, That of myself I've such a sight.
And boast that they themselves can cure, O Lord! thy word describes my case,
Will feel that their damnation's sure. There's hope for such to seek thy face;
To which, O Lord, do I belong? It says, the Lord delighteth in
To the innumerable throng That soul which feels and hates its sin.
That's written in the book of life, Say to my soul, thou blessed Lord,
That's to the Lamb a virgin wife? Thy sins, by the Incarnate Word,
Or to the rest, of whom 'tis said Are wash'd away; now go in peace;
Their sins shall fall on their own head. With blood I've signed thy full release.
Led by the devil at his will, Amen to that, my soul would say,
Of sins their measure to fulfil. If 'tis thy will, say so to-day;
I feel I'm well deserving hell; If not, O give me patience still
But if to hell I'm sent, I'll tell To wait and bow beneath thy will.

A HELPLESS SINNER.

Nov. 29, 1843.

THE GOSPEL STANDARD,

OR,

FEEBLE CHRISTIAN'S SUPPORT.

"Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled."—Matt. v. 6.

"Who hath saved us, and called us with an holy calling, not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began."—2 Tim. i. 9.

"The election hath obtained it, and the rest were blinded."—Rom. xi. 7.

"If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest.—And they went down both into the water, both Philip and the eunuch; and he baptized him.—In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."—Acts viii. 37, 38; Matt. xxviii. 19.

No. 99.

MARCH, 1844.

VOL. X.

A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF THE LAST DAYS ON EARTH OF THE LAMENTED W. GADSBY.

(Extracted from the Memoirs about to be published.)

For several months his breathing had at times been much affected, so that it was with difficulty he could walk to the chapel, and latterly he had been unable to walk more than a very short distance. The last place at which he preached, except at his own chapel, was Wool-road, Saddleworth, on the 17th December. While there, his illness was very severe, so much so, that on his return home he told his family that Mr. B. was afraid he was going to die there, and that he had said to him, "You never were so glad to get rid of me in your life." The last thoughts that he committed to paper for the press were his Remarks on the Advantages of Sunday Schools, for the first number of the *Sunday School Visitor*.

The late separation from his church had certainly preyed much upon his mind, though not nearly so much as some former ones; and though he had long anticipated it, for he had seen a leaven working for nearly three years, yet when it came it caused an evident change in his health. He thought the Lord dealt hardly with him. But God was wiser than he, for he lived to see those separated from them who, had they been left in the church after his decease, would certainly have been grievous troublers, and would doubtless have sooner succeeded in having ministers to supply, whose doctrines, or at least some of them, were inimical to the feelings of the great majority of the members that now remain. But he was much reconciled to the event for several months before his death, and desired to leave it wholly in the hands of the Lord.

On the evening of New Year's day, he was present at a tea meeting in the Sunday School room connected with his chapel. He there gave an account of some of the Lord's dealings with him since his residence in Manchester, which, unknown to him, was taken down in short hand. On rising to speak, many of his friends observed that he was so full that he could scarcely express himself, and that his voice faltered; and some did not hesitate to express their fears that his end was near.

The week before the one in which he died, his poor wife had been unusually troublesome and harassing. This he named in a letter to Mr. Warburton, written on the 18th or 19th of January, adding, that he had been much put about, and that his "breathing was very bad." On the Lord's day (21st) he preached as usual. His text was Isa. xliii. 2: "When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee." The last head on which he dwelt in the morning was, "The last flood that a child of God has to contend with is Death." In the evening, he spoke of good old Abraham wanting a place in which to bury his dead, and remarked, it would soon be said of him, "Let me bury my dead out of my sight." In going to the chapel in the evening, he said he certainly could not survive many more such days as that, and was on the point of desiring the cabman to turn back. He was unable to give out the hymns, except the last, and was so exhausted at the close that many of his friends felt persuaded he had preached his last sermon. Just before giving out the last hymn, he said, "I have once more proved the devil a liar, for as I was coming to the chapel in the morning he told me it was of no use coming, for I should not be able to preach from want of strength, both of body and mind; but I *have* preached, you see." In his concluding prayer he prayed that the Lord would have mercy on the young and rising generation, and that he would raise many of them up to call him blessed, "when our old heads are laid in the grave."

He had always expressed a desire that, if it were the Lord's will, he might not be laid long aside when he came to die, but that strength might be given him to preach to the last; and how mercifully was this desire granted! (Prov. x. 24.) Not a single Lord's day passed over. He was taken to his eternal rest before another dawned.

For many years back, when solicited by friends in the country to visit them, even at the expense of his not going to London, he has been often heard to say he believed he should go to London once a year as long as he lived. This year he had determined upon *not* going to London, but visiting his friends in the country. He has not lived, however, to do so.

His poor dear wife, whose mental affliction for twenty-two years had been such a trial to him, but who, prior to that period, had been a kind and affectionate partner, had for some months treated his illness as though it were a matter of no moment; and even on the

Monday before he died, when he was much worse, she charged him with acting the hypocrite. This is named to give some idea of what the dear man had had to endure for so long a period; though none but himself was fully acquainted with it.

His complaint was an affection of the lungs, a disease at all times formidable, but increased in the present instance by inflammation.

On Tuesday morning he took to his bed, and said if he were not better on Wednesday morning, he should give himself up. One of his members, a Mr. Smith, surgeon, attended him, and in the evening was joined by Mr. G.'s family surgeon, Mr. Boutflower. The family wished him to have a physician, but he said, "No, I want no physician; if they cannot do, nobody shall." Mr. G. said, it would be a blessed meeting when all the family of God met above. "Aye," Mr. Smith replied, "it will." He was bled and had a blister applied to his chest, after which he seemed a little easier, and could breathe rather more freely.

In the night of Tuesday, as one of his members, Mr. Ashworth, who for months had been very kind to him, assisting him to dress, &c., lay by his side, he began to quote the 61st chapter of Isaiah, and comment on it. "It was the broken heart, not the whole heart that wanted binding up; it was the captives that wanted liberty, not those that were free, that could believe when they liked and rejoice when they liked; it was the mourners that wanted comforting, and that should be called Trees of Righteousness, aye, and blessed trees too, for they were of the Lord's planting; it was an everlasting covenant, not an uncertain one; not one of the church would be missing, there would be as many heads as crowns, and as many crowns as heads, otherwise the covenant would not be complete; they should be known among the Gentiles, and acknowledged that they are the seed that the Lord has blessed; there was a mark on their foreheads; the writer had gone out with his inkhorn, and set a mark upon them;" (Ezek. ix. 4;) and he dwelt particularly and remarkably sweetly on the 7th and 10th verses, adding that God would be glorified by them, and, said he, "What poor worms He has to be glorified by!"

On Wednesday he asked Mr. A. to read the chapter, and said it had been blessed to his soul the night before. He continued during the day in much the same strain. He said he did not believe he should get better, and he did not think the doctors knew how bad he was. In the course of the day, he said, "If I do get to glory, O how I will shout, and nobody shall stop me."

Several friends called on Wednesday to offer their services to sit up with him, &c. He said to Mr. Ashworth, "If you cannot stand three or four nights, tell John Hoyle we shall be glad of his assistance; but if you can, tell him we are equally obliged to him, but we shall not require him." Shortly afterwards he said, "Tell the friends to write to Macclesfield, (where he was engaged for March 10th,) and say they must get another parson, for they won't have me."

On Wednesday night he had no sleep; indeed, he never did more than dose afterwards, except a little on Saturday.

In the night he spoke of the mystical church. It was only one

body. Whatever divisions there might be in the church below, there would be none in the church above. All would be right at last. He spoke of the Three Persons in the Godhead, and of their distinct offices; of the enemy coming in like a flood—a flood of errors, a flood of temptations, &c.; of the Standard, and the Standard-bearer. Christ was the Standard-bearer. “No,” he afterwards said, “I made a mistake. Christ is the *Standard*, and the Holy Ghost is the *Standard-bearer*; and where this Standard is lifted up by this Standard-bearer, the floods of the enemy are all driven back.”

On Thursday morning he was unable to wash himself. He tried to do so, sitting up in bed, but could not, and said, “What a poor thing! I must give it up. How gradually I am going.” When Mr. A. had washed him, he lay down again, and said, “What a poor worm I am come to, but I shall soon be shouting, Victory for ever, for ever!”

On Wednesday evening Mr. Bontflower said to him, “You must have a little patience, Mr. Gadsby; but I need not say anything to you about that; you have philosophy enough for that without my advice.” Referring to this on Thursday, Mr. G. said, “Philosophy patience! I have been thinking about it, John, (Mr. Ashworth’s name, not his son John, he being absent from town through ill health.) What a difference there is between philosophy patience and the sweet patience that Christ bedews into the souls of his poor afflicted people! At the best, philosophy is but man’s work, however bright it is; but Christ’s patience that he bestows is sweet, and under all pains it is comforting to the soul, and makes them light when Christ’s presence is enjoyed.”

The housekeeper came into the room with some coal, when the door made a noise. He said “it wanted a little oil, and there was no doing without oil for anything. When Christ applies the oil to our hearts it is sweetly suppling, and all then goes on well.”

On Thursday afternoon Mr. Kershaw called with one of the deacons. He said to Mr. K., “My preaching is over.” Mr. K. asked him how he felt. He said Christ appeared glorious—a glorious Christ, and attempted to speak much of his glory; but Mr. K. begged of him not to try to speak, because of his cough and breathing, and he would talk to him about his glorious Christ. Mr. K. then spoke of Christ in his various offices, his beauty, his sufferings, his relationship, his glory, &c., to which Mr. G. added a loud and hearty Amen. Mr. K. asked him if he felt him to be precious, and he said he did. Mr. K. read Isaiah xii. and Psalm xxiii., and he again added aloud his hearty Amen. He said the verse of a hymn had been much on his mind before his sickness came. Hymn 237, verse 3rd:

“’Tis to credit contradictions;
Talk with him one never sees;
Cry and groan beneath afflictions,
Yet to dread the thoughts of ease:
’Tis to feel the fight against us,
Yet the victory hope to gain;
To believe that Christ has cleansed us,
Though the leprosy remain.”

Some of the friends wished to know what must be done with respect to a few that had had notice if they did not fill up their places in the church prior to the next church meeting they would be separated. "Tell them, John," he said, "to separate them; they will only be a trouble to you; and let one or two others be watched, for they will be wanting to bring in supplies that will cause divisions amongst you."

On Thursday night he would get up till the bed was made, but was soon anxious to get into bed again. He said, "How fast I go! I could not have believed my strength would have gone so fast." While being rubbed, he said, "What poor worms we are!" A second blister was put on his chest. He was very restless. He said he had no sleep about him. At two o'clock a composing draught was given him, but he got no rest. He took a cup of tea and seemed a little easier. He said, "I am very restless, but what are *my* sufferings to *His*?" He seemed much concerned about Mr. A. losing his rest, and wished him to get into bed. The blister was taken off at four o'clock, (Friday morning,) and he was rubbed with a liniment. His breathing was worse about six o'clock, and he moaned. Mr. A. asked him if he could get him anything. "No," he said; "I want to feel the blessed power of Christ." Before seven o'clock (Friday morning) he wished to be washed. This done, he lay down again, and said it had made him feel a little more comfortable.

During the last three days of his illness he felt very anxious to speak his mind fully, but was unable, from his cough and oppressed breathing; and even the expressions that have been gathered were uttered so feebly, that it required the greatest attention to catch the words. The distinctness of his prayer on Saturday morning, hereafter named, seemed little short of miraculous.

On Friday morning one or two friends were allowed to see him, and one engaged in prayer. In his prayer the friend said, "Grant that his spirit may depart in peace;" to which Mr. G. responded, "Amen." When they were gone, he said the friends did not know how ill he was.

The deacons sent up for a little advice. "Tell them," he said, "my days for advice are over. They must look to the Lord. He is the best adviser."

In the afternoon (Friday) he wanted to get up, but was told he must not, but should be moved to the other side of the bed, when perhaps he would get a little rest. "Nay," he said, "there is no more rest for me here." The liniment caused him pain. His eldest son was with him during part of Friday night; but he seemed uneasy until he had left, evidently fearing if he said much it would cause him grief. Mr. A. got up about two o'clock, (Saturday morning,) and removed the flannel that had been applied to his side with an embrocation, and asked him if he felt any particular pain. He said, "No, nothing particular;" but his breathing became more and more difficult. Mr. A. asked him if he could do anything to relieve him; he said, "No, John." Mr. A. gave him a cup of tea, after which he became exceedingly restless, and fastening his eyes on Mr. A., he

said, "O John, what it is to be in darkness! I want to feel Christ's presence. The reason of my darkness and not sleeping has just come to my mind. I have not been liberal enough to the poor." Mr. A. said, "Mr. Gadsby, I am a living witness that Satan has brought an accusation on the tenderest part of your feelings. There is nothing you could have been accused of that you were less guilty of than of neglecting the poor. I have been giving money for you this week that you knew nothing of. You ordered me to send half a load of potatoes and a piece of bacon to —, which I have done, besides other things. The poor will miss you more than any other man living. This I am a living witness of." It ought to be remarked that for some months Mr. G. had entrusted Mr. A. with the relieving of the poor, and therefore Mr. A. knew well what Mr. G. had done for them, both out of his own pocket and out of funds furnished by friends. This anxiety no doubt arose from a report that had been circulated by some of the party who had been separated from the church, that Mr. G. had neglected the poor, and one person was named as an instance. On inquiry, however, it was found that the poor woman alluded to had never stated any such thing, but *quite the reverse*. Her daughter, who is still living, and can speak to the truth of it, was waited upon at the time, and expressed her astonishment. "O," she said, if my poor mother could come out of her grave and hear it! It is most outrageous. What lying, malicious people they are! Mr. Gadsby and the friends were always uncommonly kind to her." But, as Mr. G. once said, when alluding to the proceedings of the party, "Who can stand before envy?" Yet, at the time, this report dwelt so much upon Mr. G.'s mind, that he could not help naming the circumstances from the pulpit one Lord's day morning. But to return.

"When I get home," Mr. G. said— "You are at home," Mr. A. replied. "Am I?" he said, "am I in my own room?" Mr. A. said, "Yes, you are." He then paused, and said, "Is it possible?" Mr. A. asked him if he was sensible. "Yes," he said, "but I feel so moldered and mauled." After this he lay a little quiet, and then said, "The last flood is death, and that is come." Mr. A. said, "You seem a little more still." He said, "Yes; get into bed. If I cannot sleep, *you* must." Mr. A. then got into bed, but he continued very restless, and at length suddenly turned round and took hold of Mr. A.'s arm. "O, John," he said, "what it is to be in darkness of mind!" Mr. A. observed a great change in him, and said, "I think you are worse." "I don't know that I am," he replied, "but there is no trouble like soul trouble." Mr. A. asked him, "Shall I get up and get you some tea?" "No," he said, "I am a deal of trouble to you." His speech seemed now nearly gone, his words being very indistinct. This was about six o'clock on Saturday morning. Mr. A. sent for his family. About eight o'clock, the Lord appeared to break into his soul. He said something about prayer, and desired that his poor wife should come up stairs. He then wished the 12th chapter of Romans to be read, during the reading of which he raised himself up in bed, and was supported by one of his daughters. She asked him

if he wanted to get up. "No," he said, "I will go to prayer." He then in the most solemn manner went to prayer, but all were too much affected to remember his words. He prayed for the church and for his family, that they might be kept low at the feet of Jesus, that he would appear for them, that the fear of the Lord might be lively in their hearts, that they might be blessed with a tender conscience, that they might be kept from pride, and that they might know nothing but Christ; and concluded in his usual manner, "A-men—and—a-men!" Every word was broken, and every syllable so vibrated through his body, that his daughter who was supporting him felt it distinctly at his back. He then sunk down, and shortly afterwards said, "There is no religion without power." Mr. A. said, "You are not so uneasy now as you were in the night. You have had a merciful visit from Christ to your soul." "I have," he said, as distinctly as he was able, "and it *was* merciful." Mr. A. said, "We have seen the power of religion this morning in your soul." "You have," he replied. "It was evident it was the power of the Spirit," Mr. A. continued, "for I never thought of you speaking again, and yet you prayed so distinctly. We may say we have heard a dead man pray, for you were as good as dead." "You may," he said; "there is nothing too hard for Christ; he is the mighty God—from everlasting to everlasting. He *was* precious, he is precious." And then, raising his left hand, for his right was cold and motionless, he exclaimed, "Victory! victory! victory!" Mr. A. said, "You can sleep now that you have had a sweet visit from your precious Christ." "Yes," he replied. Mr. A. said, "It shows the power the enemy had over you this morning, and the sweet deliverance you have had." "Yes, yes," he replied. He then went to sleep, and slept a short time. When he awoke, about two o'clock, Mr. A. asked him if he wanted anything. "No," he replied. "Are you sensible?" Mr. A. asked. "Yes," he answered. Mr. A. then said, "Now, Mr. Gadsby, you are a dying man; do you feel that that Rock, Christ, that you have so sweetly spoken of, is sufficient to support you through the swellings of Jordan?" "I do," he replied. "You can leave us none of these sweet visits, nor any of these precious manifestations that you have had to your soul." "No." "You have often spoken to your dying friends that they would not want to come back. Shall you want to come back?" "No." "You will leave us nothing but your corruptible body." "No; there is no religion, John, without power." He was evidently now sinking fast. A little very weak wine and water was put on his tongue to moisten it. "Wine!" he said, "it has ruined many a young man. Shun it, John, as you would shun the devil." Mr. A. said, "Do you feel in that comfortable frame of mind you did when you went to prayer? Do you feel Christ's presence?" "Not with that power that I could wish," he replied; "but unto them which believe he is precious." Mr. A. said, "You believe?" "Yes," he replied. "Is he precious to you?" "Yes," he firmly replied—"King, Immanuel, Redeemer, all glorious!" "You will soon have done here." "I shall soon be with him, shouting, Victory! victory! victory! (raising his hand) for

ever." Shortly afterwards he said, "Free grace, free grace, free grace!" And then, about three minutes to six o'clock, being Saturday evening, January 27th, he looked at Mr. A., smiled, and fell asleep in his precious Jesus without a struggle, without moving hand, or foot, or head.

As there was some little fever upon him at the time of his death, Mr. Smith, surgeon, advised that the interment should not be delayed longer than was really necessary, and stated that it would not be well for any friends to be allowed to see him after Tuesday. To the surprise of the family, however, every day the body became more and more like the living man; and even on the morning of the interment, Friday, February 2nd, when the coffin was closed, there was no perceptible change. A smile was on the countenance, and the features altogether had a placid appearance.

In his desk was found a slip of paper, containing the following, in his own handwriting:

"Let this be put on my stone:

"Here rests the body of a sinner base,
Who had no hope but in electing grace;
The love, blood, life, and righteousness of God
Was his sweet theme, and this he spread abroad."

This will, of course, be inscribed on his tombstone, as he wished.

FURTHER PARTICULARS RESPECTING THE LATE MR. GADSBY.

As everything that concerns our dear departed friend will, we believe, deeply interest those of our readers who, with ourselves, knew and loved him for his work's sake, we cannot but subjoin a private communication from a mutual friend who attended the funeral.—Eds.

"Soon after I got into the house, Ashworth went up stairs with me to look at the body. A more calm, serene, and pleasant corpse I never saw. Ashworth then related to me a few of the exercises of mind during his illness. I make no doubt you will hear particulars, but I will name some of them.

"On the day he died, between five and six o'clock in the morning, Ashworth thought he perceived a decided change. He called the family up, and got the dear man some tea. After taking a little, he appeared somewhat revived. Soon after this, speaking to Ashworth, he said, 'John, read the 12th chapter of Romans;' after which he raised himself up in the bed, and, with a faltering and feeble, though audible voice, went to prayer. Ashworth said, 'Never in my life did I hear such a prayer. He did not once name his affliction, but prayed with such fervour, humility, sweetness, and simplicity as I never before heard. He prayed earnestly and affectionately for the church; besought the Lord that it might be kept from pride and presumption, and be laid and kept low at the footstool of mercy.' At the conclusion of the prayer, his voice was so weak as scarcely to be heard. When he had finished, he dropped backwards, and they

never expected to hear him speak again. In the course of the morning he a little revived. Ashworth said to him, 'I think the Lord was very near and precious to your soul in prayer this morning.' 'He was,' he replied. 'He *was* very precious; he *is* precious.' A little before his death, he raised his hands, and said, 'Victory! victory!' and the last words that were heard to drop from his lips were, 'Free grace! free grace!'

"Thus the immortal, heaven-born spirit quitted the body to join in the happy song above.

"My dear friend, our departed brother was born to high honour and dignity in the church of God in his day. It may truly be said of him, that he was 'a burning and a shining light.'

"There was quite a heavy fall of snow in Manchester on Thursday night, (the 1st inst.,) but notwithstanding this, the great marks of respect shown to this dear man by the inhabitants were most gratifying. The corpse left the house about ten o'clock on Friday morning for the cemetery in Rusholme-road, more than a mile and a half from the house. We had to pass through several of the principal streets on our way, and every one seemed anxious to pay their last token of respect to his memory. I should say that thousands were collected together, and in some of the streets formed themselves into a double column on either side of the procession; and more than 200 persons walked before the hearse and numerous coaches, and a variety of cabs, gigs, &c., followed. When we reached the cemetery, hundreds had collected together, and although we all of us had to stand upon the snow during the interment and delivery of the address, which took nearly an hour, the utmost order and attention was observed. I think I may say without exceeding the bounds of truth, few, very few but dropped a tear of affection, respect, or sympathy. Mr. Kershaw spoke at the grave, and delivered a very manly, faithful, and straightforward address; he kept flesh and blood in its proper place, but highly extolled the riches of God's grace in the life, conduct, conversation; and ministry of our dear departed brother. 'The memory of the just is blessed.'

Woburn.

J. F.

"AND BE NOT CONFORMED TO THIS WORLD."

ROMANS XII. 2.

I have frequently thought, and I am still of the same opinion, that there is no point of divine truth which (humanly speaking) needs handling more cautiously by those who attempt to give a word of counsel to the Lord's children, than the preceptive and exhortatory parts thereof. I feel, at this moment, that, in endeavouring to make a few remarks upon the words at the head of this piece, I do greatly need the blessed teaching and unction of God the Spirit; so that, whilst I may attempt to be faithful, I may also feel a tenderness of spirit towards the dear children of God.

I know, and God knows, that I sensibly feel myself, at times, much encompassed with sinful infirmities. My own deceitful heart often

—"Creates such smart,
As none but God can know."

The Lord knows that thousands of times my soul has proved the language of the apostle Paul, "The good that I would, I do not; but the evil which I would not, that I do;" and this experience has frequently made me exclaim in my feelings, "O wretched man that I am!"

I verily believe that if a man has not been in some good measure, under the teachings of God in his soul, brought to know feelingly the dreadful, deceitful, devilish, and damnable baseness of his own heart, and has not been made sensibly to feel the amazing helplessness of the creature to act in any way spiritually, he is not at all fit to attempt writing a piece of advice upon any spiritual subject, but more especially the one under consideration. There will be a wretched harshness in his arguments, although he may be very sincere in the matter. I am confident that he will not write feelingly, tenderly, and affectionately, although he may think that he writes very faithfully; and without these spiritual qualifications (if I may so term them) in his writing or speaking, I much fear that it will never reach the consciences of his readers or hearers.

Though the subject of "conformity to this world" has been many times in my mind, I should not have attempted to write upon it, had I not been urged by a friend to do so.

By the word "world," I understand the persons in this world who are "dead in trespasses and in sins," and who, living and dying in that state, will die to be damned in hell to all eternity! They are those who follow after and endeavour to gratify the proud, deceitful, devilish lusts of their own heart; being "led captive by the devil at his will," "enemies to God by wicked works," serving divers lusts and pleasures, "haters of God," haters of holiness, haters of God's "peculiar people;" whose hearts are at real and determined enmity with God. These are the outwardly ungodly and reprobate. But there is another class equally "dead in sins;" yet they are in a profession of religion; and this class is a greater snare to God's own children than the former one. The members of this class dwell, in a sense, amongst them; they attend the same ministry, go to the same chapels, and sit side by side with the real godly soul. But they know not God; they know not themselves; they know not the plague of the heart; they never really, from their very souls, as in God's sight, hate sin and ungodliness; they have no tender conscience alive in the fear of God; indeed, they know not what godly fear is. They may have "a fear of God," but it is a slavish one only, not a filial one, not that sort of which the word of God says, "The fear of the Lord is to hate evil."

Now, to be "conformed to this world," is, as I understand it, to comply with the maxims of these two classes; to follow their examples, their customs, and their manners. This the apostle admonishes his brethren (for such they were to whom he wrote his epistle) not to do, as much as if he had said, "Are you who profess to be, and really are, redeemed by the precious blood of a dear Saviour; you who are

called by the sovereign and special grace of God; you who profess to be under the teachings of God's Spirit; you who are the "sons of God," heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ Jesus; you who are going to heaven when you die, to a kingdom of eternal rest, peace, holiness, joy, and felicity; you whom God has so graciously singled out by his matchless grace; are you to follow the cursed practices and customs of those who are enemies to God?" It may be said that the Lord's children, being under the reign of God's grace, cannot do so; but, my dear reader, the Scriptures prove the contrary; and if there were not a possibility of their doing so, what consistency would there be in the words, "Be not conformed to this world?" Did you never read about that good man, Jehoshaphat, in 2 Chron. xviii., when he joined affinity with that hypocritical and cowardly wretch, Ahab, the King of Israel? See how that gracious man was drawn into a snare. Nothing short of the kind, wonderful, and gracious interposition of his God saved his life. Did you never read of King Hezekiah showing his treasures to the Babylonians, and what God said should follow; and other instances? And are you, my spiritual reader, quite clean? Do you never join affinity with an ungodly man to your own cost? And do you not sometimes follow their manners to the great grief and anguish of your inmost soul?

But to be a little particular; for, as a good man once said, "we are apt to get lost in generalities." What is the practice of having dinner and tea parties, at which the godly and ungodly are all huddled together, and the conversation most generally, of course, worldly, carnal, frivolous, and altogether unprofitable to the soul, but being "conformed to this world?" What is the frequent and unnecessary conversation with ungodly persons, upon any thing and every thing except that which is good, but being "conformed to this world?" I say the *frequent* and *unnecessary*, because we must have to do with them, in a measure, at certain times, whilst in this world. But how often does the conscience testify against us, that we needed not to have stayed so long with them? O what horror and guilt of soul I myself have felt for so doing! I have felt, even whilst with them, as though I had a fire within me, burning my vitals; and when I have left them, what anguish has seized me! something within me saying, "What sort of a creature are you to attempt to pray to God?" O the fools that I have called myself for not leaving such company! and what cutting feelings of soul have I experienced! What condemnation and slavish fear of God have I truly and sorrowfully felt!

Again. What is following the ever-varying customs and fashions of dress or "putting on of apparel" but another branch of "conformity to this world?" Really, to see how some persons professing godliness carry themselves, almost makes one think that there is nothing whatever said against it in God's word. I dare say some of my readers will be tempted to say, "O, these are mere trifles. There is no harm in dressing finely. It is the heart that God looks at. None but poor, weak-minded folks take notice of such things as these. Where is the harm in wearing a few gold rings and chains, and a

few artificial flowers about us? If you were not very weak-minded, you would not name such things." But, my dear reader, if I am so; so were the apostles Paul, Peter, and John; for they have all written about these things. The first said, "In like manner also, that women adorn themselves in modest apparel, with shamefacedness and sobriety; not with broidered hair, or gold, or pearls, or costly array;" (1 Tim. ii. 9;) the second, "Whose adorning, let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel; (1 Peter iii. 3;) the next, "The lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, is not of the Father, but is of the world." (1 John ii. 16.) Were these weak-minded men? Did they not write under the dictates of God the blessed Spirit? Surely you will not give the Bible the lie!

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My dear friends, my soul has suffered much in some of these things; and I therefore know, from experience and feeling, that they are not right in God's sight. They tend to "grieve the Spirit," to encourage that devilish thing—*pride*, to produce a deadness and barrenness in the soul, and to make us appear more like real carnal worldlings than saints of God.

I could enlarge here, but must not. May the Lord enable us, by his grace, to adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things.

November, 1843.

J. T. H.

CROOKED THINGS MADE STRAIGHT.

My very dear Brother,—All is well once more. The crooked things are all made straight, the rough places are all made plain, and the darkness is all made light; whilst unbelief, all the devils, and every enemy have fled. My stony heart is made soft, my dead soul is made spiritually alive, my barren spirit is made fruitful, and my hard conscience is made tender. All my doubts and fears are fled; and light, life, faith, hope, love, confidence, joy, peace, meekness, gentleness, forbearance, and long-suffering, with joyfulness, are flowing into my heart like an overflowing river. O, my dear friend, what a wonder-working God our God is! "His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace." Truly, every battle of the warrior is with a confused noise, and with garments rolled in blood. Ah! my dear friend, the saints of old overcame their enemies with the blood of the Lamb; and my poor soul is once more favoured to feel that it has overcome all its enemies, both external and internal, by the

blood of the Lamb—blood that makes the black Ethiopian white, washes all the spots out of the old leopard, and makes my soul once more feel clean, through the words which the dear Lord has spoken unto me and into me. This makes my very soul leap for joy; for he hath turned my mourning into joy, my misery into comfort, and my bondage into liberty.

O, my dear brother, what scenes of misery, wretchedness, and darkness, has my soul passed through of late! and the fits of unbelief that I have had I cannot describe; for I could believe nothing that was of God or Godlike towards his dear children, or rather towards me, but could believe everything that made against me. Every bright evidence and every way-mark were quite hid from me; and the Lord only knows the discontent, the fretfulness, and the rebellion that my soul had to labour under and struggle against. I had no heart either for reading or praying. And what I have passed through, both by day and by night, I cannot tell to any one. My dear wife was almost weary and tired of living with me, to hear me, morning, noon, and night, grumbling and murmuring; and sometimes she would say to me, "It is a wonder that the Lord sends you anything." But, poor soul, she was just taken out of the furnace, with a little of her scum and dross purged away; whilst I myself was just put into it, and had my scum and dross stirred up, which made a considerable difference. I told her a little of what my poor soul had to contend with within, what a hot war it was engaged in, and how I feared that I should never stand; yet she would only smile at me. But, as I said before, she was just out of the fire, and I was in the midst of it; she had had her filthy garments taken off for a little time, and I had mine put on, all over filth.

But, bless the name of the dear Lord, when he had tried me, he brought me forth as gold; and I will try to tell you a little how it came about, in an unexpected way. I had a terrible night. Towards morning, and just before I came down from my bedroom, my daughter brought up to me a letter. I opened it, and read it; and I saw that it was a strange handwriting to me. I could not believe the contents of the letter. It came from T—. Sometime after I had read it, I had a great deal of exercise about it, which I just hint at. The man that wrote the letter said, "Dear Sir, I have the pleasure of informing you that your 'corruption-preaching,' as some call it, 'was not in vain;' and he said that his brother came to him, and told him that the sermon that I preached on Lord's Day evening was made a blessing to him. He called it 'The snare sermon;' and he said that his brother could say, like the woman at the well, 'He hath told me all things that ever I did;'" but I could not believe it. Some time after, I took up the Bible; and my mind was led to the 24th chapter of Genesis. When I came to the 27th verse, I felt that the Lord had not left my soul destitute of his mercy; and I felt that notwithstanding all the unbelief and wretchedness that I had passed through, yet there was a secret cry to be found in the right way. My soul had been begging of the Lord to make me useful to his dear children, and also to be kept near to himself; and the

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My very dear Brother,—All is well once more. The crooked things are all made straight, the rough places are all made plain, and the darkness is all made light; whilst unbelief, all the devils, and every enemy have fled. My stony heart is made soft, my dead soul is made spiritually alive, my barren spirit is made fruitful, and my hard conscience is made tender. All my doubts and fears are fled; and light, life, faith, hope, love, confidence, joy, peace, meekness, gentleness, forbearance, and long-suffering, with joyfulness, are flowing into my heart like an overflowing river. O, my dear friend, what a wonder-working God our God is! "His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace." Truly, every battle of the warrior is with a confused noise, and with garments railed in blood. Ah! my dear friend, the saints of old overcame their enemies with the blood of the Lamb; and my poor soul is once more favoured to feel that it has overcome all its enemies, both external and internal, by the

blood of the Lamb—blood that makes the black Ethiopian white, washes all the spots out of the old leopard, and makes my soul once more feel clean, through the words which the dear Lord has spoken unto me and into me. This makes my very soul leap for joy; for he hath turned my mourning into joy, my misery into comfort, and my bondage into liberty.

O, my dear brother, what scenes of misery, wretchedness, and darkness, has my soul passed through of late! and the fits of unbelief that I have had I cannot describe; for I could believe nothing that was of God or Godlike towards his dear children, or rather towards me, but could believe everything that made against me. Every bright evidence and every way-mark were quite hid from me; and the Lord only knows the discontent, the fretfulness, and the rebellion that my soul had to labour under and struggle against. I had no heart either for reading or praying. And what I have passed through, both by day and by night, I cannot tell to any one. My dear wife was almost weary and tired of living with me, to hear me, morning, noon, and night, grumbling and murmuring; and sometimes she would say to me, "It is a wonder that the Lord sends you anything." But, poor soul, she was just taken out of the furnace, with a little of her scum and dross purged away; whilst I myself was just put into it, and had my scum and dross stirred up, which made a considerable difference. I told her a little of what my poor soul had to contend with within, what a hot war it was engaged in, and how I feared that I should never stand; yet she would only smile at me. But, as I said before, she was just out of the fire, and I was in the midst of it; she had had her filthy garments taken off for a little time, and I had mine put on, all over filth.

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few artificial flowers about us? If you were not very weak-minded, you would not name such things." But, my dear reader, if I am so, so were the apostles Paul, Peter, and John; for they have all written about these things. The first said, "In like manner also, that women adorn themselves in modest apparel, with shamefacedness and sobriety; not with broidered hair, or gold, or pearls, or costly array;" (1 Tim. ii. 9;) the second, "Whose adorning, let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel;" (1 Peter iii. 3;) the next, "The lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, is not of the Father, but is of the world." (1 John ii. 16.) Were these weak-minded men? Did they not write under the dictates of God the blessed Spirit? Surely you will not give the Bible the lie!

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My dear friends, my soul has suffered much in some of these things; and I therefore know, from experience and feeling, that they are not right in God's sight. They tend to "grieve the Spirit," to encourage that devilish thing—*pride*, to produce a deadness and barrenness in the soul, and to make us appear more like real carnal worldlings than saints of God.

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Lord the Spirit gave my soul such a sovereign display of his distinguishing mercy and grace to my soul, and I had such a feeling sense that my soul was in the way, that I felt confident I should be brought into "The house of my master's brethren." Therefore, my friend, my soul was like a bird let loose. And how sweet it is to be indulged with "the kisses of his mouth!" for his mouth is most sweet, yea, altogether lovely. O, my dear brother, how easy it is to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and in all his blessed declarations and promises, when the soul is set all on fire with his precious love! Truly, the faith of God's elect is "faith that works by love;" and it has dealings with the blessed Three-One God,—Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

That the dear Lord may ever bless thee with sufficient grace and strength to stand against all thy enemies that are on earth, and in hell, and in thy own heart, is the desire of yours,

Pewsey, Nov. 11, 1843.

T. G.

A THIRD LETTER FROM THE LATE MR. MARRINER.

Dear Tom,—I have at last taken my pen to write a few lines to you; but I can assure you that I am become such a fool that I hardly know what to say, or where to begin. But, however, I intend to keep blundering on with such things as shall come uppermost. Therefore, I must begin with the matter that lies most heavily on my mind; and that is, I am at present under a heavy and keen sight of what I am as a sinner. No language can describe what a vile, filthy, helpless wretch I feel myself to be; and sure I am, were it not for the unseen goodness of God, I should sink into black despair. O how suitable, how precious is a *whole salvation* to my base yet helpless soul! And I assure you that I am compelled to bless him for *daily* as much as I ever did for my *eternal* salvation. I have observed many times that if the Lord leave me in a dead, formal frame, when I have no sense of what I am as a sinner, nor of what he has done to save my soul from hell, there is very little sighing and crying to the Lord, nor any feeling sense of his suitability and preciousness. You know, when in this state, that we walk on in a careless, stupid independency; all our prayers end in a form; and our conversation is barren and unsavoury. If Christ is spoken of, he appears as a root out of a dry ground; we see no comeliness in him; we feel no real want of him. An everlasting salvation through his precious blood becomes light in our eyes; free grace loses its beauty; and the faithfulness, immutability, and tender mercy of the Lord leave no sweet wonder and humble adoration in the soul. Christ, with his full salvation, is not wanted; for we are become whole, and do not *sensibly* need the great Physician. Now, in order to bring matters into place, the Lord, in wisdom, lets the devil loose, to work upon our corrupt nature; and here such things boil up as startle the poor soul; and he thinks that he shall be swept away. The devil presents such things as are suitable to our corrupt nature; and, for a few moments, in the con-

fusion of our mind, we are determined to have our fill of sin, damned or saved. At this time, all is in haste; there is no time to think of consequences; and should the fear of God be drawn into exercise for one moment, just to give the soul an intimation how matters will be should he run into sin, and tell you that it will bring a dishonour upon the cause of God, deprive you of all communion with him, bring barrenness and horror into the conscience, and distress into the family, yet all this would not keep the soul from falling into the most foul temptation, were it not for the power of God that holds us in this fiery trial. In a few moments after this, we are brought to our wit's end, to think how near we were to destruction. The devil comes in, crying, "O what an awful wretch you are; as much like a believer as I am!" The poor wretch has nothing to say, but falls down, (knowing it to be true,) and heaps ten thousand damnations upon his own head, and even tells the Lord that he ought to be damned, calling himself one of the vilest hypocrites, and hardened, presumptuous villains that ever existed. Now the Lord comes into view again. We are led as the most vile (under a certain and sure sense of being damned without it) to cry and crave for mercy, knowing that it must be as free as the air if ever it reach our case. "O," says the poor soul, "what a devil I am! O what a monument, what a miracle of mercy, if ever I am saved!" The Lord is pleased to give a little of the spirit of supplication, and out comes the burden of our souls to the Lord, in honest confession, in such broken language, and in such familiar nearness as would cause the heart of a pharisee to boil with enmity and disgust. But, however, I know the matter ends with ascribing salvation to the Lord.

My dear friend G— M— informed me, in his last letter, that at times the Lord causes you to open your mouth amongst the people. This rejoiced my very heart. Blessed be the Lord for his goodness towards you! My soul's desire is, that the Lord may bless it in very deed to the encouragement, edification, and establishment of their souls, and cause their souls to return and give glory to God in the highest. O Tom, may the Lord reveal himself to your soul in all his fulness of grace, wisdom, power, love, and condescension, and enrich your soul with the sweet revelation of what he is in all his covenant relationship, as the wisdom of every sensible fool, as the righteousness of every guilty soul, as the sanctification of every sensibly filthy soul, and the eternal redemption of every captive soul! May the dear Lord enable you to point out the many false resting places! Insist upon their being brought to a sense of what they are as sinners. Point out to them that all they ever did, or all they ever can do, without union to Christ the living Head, will certainly end in damnation. Insist upon a vital faith in the Lord Jesus Christ; "for whatsoever is not of faith is sin." Insist upon an application of the precious blood of Christ to the guilty conscience, by the Holy Ghost, to produce peace and pardon. Encourage every sensible sinner that has a spark of life in his soul. And may the Lord keep your eye single to his glory, and cause his fear to rule in all your hearts!

My wife joins in love to P— and all the friends. I often long to be with you for a few hours; but at other times I know that I should be only a burden. But, however, my heart is united to many of you, with whom I shall spend a never-ending eternity in singing "unto Him who hath loved us, and washed us in his own blood." I hope to hear from you, or any of the friends that like to write. The Lord bless you, and give you peace. Amen.

Yours in truth and in the Lord,

Wallingford, March 11, 1832.

NATHANIEL MARRINER.

THE FINAL PERSEVERANCE OF THE SAINTS.

Dear Nephew,—I received your kind letter, and was not a little surprised at the ingenuity and ability with which it was written. I was quite aware that you thought differently from me concerning religion; and as I knew that you belonged to the Methodist society, I very carefully abstained from saying anything upon religious subjects. I am not aware what I wrote in my last letter, as I have not a copy, but I can assure you that whatever I wrote I had not the most distant idea of giving offence. I am quite sensible that I am very singular in my opinions, and I have very great reason to rejoice that I am so. I wish it had been anybody else but you that I had to answer, for I feel very anxious not to give offence, and I cannot point out the absurdity of your theory without making use of very strong language; and as I have uniformly received nothing but kindness from you, I feel the more unwilling to offend you. I am aware how hard it is to have prejudices we have sucked in from childhood removed. I know it is painful to think for a moment that we have imbibed delusion; therefore we energetically and tenaciously hold fast to what we have always considered right. I know that the religious world, were they to see my writings, would call me a fanatic or an enthusiast; but I believe I am in my sober senses, in the best sense of the word. It is more than fifty-one years since the Lord first revealed himself to me, and I am a living monument against the delusive theory you are defending.

I believe every man that is born into the world is born under the law, and is subject to all its requirements, that is, he is bound to fulfil that law, if he cannot find a surety to fulfil it for him. I believe no man ever fulfilled the law, from the time of Moses, until the day that Jesus Christ appeared. And I believe that no man has fulfilled the law, from the day that Jesus Christ was crucified up to this very moment. Therefore, I believe that the whole world lieth under the curse of the law; for, "Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things which are written in the book of the law to do them." This scripture is definite. I believe that God, in his infinite wisdom, gave to the Lord Jesus Christ a people that were chosen in him before the foundation of the world: "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ, according as he hath chosen us in him before the foundation of the world."

"I pray not for the world, but for them which thou hast given me," says the Saviour. Jesus Christ came into the world, and took upon himself our nature, in order to fulfil the law for those whom the Father gave him before the foundation of the world; and when the Lord hung upon the cross, and said, "It is finished," then the whole of the law was fulfilled for all those for whom he became a Surety. Is it reasonable that a people should be chosen in Christ Jesus before the foundation of the world, that in due time he should take upon himself their nature, and suffer an ignominious death, to accomplish the salvation of those that the Father had given him, and who were chosen in him before the foundation of the world, and that after all God should be defeated by the devil or by the will of the creature, and not accomplish what he undertook? Take it into your consideration. God made man; he made the soul of man as well as the body; and do you think that he gave the soul of man such mighty powers that he could resist and overcome the power of God, and damn his own soul—that soul which was chosen in Christ Jesus before the foundation of the world—that soul for which the Lord Jesus came to suffer and die, and to redeem by his most precious blood—that soul which God created as a temple for himself to dwell in? "Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Holy Ghost dwelleth in you?" I say, to take that soul into union with himself—"In that day ye shall know that I am in my Father, and ye in me, and I in you," (John xiv. 20.)—and not have power to save that soul, appears to me an awful delusion. Really, I tremble at the very thought that there should be such blasphemy preached, such sin committed, as to think that the will of the creature should overcome the mighty power of God, and sin itself to damnation when it likes. Christ has pledged himself to redeem those whom he died for: "Father, I will that those thou hast given me be with me where I am." "Those thou hast given me I have kept, and none of them is lost but the son of perdition, that the Scriptures might be fulfilled." How can Christ lose those he died for, after manifesting himself to them by a felt possession of the Holy Ghost in their souls, having taken them into union with himself, and "blessed them with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ?" Christ says, "My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me; and I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of my hand." Is it possible for them to fall away, after they have been chosen in Christ Jesus before the foundation of the world; after they have been brought into union with the Lord Jesus Christ; after they have tasted of his redeeming love; after they have been "sealed to the day of redemption?" I say, is it possible, after all this, for them to damn their own souls? If it is possible, Christ never died for them. If it is possible, Christ must have known, at the time he said, "they shall never perish," that he was telling an untruth. He must have known, at the time he said, "All thou hast given me shall be with me where I am," that he was telling a barefaced falsehood. But, blessed be my God, I have not so learned Christ. He has redeemed my soul, and I know that I shall never perish. I should be glad if you would read the 6th chapter of John, where it is said,

"For I came down from heaven not to do mine own will, but the will of him that sent me. And this is the Father's will which hath sent me, that of all which he hath given me I should lose nothing, but should raise it up again at the last day." And at the 58th verse he says, "This is the bread which came down from heaven; not as your fathers did eat manna, and are dead; he that eateth of this bread *shall live for ever*." What a beauty there is in these *shalls*! Can the Lord be practising an imposition upon his family? What can this eating of his flesh and drinking of his blood be, but the unctuous power and dew of his Holy Spirit descending into our souls in consequence of his laying down his life for our sins? Now there is no choice for the creature; God's word is positive. He says that *if we receive this we shall live for ever*: "Verily, verily I say unto you, he that *heareth* my words, and *believeth* on him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall *not* come into condemnation, but is passed from death unto life." Now what is intended by hearing and believing? Why, it is a spiritual feeling of the power of God in the soul. There is nothing in the creature that can hear and believe, without the inspiration of the Spirit of God: "The natural man knoweth not the things of the Spirit of God." "There is therefore now no condemnation for them which are in Christ Jesus." Here is another beautiful link in the same chain. There is no condemnation if we are in Christ Jesus. What is being in Christ Jesus? Why, it is the descent of the Holy Spirit into the soul, vitally uniting the soul to the Lord Jesus Christ; and where this union takes place, that soul shall never perish, neither shall any pluck it out of the hands of Christ. How is it possible for a man to sin the unpardonable sin against the Holy Ghost when he is in Christ Jesus, and Christ hath pledged himself that he shall never perish, but shall have everlasting life? How is it possible for him to fall away finally, when "the law of the Spirit of life hath made him free from the law of sin and death?" If your theory can possibly stand, Christ is mutable. If I have spoken according to what I find in the Scriptures and my own experience, Christ is immutable. The question rests upon the immutability of Christ. He has redeemed the souls of the elect with his own blood, and bestowed upon them eternal life, but if he cannot perform what he has promised and undertaken, why then we may fall away. If he change his mind after he has redeemed us by his most precious blood, and undo all he has done, then we may sin against the Holy Ghost. Now if I can establish the immutability of the Lord Jesus Christ, it will be needless to follow you through all the scriptures you have quoted, though some of them have a sweet mine of experience in them which would very well suit my purpose.

My dear nephew, I could not help smiling when I read your quotation about sinning the sin unto death; but it is a blessed thing for the children of God that they cannot sin the sin unto death; and the apostle says that they cannot: "Whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin, for his seed remaineth in him, and he cannot commit sin, because he is born of God." How do you make this out? Being born of God makes all the difference. Thousands, and hundreds of thousands

who profess Christianity were never born of God. The Lord Jesus Christ says, "Ye must be born again." When the Spirit of the living God takes possession of the soul at the time of regeneration, there is a spiritual principle planted there, which will remain there as long as that soul remains with the body. That is the seed, and that seed is implanted by the Spirit of God, and that Spirit, bearing witness with our spirit, prevents us from committing the unpardonable sin, and is a sweet evidence in the soul, whenever it comes, that all its sins are pardoned. O the joy and peace it brought into my soul when I knew that I was made as free from sin as ever I shall be in heaven! This glory thus brought into the soul was a felt evidence of regeneration, and I know that this seed will remain with me as long as I continue in the body, and when I leave this body it will go with me to heaven. Then how can I commit the sin unto death? How can I commit the unpardonable sin, the sin against the Holy Ghost, when I am surrounded by the redeeming love of the Lord Jesus Christ, and have a felt evidence in my soul that he died to redeem me? Depend upon it this is no theory. There is a reality in it which I have experienced hundreds of times; and these manifestations every child of God must experience, more or less, or else he cannot be one of God's family. There is a glorious mystery in this felt religion, which the world knows nothing of: "I pray not for the world, but for them which thou hast given me." Read the 17th chapter of John, and consider it well. I would also advise you to read 1 John ii.; there is a sweet vein of spirituality runs through the whole chapter, and the 27th verse is an illustration of what I have been endeavouring to show: "*But the anointing which ye have received of him abideth in you, and ye need not that any man teach you; but the same anointing teacheth you all things, and is truth, and is no lie: and even as it hath taught you, ye shall abide in him.*" This anointing is the glorious Spirit of the Lord, which descends into the soul at the time of regeneration; and it is this anointing that remains an evidence in the soul (and a sweet evidence it is) that we are under the teaching of the Lord Jesus Christ, and that he will never leave us nor forsake us.

That the Lord may bring these things home to your heart with unction and power, is the sincere wish of your affectionate Uncle,

Handsworth, Oct. 18th, 1843.

G. D.

ARE CHURCH MEETINGS SCRIPTURAL?

Messrs. Editors,—Having seen it asserted in a Religious Periodical of the day that there is nothing in Scripture to countenance church meetings, which is as much as to say that church meetings are unscriptural, and therefore better abolished, as productive only of noise and mischief, I would solicit the opinion of the Editors of the *Gospel Standard*, when they can find a leisure hour to oblige,

[We have not seen the Periodical referred to in the above communication; therefore cannot be said to have any party or personal feeling in the

we may make upon it. We take up the question, therefore, wholly on general grounds, and are more particularly induced to do so from having observed a priestly, monarchical spirit creeping in upon the churches. Ministers professing truth, and perpetually railing against popery, have openly avowed a desire and determination to concentrate all that power which properly belongs to the church in the person of the pastor; and thus are re-introducing that priestly domination which was the first origin of Antichrist. Against this system we loudly protest as an unscriptural and unwarrantable usurpation, as an antichristian infringement on the liberty of the churches, and as subversive of the rights and privileges of the body of Christ.

To strike down church meetings would be *spiritually* the same thing as to put down parliaments in this free country *naturally*—the inevitable effect of both steps being to overthrow liberty, and allow tyranny and despotism to ride over our necks. We shall, therefore, show that church meetings are a scriptural and inherent privilege of Christian churches, and that all attempts to put them down are totally contrary to God's word.

I. First then for scriptural instances of church meetings.

1. The first church meeting upon record is that assembled for the purpose of electing an apostle in the room of Judas. (Acts i. 15—26.) "And in those days, Peter stood up in the midst of the disciples, and said, (the number of the names were about a hundred and twenty.)" This, be it remarked, was not a *meeting of the Apostles* to elect a successor to Judas, not a Conclave of Cardinals to choose a pope, not an assembling of the Dean and Chapter to appoint a bishop, not an Association of Baptist ministers to ordain a pastor. The Holy Ghost, foreseeing the incursion of priestly dominion, has mercifully condescended to record that "Peter stood up in the midst of the disciples;" and in order effectually to bar out the antichristian comment which might arise from the priests that these disciples were ministers, their *number* is mentioned, to prove that they were what we call "private Christians." At this first church meeting, an apostle was chosen by lot; and as we read, (v. 26,) "they gave forth their lots," we have every reason to believe that every one present had a voice in the matter.

2. The next church meeting of which we have a clear record in the word is that mentioned Acts vi., at which *deacons* were first chosen. We read, "In those days when the number of the disciples was multiplied, there arose a murmuring of the Grecians against the Hebrews, because their widows were neglected in the daily ministration." A few words explanatory of the cause of this dispute may not be unseasonable. Believing widows were relieved out of the general fund of the church, (see 1 Tim. v. 9, 16,) which fund arose from the lands or houses sold by the converts. (Acts iv. 34—37.) As this relief was given daily, it was called the "daily ministration," and was administered by the apostles. There were two classes of converts at this time in the primitive church, "the Hebrews," or native Jews, that is, those who had always lived in the Holy Land, and "the Grecians," or rather Hellenists, who were foreign Jews, that is, were lineal descendants of Abraham as much as "the Hebrews," but resided in other countries than Judea. These latter thought that "their widows," that is, the foreign Jewish widows, did not receive as liberal an allowance from the general fund as the Hebrew, or native Jewish widows. Hence arose the murmuring. To settle this unpleasant dispute a *church meeting* was called. Christian churches, read here another charter of your privileges. The first church meeting chose an Apostle; the second church meeting elected Deacons. No his Holiness the Pope, no his Eminence the Cardinal, no his Lordship the Bishop, no his Reverence the Rector, no ordained Baptist or Independent minister, no Conference of preachers, no Association of pastors chose the officers of the first Christian church. "Then the twelve called the multitude of the disciples unto them, and said, It is not reason that we should leave the word of God, and serve tables. Wherefore, brethren, look ye out seven men of honest report, full of the Holy Ghost, whom we may appoint over this business." "And the saying pleased the whole multitude, and they (the disciples assembled in church meeting) chose Stephen," &c. What can be more plain than that the church assembled together chose the first deacons? Who

them can set church meetings aside without running counter to apostolic precept and practice?

The two next church meetings, as we believe them to have been, we shall not much insist upon, as they might be controverted, and we do not wish to weaken our argument by disputable testimonies. But they may be found, one in Acts xi., where Peter "rehearsed to the apostles and brethren" the conversion and baptism of Cornelius; and the other in Acts xiii. 1-3, when Saul and Barnabas were separated by the Holy Ghost to a special work.

3. But we have, Acts xiv. 27, a most clear and indisputable church meeting. "And when they were come, and had gathered the church together, they rehearsed all that God had done with them, and how he had opened the door of faith unto the Gentiles." It was the church at Antioch that sent Paul and Barnabas out; and when they returned to Antioch, they gave an account to the church, *at a church meeting*, of all that God had done with them.

4. Our next and last testimony is a strong one indeed, and such as not all the champions in the world of church-monarchy can overturn. A member of the church at Corinth had fallen into sin, which, it appears, was connived at by some in the church. But what said Paul in his "weighty and powerful" epistle which so "terrified" them? (2 Cor. x. 9, 10.) "For I verily, as absent in body, but present in spirit, have judged already, as though I were present, concerning him which hath so done this deed, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, *when ye are gathered together*, and my spirit, with the power of our Lord Jesus Christ, to deliver such a one unto Satan, for the destruction of the flesh, that the spirit may be saved in the day of the Lord Jesus." (1 Cor. v. 3, 4.) Into the particulars of this case we need not enter. Our chief point is this, that the apostle bade them *call a church meeting*, ("when ye are gathered together,") and separate the offender. He did not interpose his apostolic authority, and, without consulting the church, strike the offender's name from the church book. It was to be done as an act of the church in their church meeting. "*Purge out*, therefore, the old leaven;" not "*I hereby purge out*," but do ye do it, as an act that belongs to the church to do, as a right which the church alone has authority to exercise.

II. But besides these scriptural instances of church meetings, we may further remark that the *whole constitution of a Christian church*, as set forth in the New Testament, is against such an usurpation as to set aside its deliberative assemblies. It is the body of Christ, and members in particular. (1 Cor. xii. 27.) There is in it the foot, the hand, the ear, the nose, the eye, the comely and the uncomely members. (1 Cor. xii.) Must all these members be paralysed at the command of the minister? Must the foot be crippled, the hand withered, the ear stopped, the eye thrust out, the nose stuffed up, and comely and uncomely members all alike be bed-ridden, that the pastor may reign king and lord? May the foot never show itself at a church meeting because it may be in the minister's way; or the hand never come, lest it should take up a subject unpleasant to his delicate feelings; or the ear never hear whether he preach truth or lies; or the eye never see whether he walk uprightly or dishonestly; or the nose never be permitted to smell whether his right hand deal in the chief ointments? The members of our natural body only act as being knit together. But abolish church meetings, and how are the spiritual members to act together? The foot does not walk for itself, but the body; nor does the hand act for itself, but for the body; so the ear hears not, the eye sees not, the nose smells not for itself, but for the body, as one harmonious whole. It is at church meetings that the body comes together; but abolish them, and the different members all fail of their God-appointed office in the mystical body.

III. Having seen that church meetings are scriptural, both from instances in the New Testament, and from the very constitution of the Christian Church as a divine institution of Christ, we will next endeavour to show what consequences would follow were they put down, or disused.

1. All the power now inherent in the church would fall either into the hands of the pastor, or the pastor and deacons; in other words, the present republican

constitution of the churches would merge either into a monarchy or an oligarchy. In either case, the proper and scriptural control of the church would be utterly gone. Say that the pastor turned out a heretic, an impostor, a drunkard, who is to remove him? Say that the deacons embezzle the property of the church, who is to call them to account? We know what human nature is—that it loves to obtain power, and then, as a natural consequence, abuses it. Wherever priests have ruled, tyranny and persecution have followed. Look at the Wesleyan body; how bound hand and foot, ruled and tyrannized over by the Conference! And shall our free churches, whom God has mercifully delivered from priestly dominion, both papistical and national, rivet fresh chains upon themselves, and suffer pastoral tyranny once more to lift up its head?

2. Again. One important part of church meetings is to admit members into the church. "Him that is weak in the faith receive ye." (Rom. xiv. 1.) "Receive ye one another." (Rom. xv. 7.) That the Pastor should admit whom he pleases into the church, by card or otherwise, without the approval of the members after hearing the candidate's experience, we consider an unscriptural and antichristian usurpation. But if church meetings are authoritatively put down, or gradually disused, according to the power or craft of the Pastor, it will soon come to pass that all accessions to the church will be through the minister; and neither the feelings, privileges, liberties, nor wishes of the church be consulted at all. But are we to sit down to the ordinance with those of whose experience and Christianity we know nothing? Is not this a complete overthrow of Christian communion at the Lord's Supper? And what guarantee is there that the pastor will not admit hypocrites and dead professors? Is he to be allowed to thrust upon us whomsoever he pleases, and we have no voice in the matter? What is this but to make ministers "lords over God's heritage," and give them "dominion over our faith?" And if all legitimate check and control over pastors be removed, who shall prevent "grievous wolves entering in among us, sparing not the flock?"

We lift up our voice, then, against any such projects, as unscriptural and antichristian. And we say to members of Christian churches, "Stand fast in the liberty of assembling yourselves as members of Christ's mystical body. Do not give way, no, not for an hour, to any threatened priestly encroachment. Exercise your right to deliberate and decide upon the affairs that concern your welfare as a church; and, whilst you love and honour your pastors, so far as they are worthy of it, for their work's sake, never suffer them or their flatterers to wrest from you a privilege that God himself has bestowed upon you."

But whilst we defend church meetings as parts of our Christian liberty, we are not blind to their attendant evils. As monarchy quickly passes into tyranny, so liberty often degenerates into licentiousness. Some churches, to their shame be it spoken, or at least some church-members, evince as much disposition to tyrannize over their Pastor, as in other cases the Pastor to lord it over the church. Where the Pastor is of strong natural mind, violent temper, possessed of pulpit gifts, or sought after by other churches, he usually succeeds, if such be his ambition, in ruling the church. But where, on the contrary, his natural abilities are slender, his temper meek, his gifts small, and his acceptance with other churches little, some of his members will attempt to tyrannize over him. We do not mean to lay this down as of general, but of frequent occurrence. "Obey them that have the rule over you;" "Let the elders that rule well be counted worthy of double honour," are not precepts to be set at nought by members of churches.

But after all, the grand, the only cure for evils on both sides is the fear of the Lord in spiritual exercise. Blessed with this, the Pastor will not attempt to infringe on the liberties of the churches, nor will church-members forget the respect and esteem due to their Pastors. Each will preserve his place in the mystical body, so that there will be no schism in it, (1 Cor. xii. 25,) but each so live, move, and act, that in all things God may be glorified, and the church edified.—Eds.]

EDITORS' REVIEW.

Shadows vanishing, the Vail of the Temple rent, and some Rays of Glory appearing from the Holy of Holies, &c. &c. By Doctor Everard, a persecuted and ejected minister from the Church of England, who, for Christ, truth, and conscience' sake, resigned his living, which was almost four hundred pounds per annum. In Parts at 1s. Leicester: Burton. London: Gilbert.

This reprint of an almost forgotten work comes out under strong recommendation. Two of the "Valiant men in Israel," Messrs. Garrard, and Jemson Davies, of Leicester, have prefixed to it commendatory Prefaces, from which we make the following extracts. Mr. Garrard thus affixes his stamp of hearty and decisive approbation :

"And as I am requested to give a few lines as a recommendation of the book (though it needs none from man, if read in the life, light, and power of the Spirit), I cheerfully say that I have read it with much profit, solemn comfort, and delight. It has been like strong meat and strong wine to me; for I could not read much of it at a sitting; but have read a little, and then a little more, and then was obliged to stop and give it time to digest; and, by the help of the blessed Spirit, I have found it strength to my heart and health to my soul. If the Lord opens your eyes, hearts, and understandings, in reading this book, you will not only find the letter of the gospel, but the spirit, life, and power of it. Not only the hive and comb of the gospel, but the heavenly honey of the word, sweet and delicious in the experimental mouth of your new-born soul. Not like a dead lion's carcase only;—no, you will find honey in the carcase. Not a barn full of chaff to turn over for a few grains of wheat;—no, you will find more wheat than chaff. Not as the skin of a dead animal stuffed with straw, but in it you may find 'butter of kine, and milk of sheep, with the fat of lambs and rams of the breed of Bashan, with the fat of kidneys of wheat, and the pure blood of the grape,' of the noble vine. 'Eat, O friends! yea, drink abundantly, O beloved!'"

Mr. Jemson Davies, the Church clergyman, does not pronounce so decided an opinion upon the work, but writes as follows in a sufficiently commendatory strain :

"I have been favoured with the perusal of a portion only of this work of the Rev. Dr. Everard. If I may be allowed to form any opinion of the other sermons by what I have seen, I cannot hesitate at once to commend it, as I have been solicited to do so, to the careful reading of the Lord's family. The times in which the learned Divine lived were of the fiercest and most appalling character—when Antichrist, under the papal form,* was in the ascendant and

* Mr. Jemson Davies cannot surely have read the title page, which we have given at length, or else must be grossly ignorant of the ecclesiastical history of this country, to assert that, in Dr. Everard's times, "Antichrist, under the papal form, was in the ascendant and rampant, and laboured with immitigable rancour to eradicate God's truth from the land." Why, on Elizabeth's accession to the throne, popery was struck down, and never once lifted its head till the present century. So far from popery persecuting, it was the persecuted party long before and after Everard's time. As Bunyan says, in his *Pilgrim's Progress*, "Giant Pope is grown so crazy and stiff in his joints that he can do now little more than sit in his cave's mouth, grinning at pilgrims as they go by, and biting his nails because he cannot come at them." It is most true that "Antichrist was labouring with immitigable rancour to eradicate God's truth from the land." But under what form? Why, of Mr. Jemson Davies's own Church—the Church of England so called. She was the only persecutress in Dr. Everard's days; and a most bitter and unrelenting persecutress she was of all who in the least degree dissented from her communion. It seems strange, therefore, to see a Church of England clergyman now recommending the works of one who was "persecuted and ejected" from her communion, and so ignorant of the history of the times as to father the persecutions of *his own Church* on the Church of Rome.

rampant, and laboured with immitigable rancour to eradicate God's truth from the land. The people of God will judge by this work, with what degree of spiritual and superhuman strength the Lord supported his suffering saints—that their strength was indeed as their day; and may therefore also see what *that* strength is which they are privileged to pray for and expect when *their* hour of trial shall come."

After testimonials of this nature from these "valiant men," it may seem great presumption in us obscure Reviewers to express any opinion upon the work at all; but as the first part has fallen into our hands, and may also fall into the hands of some of our readers, we shall take the liberty to deliver our thoughts upon it.

There is much, then, that is striking and original in the book. The author appears really in earnest, and labours hard to impress his views and feelings upon the hearts and consciences of the people. It bears the strongest internal marks of being what it professes to be—taken down from the lips of the preacher, and not laboriously compiled in the study. A certain knotty roughness runs through it, and it much more resembles a gnarled oak than a slab of polished mahogany.

The following extracts upon the spiritual, experimental knowledge of Christ afford a good specimen of his earnestness, and vigorous, original style:

"But except we know Christ feelingly, experimentally, so that he lives within us spiritually, *according to his own natural life*,* inasmuch that whatever any man hath known in the letter and history of him, that he knows the samewithin him, as truly done actually in his own soul, as ever Christ did anything without him, in the days of his flesh, else it profits nothing; and to find all that ever you read of him to be verified in you experimentally. It is not Jesus Christ without us can do us any good; he is no Christ to us, except he be brought forth in spirit in us, else all his actions are in vain to us, they are all as a mere tale, a mere song to us; as one of the fathers said, it was not that Christ that the Virgin Mary carried in her womb that did save her, or do her any good, but that Christ she carried in her heart."

"I charge you, let no man, whatever he be, delude you, and make you believe, that any other Christ will save you. Let no man, upon pain of the salvation and damnation of his soul, once dare to think, that any other Christ will do you any good; but that he experimentally feel Jesus Christ buried and risen again within him; and all other actions and miracles that ever he did, that still he finds him doing the same in him, as St. Paul saith, 'My beloved, of whom I travail in birth till Christ be formed in you;' not Christ divided, and a Christ by halves, here a patch, and there a piece of him; to pick and choose, take and refuse what you like, or not like of him, but whole Christ, formed in you.

"When you begin to find and know, not only that he was conceived in the womb of a virgin, but, that thou art that virgin, and that he is more truly, spiritually, and I say, more really conceived in thy heart, so that thou feelest the babe beginning to be conceived in thee, by the power of the Holy Ghost, and the Most High overshadowing thee, when thou feelest Jesus Christ quick in thy womb, and stirring to be born, and brought forth within thee, when thou beginnest to see and feel all those mighty, powerful, and wonderful actions done in thee, which thou readeest he did in the flesh; for Christ is not divided, saith the apostle, 'but yesterday and to-day, and the same for ever.' There is not one Christ without us, and another within us; but that same Christ that

* We consider this an objectionable expression. It is Christ's *spiritual* life, not his *natural* life, (that is, the life he lived in the flesh here below) which is the life of believers.

was then upon earth, must be spiritually in us, growing and increasing, still doing the same actions and miracles within us.

"Now, beloved, here is a Christ indeed, that will save you; here is a Christ, a real Christ, that will do you some good, a Christ of the Father's sending. This is the Christ which indeed alone and only will bring you to heaven, to rest and peace, and pleasures for evermore.

* * * * *

"But before this time, when you see the woman in travail, and she hath great pain, so that she crieth out extremely, and hath bitter pains, I say bitter pangs, then you may know, and be assured, the child it is struggling to be born, and is near its delivery. That is, when this beloved *old man* (our own will, our self-will) as the scripture terms him, who was never by us denied anything he desired, but all was carried on smoothly, according to his own desire; and now to be crossed, thwarted, and contradicted, oh! this is great pain to him! Oh! he cries out like a travelling woman! Oh! he would by no means forsake himself, his own will, his own pleasure, his own profit, and take up his cross to follow Christ! What, forsake all that is dear to him, and so highly prized by him? This is death to him. Oh! when you hear your flesh cry out, Oh! would to God I had never been born, then I had never seen this day: Oh! let me die, let me die! I am weary of my life. When ye hear him, like Job, bitterly curse the day of his birth; oh, beloved, this day is a terrible day to flesh and blood: it never saw such a day. Oh! it's a bloody day; it comes with a terrible, confused noise of the warriors, and garments rolled in blood, as the prophet speaks. It was never so haled and pulled: this was the flesh, 't'other way the spirit, poor heart: it was never so torn in pieces: and full loath is the soul to come into this death: it will use all shifts to avoid it; for it is very, very terrible to flesh and blood. But know, beloved, when these pains are upon you, then the child is at the birth, near to be delivered. Indeed, this is, as the same prophet saith, 'a day of trouble and treading down; of perplexity, by the Lord God of Hosts in the valley of vision, breaking down the walls, and crying to the mountains.'"

All this seems much to the point, but when we come to examine the work more closely, and look a little below the surface, we find a gross error, indeed, what we may justly call a shocking heresy, running through and tainting the whole work. The nature of this heresy will be apparent from a few extracts.

The subject of the first sermon is, "Have salt in yourselves," and is what Mr. Garrard, in his preface, calls "a salt-and-fire sermon." "The salt" in the text Dr. Everard considers to be Christ.

"But, to be short, and without any more circumstances (that we may come to the matter intended) the fire and the salt are both one, and that is Christ himself, as I have told you: he is the fire, so he is the salt, as the apostle saith (Heb. ii. 11), 'But he that sanctifieth, and they who are sanctified are all one.'* So Jesus Christ is the fire that salteth, and the salt wherewith it salteth, as is expressed in the verse before the text."

The Doctor, having given several reasons why Christ is compared to "salt," adds this notable one:

"But, beloved, to me all these reasons are but external common reasons; but the only and true reason, and that which I conceive is chiefly intended is this,—
"That as salt is, for so it is, the central existence of everything; that is, salt is the substance, the strength, supporter, knitter and compacter of every visible mixed body: so is Christ to every creature. (Rev. iii. 14.) 'He is the beginning of the creation of God, and the mighty bearer, supporter, and upholder, bearing up all things by his mighty word and power.' (Heb. i. 3, and Col. i. 17.) 'He

* The apostle does not say so. His words are, "all of one," which has a very different meaning. But this is not the only place where the Doctor wrests and misinterprets the Scripture.

is before all things, and by him all things consist;' and (Heb. iil. 14.) 'For we are made partakers of Christ, if we hold the beginning of our confidence stedfast unto the end.' Take this as a maxim, there is no one thing in the world, but salt is the strength, the knitter, the supporter, the sustainer, the compactor of it; nay, if you knew all, the very sperm of nature, and the working-spirit through the whole creation that it can never rest, but is always in co-agitation and operation; and there is nothing in the earth that you can give me, but I can give you the salt of it; as take a leaf, wherein you may think there can be no salt; but there is in it salt, and so in all other things: and indeed that is the life of every thing; the greenness, nor the form, nor any thing visible to the eye is not the salt, and yet salt is in it, though you see it not; even so is Christ that salt of every thing; it is he who fills all things, he who knits and upholds all things, is the essence, being, knitter, compacter, the spirit and life of all things, though you see him not; nay, more than all this, he is the very salt of the salt; for saith the apostle, "He is before all things, even the first-born of every creature, and he by whom all things consist."

The natural assumption which he here makes, that "salt is the central existence of every thing," we believe to be utterly false in fact, though the then state of chemical knowledge might have led the Doctor into the error. This, however, we pass by. It is against the monstrous doctrine inculcated thereby that we contend. Now, let us see how the Doctor applies his natural analogy:

"He, in regard of himself, seasons all alike; he in himself *doth not season some more, and some less*; or some have him, and some have him not: but as it was in the gathering of manna, they all gathered enough, though some gathered more, some less; they lacked not, nor had they any left: so *Christ is in every one, in regard of himself, alike*; that is, the essential presence and being of Christ in every one alike, but not the perception and participation of him. He in himself is the form of forms, the soul of thy soul; yea, the soul of the whole world, yea, and of the whole creation, both of heaven and earth; and he cannot be more in one place than in another. But here, to have salt is to see, to know, to feel, and believe, and to be assured in ourselves that we have this salt, and that Christ is in us. *Christ is, in regard of himself, every where, and in every one alike, but every one believes it not alike.*"

The doctrine here taught cannot be misunderstood. Look at the following sentence:—"He, in regard of himself, *seasons all alike.*" "Christ is *in every one*, in regard of himself, alike; that is the essential presence and being of Christ in every one alike, but not the perception and participation of him. Christ is, in regard of himself, *everywhere and in every one alike*, but every one believes it not alike."

The horrid lengths to which he carries this doctrine will be clear from our next extract:

"Beloved, take knowledge of this, that the King of Glory is within you already: as when Elisha and his servant were environed round about with enemies, the mountains round the city full of chariots and armed men, his servant was afraid; but Elisha comforts him, and tells him there was no cause of fear; for they had more with them to preserve and defend them, than there was to offend and destroy them; for saith he, there are round about us chariots and horsemen for our defence: Elisha's eyes were open, and he saw them present; but his servant's were shut, and therefore he could not see them, although they were as near to him as to his master: then Elisha prayed, saith the text, that his servant's eyes might be opened, and immediately it was so, and then he also saw the chariots and horsemen, and fire round about them to defend them: they were there before he saw them, and his not seeing them did not make them not there: so *Christ doth not then come into thy soul when*

thou first seest him there, when he works in thee as to thy sight and feeling, when he lives in thee; but then you come to know him and see him there, and then you come to know, ye are not reprobates, because he dwells in you workingly, apparently to your sight and feeling. For if you were reprobates, yea devils, yea, the blackest devils in hell, yet he is in you: no place, no creature can exclude him. The earth and heavens, yea, the heaven of heavens cannot contain him; no, nor exclude him, nor is he any more in the highest glorious heaven, than he is in the lowest hell, than he is in the very prince of devils. But this they know not, they cannot see him in them, they are not able to see that he acts in them, and by them, but they think they act, live, and work by their own power, thinking that they fulfil only their own wills, their own malice, and do what they please, but they and we are both deceived."

We must call attention to two sentences in the above extract. We must take the liberty to call them horrid sentences. "*For if you were reprobates, yea, devils, yea, the blackest devils in hell, yet he is in you; no place, no creature can exclude him. The earth and heavens, yea, the heaven of heavens cannot contain him; no, nor exclude him; nor is he any more in the highest, glorious heaven, than he is in the lowest hell, than he is in the very prince of devils.*"

"The blessed Son of God in the very prince of devils!" Does the "Watchman on the Walls" believe this doctrine? We think he must indeed have had his "dark lantern" in his hand not to see the grossest error and heresy in such a sentiment as this. What foundation is there in the word of God for such statements? Where do those "living oracles" declare that the blessed Immanuel "is not any more in the highest, glorious heaven than he is in the lowest hell, than he is in the very prince of devils?" So far from being a scriptural doctrine, it is a branch of Deism, and is called by the learned, "Pantheism," which means that God dwells in all things and persons alike.

The root of this error lies here, that the Doctor confounds Christ's *universal presence as God* with his *spiritual presence as God-Man* with his dear people, and, by so doing, has destroyed all the land marks between elect and reprobate, saints and devils, as well as laid a foundation for an experience equally delusive and erroneous. But how great must be that error which thus recklessly disannuls the highest and dearest privileges and blessings of the church! The indwelling of Christ in his church is one of her most precious blessings: "I in them, and thou in me." (John xvii. 23.) "At that day ye shall know that I am in my Father, and ye in me, and I in you." (John xiv. 20.) But if the Lord of life and glory dwell alike (for that is Everard's doctrine) in all, even in the blackest devils in hell, it is no privilege or blessing at all, and which belongs no more exclusively to her than it does to Satan. According to the testimony of the Holy Ghost, Christ dwells in the hearts of the saints by faith, (Eph. iii. 17,) through the communication of the Spirit, (1 John iii. 24, iv. 13; 1 Cor. vi. 17, 19,) as the hope of glory. (Col. i. 27.) As the Father dwells in Him, so does Christ dwell in his saints. "I in them, and thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one." (John xvii. 23.) But have devils and reprobates faith? Are they temples of the Holy Ghost? Have they a hope of glory? Or are

they made perfect in one with the Father and the Son? But as these blessings are all connected with, and flow out of the indwelling of Christ with his people, these consequences must follow if Everard's doctrine be true. To say then that Christ dwells *in all alike, yea in reprobates and devils*, is outrageous and monstrous doctrine.

Most gross errors and heresies are founded upon some certain and acknowledged truth. It is in the misapplication or confusion of the truth that the heresy lies. Thus, the Socinian heresy rests on a certain truth—that Christ was really man; but this truth they misapply when they endeavour thereby to disprove his Godhead. So Christ's universal presence is a certain truth; but it is not true that because Christ is universally present as God, he dwells in all as God. He sees all things and all persons, and is *about* them, but not *in* them. These are two very different things. But first to mistake Christ's universal presence as God, and then to confound this misstated universal presence as God with his spiritual presence as God-Man, is to teach awful error.

False doctrine invariably leads to false experience, and this we find exemplified in Dr. Everard. His doctrine of Christ dwelling in all alike quite throws down all the visitations and manifestations of Christ to his people. Look at the following extract:

"Be not deceived, to think *God comes or goes*, for he cannot remove from place to place; he cannot fill you more than he hath filled you already; neither can he be nearer you than he is; for he is one entire act of being, filling all things with his infinity; he cannot come nor go, nor remove, nor change, nor be more in one place, nor in one man more than in another; and yet David bids us 'Open our gates that the king of glory may come in; stand open ye everlasting doors that the King of Glory may come in!' yet this is a certain truth, he cannot come in more than he is already come in: but the meaning must needs be, set open the eyes and doors of your knowledge and understanding, receive him more into your experience and feeling."

What unscriptural sentiments are here expressed! "He cannot fill you more than he hath filled you already; neither can he be nearer you than he is." "He cannot come nor go; nor be more in one place, nor in one man more than in another." How opposed is this sentiment to such scriptures as, "I will not leave you comfortless; I will come unto you." "Ye have heard how I said unto you, I go away, and come again unto you." "If a man love me, he will keep my words, and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him." "But the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send." (John xiv. 18, 23, 26, 28.) "But when the Comforter is come, whom I will send unto you from the Father," &c. "If I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart I will send him unto you." "Howbeit, when he the Spirit of truth is come." (John xv. 26; xvi. 7, 8.) "While Peter yet spake these words, the Holy Ghost fell on all them which heard the word." (Acts x. 44.) "And when Paul had laid his hands upon them the Holy Ghost came on them." (Acts xix. 6.) "O, when wilt thou come unto me." (Ps. ci. 2.) And not only is the whole language of Scripture opposed to the philosophical, heretical sentiment of Everard, that "Christ

dwells in all alike," but all the experience of the saints cuts it into a thousand pieces. Are not all the saints seeking or enjoying the *visits* of the Lord to their souls? The *coming* and *going* of the Lord, his drawing near to their hearts and withdrawing himself, his approaching nigh and standing afar off, are as much a matter of spiritual experience as the sun's rising and setting are matters of natural observation. And what a misapplication and false spiritualization of the passage from Psalm xxiv. 7, does he make, when the passage clearly refers to the ascension of Christ into heaven as the risen Mediator!

But now let us see how the Doctor handles this doctrine of Christ's universal presence as a matter of experience. For that is the grand test of truth and error:

"But, beloved, give me leave, that you may understand me, if it please God to open your eyes to let you see these hidden secrets, which are kept close from ages and from generations. I will, in the plainest manner that I can, show you how Jesus Christ is said to be in you. That is, when he so begins to arise in you, that his fame spreads far and near, when he shows his own actions in you; for know this, Christ is always in you; he is at no time absent; as soon as ever ye began to have a being, he was in you in regard of himself, though you saw him not, because he is infinite; for that which is infinite is in all places, it is excluded out of no place; for if any place, if any creature, the least that is, were without him, he were not infinite; and because he is infinite, he is equally present in all places at once, and in all places alike: he cannot be more in one place than another; for if he should, he could not be infinite; and because he is infinite, he is and he must needs be all-present, in all places at once.

"These things are out of all question, and known by every one that understandeth anything: I think none will deny them. *He is as well in a dead withered branch as in a green flourishing tree*; but in the living branch, we see him grow and put forth his life: and so likewise he is in the *deadeest, rottenest member that is, as well as in the fruitfullest Christian*: but here is the difference, in the one we see him not, we see not his life and fruit; but the contrary, and therefore he is in such a member as dead, dead to him, and dead, in appearance, to others; yea, that member is, as it were, twice dead and pulled up by the roots, as the apostle saith, and fit for nothing but to be condemned to the fire; for Jesus Christ, although he be in them as much as in the living bough or branch, yet to them he is dead and buried, and lives not in them and to them.

"Give me leave, and I will show, in some particular actions, what Christ did and doth, when he begins to live in a man; for, till he begins to show the actions of life, he is as if he were dead, or not there. I will only touch upon some of his actions, which may be as a key to open and interpret the meaning of all the rest: for it is impossible to speak of all the actions that he did and doth; for the whole world were not able to contain the books which might be written of them, saith St. John; that is, of those actions and mighty miracles, that of which it is said, he goes up and down working daily, and doing good internally and spiritually in the souls of men.

"But the first motive that induceth, shows and persuades us that Christ is alive in us, in his nativity; which you know in the days of his flesh was first proclaimed by one angel, and afterwards by a whole choir of angels; the whole creation; and every creature sounds forth aloud his praises.

"When God hath once sent this one angel, or messenger, into thy soul, to show us, and to proclaim the reality and being of Christ in every creature, then thousands of angels sing the same to us, then every creature proclaims him with a loud voice (*viz., to him who hath this light sent into his soul*) that there is now to us a Son born, and to us a Child is given: glory only be to God in the highest, on earth peace; good will towards men: then all the angels, that is, all the creatures, they all jointly and harmoniously sing the same tune to us.

When he bringeth the first-begotten into the world, he saith, 'Let all the angels of God worship him.'

According to this learned Doctor, the first inward acting of Christ in the soul is "to show us and proclaim the reality and being of Christ in every creature;" and when we believe this, this is Christ's nativity in our hearts. How false and fallacious is this! If he mean by Christ's nativity in the soul its first quickening, how false it is that it feels and believes any such doctrine! And if he mean by the expression a deliverance, it is equally false; for we are sure that no soul was ever delivered by believing any such thing. "Who loved me and gave himself for me." "Who pardoneth all thy sins"—such truths as these revealed by the Spirit give Christ a dwelling place in the heart; but not to believe that Christ dwells and acts alike in every man.

These errors, however, are not all, for if we examine this doctrine a little more closely, we shall find some horrible consequences flowing from it. It clearly makes God the author of sin. What are the words that he himself uses on this point? "But this they" (that is, the devils) "know not; they cannot see him" (that is, Christ) "in them; they are not able to see that *he acts in them and by them.*" If the blessed Lord dwell in devils, and act in and by them, (horrid thought!) he must be the author of sin; for if he act in them, and all their actions are sinful, then he acts what is sinful; in other words, is the author of their sins. Thus, all the horrid blasphemies, curses, lies, pride, malice, and enmity of Satan are ascribed to the blessed Lord, and said to spring from his agency. In the same way, all the sins of reprobates and backslidings of saints must, according to this horrid doctrine, be ascribed to Christ's inward agency. He must have instigated Judas to betray him and Peter to deny him, the Jews to crucify him and the disciples to forsake him; yea, he must work in the same man pride and humility, faith and unbelief, love and enmity. We need say no more to expose this horrid tissue of confusion, blasphemy, and error.

Dr. Everard himself saw what his doctrine led to, and thus endeavours, most lamely, as it appears to us, to clear himself from the conclusion we have drawn:

"This is that which rules in the very devils themselves; nay, this is the devil in us. For they think they have a power and a will, and so walk according to their own wills, and see not that they act by the power of God; for God is all power, all act, and no creature stirs or moves but by him, nay, but in him; *he is their act and their being, though not of their evil; for though God be the orderer of evil, yet he is not the author:* but men would hence lay the fault on God, and excuse themselves; and very strange conclusions men have made through mistake, that because (as they say) there is in God an active, positive, consulted, and deliberate reprobation of certain men, before their sins were committed, yea, before the creation: and because also it is said, on the other hand, that we can do nothing without him; for in him we live, move, and have our being: therefore, they conclude that the evil of action as well as the action belongs to him; not understanding to distinguish between *actio* and *culpa*, between the act and the evil of the act: no, no, you are deceived; you conclude thus, because you cannot comprehend his ways, and so you would bound, limit, and circumscribe the Almighty by your narrow reason, and therefore it is that you make

such strange conclusions. But you must distinguish between the act, and the evil of the act. All act is God's, but he is free from the evil of any act. All evil is thine, and all good is God's, and there is nothing in God but what is good; and, therefore, O Israel, thy perdition is of thyself; but in me is thy help."

But an author must not so deny his own arguments, and cast off his necessary conclusions. This is like a man writing a licentious tale, and putting at the end a grave moral; or like a mob-orator who, after inflaming the people to riot, concludes with recommending peace and quietness. We look at his arguments, not at his conclusions—at the staple of the piece, not at a shred of fine cloth sewed on at the end.

We feel the more strongly on this subject because the error which we have endeavoured to expose runs all through the work. If it were a solitary, isolated sentence, we might have passed it by. Were it the mere border, the *list* of the piece, we might not have much noticed it; but it is the warp and woof of the whole web. It is not a loose stone on the top of the building, but foundation and super-structure.

How, with this error running through and tainting the whole, Mr. Garrard should have so strongly recommended the work, somewhat surprises us; but as there are places where a certain measure of truth is strongly contended for, we suppose that he was so much pleased with them, that he did not perceive the errors we have endeavoured to point out. He is probably not aware that the grossest errors and heresies abounded in Everard's days, and were mostly concealed under a form of sound speech. There was then too much light for error to come abroad openly; and, therefore, she wore a mask.

We should be sorry to injure the sale of the work; but we could not conscientiously pass by the errors we have pointed out; and we wish our spiritual readers to read the copious extracts we have made, disregarding our comment upon them, and then say for themselves whether we could pronounce any other opinion than we have done.

POETRY.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF MR. WILLIAM GADSBY.

The mortal conflict's over;	But he has done with fighting;
He's won the well-fought fight:	His armour's laid aside;
Call'd by his heavenly Lover	In Christ he is delighting,
Up to the realms of light,	A pure and spotless bride:
His fears are gone, his sufferings o'er,	Yes, he has cross'd the chilling flood,
For he has reach'd the heavenly shore,	Redeem'd, upheld, and saved by blood;
Where sin and sorrow's known no more,	Crown'd by his heavenly Father God,
And faith is turned to sight.	With Jesus crucified.
The darts of Satan fell	Yes, yes, the struggle's ceased;
Upon his hoary head;	No asthma plagues him now;
But He who conquer'd hell	From suffering he's released,
Stood in his room and stead;	And placid is his brow.
And by his all-victorious grace,	What! shall we grieve because he's gone
Gave to his soul a resting place,	To bow before his Father's throne,
Until he brought him face to face,	And with immortal rapture own
And up to glory led.	That Christ has brought him thro'?

No, no; though Death has vanquish'd
 With sore disease and pain,
 The prey must be relinquish'd,
 And reunite again.
 Soon, soon th' Archangel's trump shall
 sound,
 When Time shall cease to run its round;
 And that dead body under ground,
 Shall rise immortal then.

Yes, he has pass'd the river
 Of Jordan's swelling flood;
 Released by death's cold shiver,
 His soul is now with God,
 That name which was to him so dear,
 That name he sounded out so clear,
 Has raised him now above all fear,
 Through Cal'ry's streaming blood.

The earthly pitcher's broken;
 His sorrow's ceased for ever:
 That tongue, which oft has spoken,
 Will speak in our ears never.

But O! my brethren, cease to mourn;
 For, though our pastor's from us torn,
 On seraphs' wings he has been borne
 To bliss, a true believer.

Affliction was the servant,
 With Persecution's frown,
 That made him very fervent
 To lay his armour down:
 See that ambassador now stand,
 Ye enemies, at God's right hand;
 And Victory sing in that bless'd land,
 Where Christ puts on his crown.

With lungs that are immortal,
 He sings triumphantly;
 His soul has pass'd the portal,
 Leaving the lump of clay.

'Twas "Victory!" he sang in death.
 And then he yielded up his breath,
 And soar'd aloft to Him that saith,
 "My fair one, come away.

"The last storm now is over;
 Mount to thy blissful home;
 Come to thy heavenly Lover;
 Come, my dear partner, come."

My brethren, let us not repine:
 A few more storms, and we shall join
 His happy soul in bliss divine,
 And never more shall roam.

Though by his foes derided,
 Scoff'd, hated, and abhorr'd,
 His hope was not divided;
 He trusted in his Lord.

Kept like a faithful warrior true,
 He held a precious Christ to view,
 Nor cared what men or hell could do;
 He loved his Father's word.

But O! that voice has ceased;
 Those lips are closed in death:
 His soul has been released
 By Him who gave him breath.

But, brethren, though we know his end,
 Our Father will his church defend;
 Elijah's mantle shall descend,
 If wrestled for by faith.

Though he has now departed,
 His God for ever lives;
 He who for sinners smarted,
 Strength to his Israel gives.

Pray fervently; he'll not deny
 The weakest, feeblest infant's cry;
 For that he lives and reigns on high,
 And sighing prayer receives.

O! then, besiege your Jesus,
 And wrestle night and day;
 From all our fears he'll ease us,
 And answer when we pray.

His church, while in the wilderness,
 He certainly will own and bless.
 Ask, then, a pastor full of grace;
 He will not say you nay.

Call on our heavenly Master,
 And humbly kiss the rod;
 He can provide a Pastor,
 A faithful man of God,

A watchman without fear or dread,
 That, as a means, shall raise the dead,
 Pointing the feeble to their Head,
 And trace the heavenly road.

But, to his children weeping—
 Mark what I say; 'tis true;
 Your father's dust is sleeping;
 He'll pray no more for you.

That breast shall never heave again.
 He will not feel another pain;
 No, if you perish in your sin,
 He'll add his "Amen" too.

What, if Jehovah's thunder
 Now shook this earthly ball,
 Could you, with holy wonder
 And joy, before him fall?

Yes, if his God to you belong,
 When countless millions round him
 throng,
 You'll join your father's glorious song,
 And crown him Lord of all.

Manchester.

J. E.

THE
GOSPEL STANDARD,
OR,
FEEBLE CHRISTIAN'S SUPPORT.

"Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled."—Matt. v. 6.

"Who hath saved us, and called us with an holy calling, not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began."—2 Tim. i. 9.

"The election hath obtained it, and the rest were blinded."—Rom. xi. 7.

"If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest.—And they went down both into the water, both Philip and the eunuch; and he baptized him.—In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."—Acts viii. 37, 38; Matt. xxviii. 19.

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THE EXCEEDING GREATNESS OF THE POWER
OF GOD IN THE SOUL OF SARAH WIGHT.

(Continued from page 346, Vol. IX.)

And now she saw the evil of yielding to such temptations. She thought to have had ease by yielding, but she was the more terrified for her yielding; and yet the Lord magnified his mercy to her when she thought that by such yielding God would surely damn her. O the depths of Satan's wiles! and O the greater depths of the goodness of God, even to such seduced souls! She said that the same day in which she was forced to lie down (April 6) she was taken in all her body; all was shaken, and she trembled exceedingly. Her hands were clinched up together, and so were her feet, as if it were by the cramp; and her mouth was drawn up like a purse; and her eyes were with the eye-lids folded up and closed; and her hearing was taken from her; and she had no motion nor desire of any good. "Mine own eyes," said she, "pitied not myself; and just then was the time of love; and then the good Samaritan, then Jesus came, and poured in wine and oil, when I had most need; I may well say, 'He is a refuge, a very present help in time of trouble.'"

May 7, a conference took place between her and a maid who called to see her, of which the following is the substance:

Sarah. How do you? Have you not yet found Him whom your soul loveth?

The maid told how long she had been thus, and yet was no better, and said how sad her case was.

Sarah. I have been in as sad a condition ever since I was about nine years old; and yet that daughter of Abraham whom Satan had bound, lo! these eighteen years Christ healed.

Maid. But he will destroy me.

Sarah. How dare you say so, when Christ saith he came not to destroy sinners, but their sin, and to save such as you and I? (Luke ix. 56.)

Maid. He will save those whom he hath chosen, but I am not one of them.

Sarah. Dare you enter into God's secrets? Who made you of his secret counsel? Secrets belong to God. (Rom. xi. 34; Deut. xxix. 29.)

Maid. Aye, but I would not hearken.

Sarah. "It is neither of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that sheweth mercy." (Rom. ix. 16.)

Maid. But I resisted when he would.

Sarah. Your time was not come; for if his time had been come, it is not all your power that could hinder his power.

Maid. I put out the light, and I walked contrary to his way.

Sarah. You were not in the light, nor in the true way, neither can you be, until you have Christ, for he is the light and the way. (John i. 9.)

Maid. I can do nothing as I should.

Sarah. If you had done all, you might still have been as the young man in the gospel, who said, "All this have I done;" yet one thing he lacked. So you want one thing, the sealing of his love to your soul. You must lie low before God. It is Christ that both throws down and raises up. He did both to me. (1 Sam. ii. 6.)

Maid. I am in depths of misery.

Sarah. It is not depths of mercy that call for depths of misery, but it is depths of misery that call for depths of mercy. Now God would root you, and establish you, and now Satan is most busy with you. (Ps. cxxx. 1.)

Maid. I am pulled up by the roots.

Sarah. Christ will root you out of your sin, and root you out of yourself, and plant you in himself. He will do it.

Maid. But I cannot believe.

Sarah. I lay in unbelief, and could believe nothing but that there was no God, no devil, and no hell, until he made me believe in himself; and the same power that did it for me will do it for you; for "he is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever;" he is unchangeable. (Heb. xiii. 8.)

Maid. I had a glimpse of God, but I have backslidden from him.

Sarah. Say thus to God, "Turn me, and I shall be turned;" for the Lord saith, "I will heal your backslidings, and love you freely." I will love you though you have backslidden, and heal your backslidings. (Hosea xiv. 4.)

May 9th, being the Lord's day, after both sermons many came to see her, amongst others, Mr. and Mrs. Liggon, the relater, Mrs. Dawson, a minister's widow, Mrs. Berny, and many others, amongst whom was a gentlewoman in sad despair, who, having heard of her, (Sarah Wight,) came to have a little conversation with her. Among other things Sarah said, "Shall sin separate from the love of Christ?"

God hides himself from the house of Jacob, though dear to him." One asked her in what manner faith was given to her. She replied, "At first I saw clearly Christ was crucified for my sins; for it was neither Judas, nor Pilate, nor Herod, nor any other, so much as *my sins*; that He was the scape-goat that bore all my sins away into the wilderness of forgetfulness, never to be remembered any more. I cannot tell how great my misery was; neither can I tell the greatness of the mercy of a full Christ coming to such an empty creature as I, who was as Ephraim, an untamed heifer, unaccustomed to the yoke. Then his name was proclaimed to me as a Saviour to save sinners; merciful, gracious, long-suffering, abounding in goodness and in truth, to fulfil all that mercy and goodness; and he is the way to the Father. Ah! that he should love such a one, and marry such a one, who was a murmurer, disobedient, and unholy. Such a one God was pleased to make an object of mercy. There is an end of my misery, though I thought there was no end to it; but there is no end of his mercy. My misery was the misery of a creature, but his mercy is the mercy of a God, and there is no end of it. I was brought as low as the lowest hell; the gates were open to receive me; and O, that then mercy should come to shut them! that Christ should come to fetch me out! He is good, and doth good, not to them that are good, but he makes good; neither does he fill them that are full, but them that are empty. 'I will leave in them an afflicted and poor people, and they shall trust in the name of the Lord.' It is those that are afflicted and poor that shall trust in his name. And what is his name, but 'forgiving iniquity, transgression, and sin?' 'I made thee rest from thy hard bondage, wherein thou wast made to serve.' (Isa. xiv. 3.) Hard bondage! and made to serve this hard bondage! Yet God delivered when none else could. 'The Lord will have mercy on Jacob, and will yet choose Israel.' I had no will nor desire toward Him, nothing but perverseness and wretchedness, as in Israel. I might speak and speak a long time, for days, and weeks, and months, and not be able to tell all my misery. The Lord loved me and he chastened me. As he saith to Laodicea, 'As many as I love I rebuke and chasten.' The prodigal, whilst he was in his sin and misery, could not say it was best for him; but how did his father and friends rejoice afterwards! I desire that all the saints might rejoice as much for me as they did for him. 'Christ came to seek and to save them that were lost.' I found it so. I read, 'God is good to them that are of a pure heart,' and I was troubled at it, for mine was not pure, but he makes it pure. When I read, I read the promises over and over, but I could remember nothing of them; but if I read but a tittle of the judgments, that remained with me, and I could remember the verse in which it was contained. At last the promises terrified me most of all, because they were for others but not for me. None could burst these brazen gates but Christ alone. I was worse than a beast. Beasts praise God in their kind, but I dishonoured him. Yet all this hindered not his love to me. O the sad temptations and corruptions that deluded me! never any were in the like. I never read

nor heard of any such as mine. But the Lord came in an acceptable time to succour me. When I saw that I got no good by good people speaking to me, nor by their prayers for me, nor by all my reading nor hearing, I felt such horror, that I thought hell to come could not be worse than what I then felt. As I rode to Shrewsbury I would not hold the bridle, but let the horse go where he would, and gladly allowed him to stumble, that I might be thrown into a ditch and be killed." (She, in consequence, was thrown into a ditch, and when she came to the inn, though very wet, she would not change or dry her clothes, but sat in the wet clothes, as she was weary of life, and desirous of ending it.) "I would not eat. I saw nothing but condemnation; and as I went along I thought, every step, that the earth would open and swallow me up. The greater my misery, the more is his mercy manifested. One moment of his mercy swallowed up the depth of my misery. Before I could not eat or drink, but I was troubled for it. I thought it was to me as to some at sacrament, that I did eat and drink my damnation. Did Christ die for the obedient or for the disobedient? Christ died for the disobedient and rebellious, that they might partake of his obedience. He died for those Romans, not when they were righteous; but while they were yet sinners, and ungodly, and enemies, Christ laid down his life for them. And what obedience was there in such? Can you say God will not give you obedience? I warrant you their disobedience went abroad first, before their obedience."

On May 12 an afflicted woman called to see her and said, "I have cursed thoughts of God continually. About nine months ago, when my husband was dead, the thought came to my mind, 'What is become of his soul? and what will become of me, who have made him worse by my perverse words to him when he was faulty?' and one morning, when I awoke, I thought the room was full of smoke, and suddenly a fire went in at my mouth, and went down hot into my belly, and there it went flutter, flutter. Then I suddenly flew out of my bed into the midst of the room, and a voice said within me, 'Thou art damned, damned.' I felt the smell of brimstone. Thus it began, and I thought the house was full of devils. Then, for six or seven weeks together, I never slept at all, I was so terrified, and I have been out of hopes ever since."

Sarah. Jesus Christ came to dispossess the strong man armed, that kept the house, and to possess it himself. The Lion of the tribe of Judah hath overcome that roaring lion that seeks to devour you.

Woman. I can see nothing but damnation.

Sarah. I could see nothing but hell and wrath. I was as desperate as ever any was. I said I cared not whether I had mercy or not. I felt myself, soul and body, already in fire and brimstone. If all the fire and brimstone in London, and all the pitch and tar could be heaped into one fire, and I was walking in the midst of it, that would be just my condition at that time. I beheld myself in hell locally, so great was my terror. And I thought there was no other hell but that which I felt, and therefore I sought to make myself away, and attempted it in many ways. But God hath made me



see my sin therein, and to be ashamed; and mine iniquity, and to be confounded. Yet then I could wait no longer, and I said, "If God will not save me, let him condemn me;" and I was afterwards terrified that I had said so. But were God's thoughts as my thoughts? were his thoughts ill towards me because I thought so? Nay, God's thoughts were not my thoughts. God could withhold possession and temptation if he would, but he sees that it is for his glory, and for your good, that you might love him the more, and that his glory might be seen the more in your deliverance. It is Christ's work to dispossess where the strong man armed keeps the house. He does not dispossess the soul that was not possessed, but the soul that was possessed—possessed with sin, and Satan, and corruption, that such should be brought from the captivity of Satan to the glorious liberty of the sons of God. And then shall you see that this was good for you; for all things are for good to them that love God. I say not that you, of yourself, can love God; but he will give you a heart to love him.

Woman. I have no evidence that ever he showed that mercy toward me.

Sarah. He will show mercy, that he may be feared. He will show mercy to sinners; and are not you a sinner, and ungodly?

Woman. But not to me; I cannot believe it.

Sarah. You cannot believe it; neither could I believe that he died for me. Paul saith, "I was a blasphemer, a persecutor, injurious, yet I obtained mercy, to be a pattern to others." Had you seen the condition that I was in as I saw it, you would believe. He might as soon show mercy to you as to me, and sooner too by far.

Woman. I was and still am of a perverse spirit.

Sarah. He sees that you are so, and he heals such. None can heal but Christ; he is the Physician that freely heals the chief of sinners. Put all sins into one, unbelief is the greatest, and Christ died for that sin; and it is Christ's office to give faith to one that hath no faith, to a heart full of nothing but sin, corruption, and unbelief, till Christ gives it to believe.

On May 16, she being still very weak in bed, she had another conference with one that came to see her, who was in deep despair. The woman being asked how it was with her, she replied, "I have slipt my time." She had formerly told her more of her sad condition by sin.

Sarah. Was it God's time to have done it, then who could hinder him? "Thou hast not called on me, O Jacob! but thou hast been weary of me, O Israel! thou hast wearied me with thine iniquities." But was their time past? Nay, the very next verse says, "I, even I, am he that blotteth out thy transgressions for mine own sake;" not for thine, be thou ashamed; but "for mine own sake." (Isa. xlii. 24, 25.) Again: "The house of Israel and the house of Judah have belied the Lord, and said, It is not he; neither shall evil come upon us." (Jer. v. 11, 12.) Yet Judah shall be saved, and Christ shall be the Lord their righteousness. (Jer. xxiii. 6.) For four

years together I have been in as sad a condition as you can be in ; and at last I grew sadder and sadder still, till I came even to the brink of hell, hell's gates being wide open, and sin and destruction holding them open ; but then came Christ with his arms wide open for me, and pulled me thence.

Woman. There is no mercy for one in my condition.

*Sarah. I did not then apprehend there was any mercy for me. I never met with any, so continued as I was. I reasoned with God, and asked him why he had made me to damn me, and why he had made the devil. Of late I thought that if I made away with myself there would be an end of my misery, and I believed that there was no God, no heaven, and no hell but what I had already. In this state I have been ever since a month or six weeks before Christmas, as it is called. I could not believe God or the Scriptures. (I have judged myself for these evils.) But I see that nothing is too hard for God, who yet saves me. (Jer. xxxii. 17.) There is no sin greater than unbelief, yet Christ died for this also. Did not Christ say to his own disciples, "O fools, and slow of heart to believe?" They were slow to believe, and yet Christ died for them, and was not slow to give them faith to believe. Whatever we suffer in temptation, Christ suffered, for he was tempted, that he might partake of our sufferings. Ought not Christ to suffer and to enter into glory? It was Christ's way to glory. And are not you slow of heart to believe that you must suffer many things, and then enter into glory? When they knew Christ, then he vanished out of their sight, that they might the more desire him ; and they went speedily to Jerusalem and told of him. And when Christ came again to them they were afraid, and thought it was not him, but a delusion. (Luke xxiv. 25, 31, 37.) So when Christ comes to your soul, you will then fear that it is not Christ, but only a delusion. It was the disciples' condition before it was yours, those who lay in the bosom of Christ continually.

Woman. These are great works for some.

Sarah. Who doth Christ work upon but on stony hearts? His word is a fire and a hammer, to break and to melt hard hearts ; and he will give them a heart to fear him, and they shall not depart from him for ever. (Jer. xxiii. 29; xxxii. 40.)

Woman. I have no good at all.

Sarah. What if you had all the excellencies of wisdom, and gifts, and deeds? what were all this without the loving-kindness of God? And God delights in showing mercy and loving-kindness. (1 Cor. xiii. 1; Micah vii. 18.)

Woman. God hath forsaken me.

Sarah. "Israel hath not been forsaken, nor Judah of his God." And what was Judah? Treacherous, backsliding, idolatrous, and what not. They played the harlot with many, and feared not God's judgments ; committed adultery, and turned to God feignedly. Yet Judah is not forsaken of his God, though he said he was forsaken ; and his wound incurable. God, for his own name's sake, hath taken

away his sins for ever, and will remember them no more. He will remember his own free love. This is his own work, and this he delights in: "He loved us, and washed us in his own blood." That is the fountain where the saints wash their robes. "For my people have committed two evils; (my people! two evils!) they have forsaken me, the fountain of living waters, and hewed them out cisterns, (their own righteousness they would look on, and so do you,) broken cisterns, that can hold no water." This was like Adam's fig leaves, which would only cover part of his nakedness. But the clothing that God made will cover all. His fountain of living waters is sufficient; and though they digged their cisterns, yet he sets open this fountain for them. Say not as they said, "My wound is incurable," and refuse to be comforted. No physician can heal such as are incurable, and that refuse healing; but God has balm in Gilead, and has healing there, and he pours in wine and oil, and heals those who said their wound was incurable, and refused to be healed. (Jer. xv. 18.) It is the outcasts of Israel that the Lord gathereth together and healeth. What think you of such a soul that refuseth to be comforted?

Woman. My heart quarrels against God.

Sarah. Who is otherwise by nature? But what will a father do to his froward child, who quarrels against its father? "As a father pitieth his child that is distempered, so the Lord pitieth such." The Lord is more abundant in love and goodness to such souls as the children of Israel, who were murmurers and backsliders, who called not on him, but were weary of him; as Ephraim, who fed on lies, and was unaccustomed to the yoke; yet God's bowels were turned within him for Ephraim, and he would not destroy him: "For I am God and not man." Man, in his natural condition, is cruel to them that wrong him, and cannot forgive and be kind to such; but he is God and not man. (Jer. xxxi. 18, 20; Hos. xi. 8, 9.) She being weak and spent, as a farewell she requested the woman to remember the last two verses of Jeremiah xlvii.: "Fear not thou, O my servant Jacob!" Jacob sinned, and feared; but the Lord said unto him, "Fear not thou, my servant Jacob; for, behold, I will save thee from afar off." Thou art afar off, yet, "Behold, I will save thee." Thou art in captivity and in bondage: "I will deliver thee." "Thou shalt return, and none shall make thee afraid." He saith not, *no man* shall make thee afraid, but *none*; neither man, nor sin, nor Satan. "Fear not, for I am with thee." Did Jacob think so? No. Yet then God was with him. "I will make a full end of all the nations (their enemies; so he will make an end of all thine enemies, thy sins, and corruptions, and Satan); but I will not make a full end of thee, but correct thee in measure." God will measure out what affliction, and in what manner, and for how long, as for ten days, and it shall not exceed; but he will make thee able to bear it. O earth, earth, hear the word! Man is a lump of earth, and cannot hear more than earth, till He causes him to hear. (Jer. xxii. 29.)

(To be continued.)

BEING DEAD, HE YET SPEAKETH.

My dear Brother in the Lord,—I was extremely glad of your letter, and more so to find that you were in the good old way. Depend upon it there is no such a thing as living to any good purpose in smooth waters. God's ministers both see and feel the most of their divine Master's wonders in deep waters and a rough sea; and they catch the most pure flame and shine the brightest in the furnace, and after furnace work. Here it is that we most blessedly prove that our life is hid with Christ in God.

At times, my brother, it appears as if the dear Lord holds me up with an invisible hand, whilst he suffers men, sin, and devils to have fair play (or, rather, very foul play) with me; all nature straight gives up the ghost; and his infernal majesty swears by all the horrors of the bottomless pit, that it is all over with me, sometimes accompanying his oaths with a volley of infernal flames; and he contrives at the same time to stir up within me a whole host of evils, very little, if any, better than himself, nay, in some cases, I believe much worse than himself; for Satan never could disbelieve and rebel against the God that redeemed, and quickened, and pardoned him, as these are blessings he never knew. But, vile, base rebel that I am, I have often done that. Yet, when my dear Lord brings me up out of deep waters, and out of the blazing furnace, and shines into my poor soul with fresh light, giving me a sweet glimpse of his glory and the lovely beauty of his Person as my own God, then I can in very deed sing victory, and shout the devil and all his host out of the camp, and can solemnly sing; "Though a host encamp against me, my heart shall not fear, for in the time of trouble he shall hide me in his pavilion; in the secret of his tabernacle shall he hide me; he shall set me upon a rock;" and if Satan ventures to charge me with what I have so often felt and feared, then I can in the strength of divine faith say, "It is no more I that do it, but sin that dwelleth in me."

The Lord be with thee, my brother, and lead thee on in the strength of the mighty God of Jacob. Never dream of fleshly ease; but be assured, if the dear Lord allow you now and then a few resting moments, and sweet moments of unmolested converse with him in his pavilion, it is to prepare you for a fresh storm. You have raised a storm in these parts among some who are very high, and others who are very low in doctrine; but both can agree to fight against the real power of truth. I have not in the least endeavoured to put out the flame, but rather to fan it, and should the Lord spare us another year, you must come again to put a little more fuel to the fire. I believe your ministry was made a blessing to many of our friends. You know what the Lord says in 2 Cor. ii. 15, 16; and God's ministers must prove the word of God to be true in all its bearings, however painful some parts of it may be to flesh and blood.

Wishing you every real blessing, I remain, yours in the Lord,

Manchester,

W. GADSBY.

HE RESTORETH MY SOUL.

Dear Brother,—May mercy and peace be with you, and the God of all comfort ever preserve you.

Through the tender mercies of a covenant God, we arrived safely at home, and found the family and friends all pretty well. How many times has Ps. cxxi. been a sweet comfort to my soul in my leaving home, and returning in peace and love! O what a mercy it is to see and feel the Lord's preserving goodness in our goings out and in our comings in! What a humbling sweetness it is to feel the lovingkindness of God to such wretches as we, that daily feel hell to be our just desert, and that we must have been plunged there, but for sovereign, discriminating grace! O to have a sweet shedding abroad of the love of God in our hearts, what a humbling sweetness it is! how it brings us to tread the world under our feet, and despise all its smiles and honours as too base for our notice! Truly, it maketh rich, and no sorrow is added with it. But, with me, it is seldom that my soul is in the enjoyment of the love of God. It is my cry that the dear Lord would be pleased to favour me with more enjoyment of it in my soul; yet it is the will of God that I must be often in the dark, groping, like the blind, for the wall. I am stuck fast, and cannot tell what to do. All things appear to be against me. I have no faith to believe, no love to embrace, no hope to expect, no patience to wait, no gratitude to bless for one mercy. O! my friend, I never once thought that I should live to see and feel myself to be such a lump of nuisance, after all the tender mercies which the Lord has bestowed upon me, both for body and soul. I did indeed, thirty or forty years ago, expect and believe that I should, as I got older, feel my soul more alive to God, and have more sweet fellowship and communion with him; and that I should feel more zeal for his cause, honour, and glory. But alas, alas! my dear friend, I find it quite the reverse; so much so, that, at times, I can neither see nor feel that I have one spark of grace in my heart. I do indeed fear, sometimes, that I am "twice dead, and plucked up by the roots." How many times have I felt a hint of Job's language, when he said, "Behold, I cry out of wrong, but I am not heard: I cry aloud, but there is no judgment. He hath fenced up my way, that I cannot pass; and he hath set darkness in my paths!" And I know, and am a living witness, that when he "breaketh down, it cannot be built up again; and when he shutteth up a man, there can be no opening till He himself comes that "openeth, and no man shutteth." My soul keeps learning more and more my own poverty, helplessness, vileness, and wretchedness; and I am confident that every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights. I am at a point that I cannot work these gifts, attain to them, nor receive them, but as they come down freely from the Father of lights; and honours shall forever be to his dear name that he does now and then visit me in love and peace, and make darkness light before me, and crooked things straight. I can then, in my very soul, be satisfied to be nothing, and Christ to be all and in all.

I found much of the presence of the Lord in my visit among your people. I do not think that I ever before spent six weeks so pleasantly as I spent the six weeks with them. When I left home for S—, I was much afraid that my sojourn with you would be very barren, tiresome, gloomy, and unprofitable, both to the people and to myself; but, blessed be the Lord, I had many precious visits from him, and secret communion with him, as my Father; and I hope that it was not altogether unprofitable to the people. But this, you know, is as the Lord wills; for I have many times found the dew upon the fleece, and the ground very dry. Yes, my friend, the real profit to the Lord's living family is when his doctrine drops as the rain, and his speech distils as the dew. This is not at our command; it is at the pleasure and will of Him that cannot do wrong. We know a little of what Paul declares, "I was with you in weakness, and in fear, and in much trembling; and my speech and my preaching was not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit, and of power, that your faith should not stand in the wisdom of man, but in the power of God." My soul is brought to beg, long, and sigh for the power of God more than ever I did before in all my life; for I can assure you, from my very soul, that I never felt myself more helpless, empty, ignorant, and useless. I need no one to tell me what a fool I am. Yet it humbles and melts my soul when the dear Comforter whispers into my soul, with his still small voice, that it has pleased God, by the foolishness of preaching, to save them that believe. It has many times crumbled my very soul at the feet of a dear Saviour, when he has whispered, "Have ye never read that out of the mouths of babes and sucklings he has ordained praise?" How many times has my soul exclaimed, with many tears, "O Lord! take the little child, and set him by thyself. Speak in him, through him, and by him;" for, you know, my dear brother, "the voice of the Lord is powerful and full of majesty." How sweet and how humbling it is to see and behold Him that has the keys of death and of hell to be our Lord and Master, that has thrust us out into his vineyard, and when he whispers, "Behold, I will make thee a sharp-threshing instrument, having teeth; thou shalt thresh the mountains, and beat them small, and shalt make the hills as chaff; thou shalt fan them, and the wind shall carry them away, and the whirlwind shall scatter them; and thou shalt rejoice in the Lord, and shalt glory in the Holy One of Israel;" these are times of refreshings from the Lord. O! what must my poor soul do, if I had not, now and then, some of these refreshings? I think that I must sink into hopeless despair. I then can testify and say, through Christ who strengtheneth me, "I can do all things." His visitations revive my spirit. I am then content to be the least preacher in all the world; and I find it to be my greatest pleasure to take the lowest room, and to be nothing, that my God and Saviour may be all.

After I arrived at home from my last journey, the Lord left me without his dear smiles; and I can assure you that I had about a fortnight of nothing but carnality, except occasionally a few groans, bitter sighs, and sore lamentations. I tried to write to you; but I

could neither write nor read, preach nor meditate. It appeared to me that the end was now come; that I had left all my religion behind me, and had brought nothing home but death. O, my dear brother, we are living witnesses that the Bible is the word of God. No man can quicken his own soul; no man can receive anything, except it be given him from above. To be carnally-minded is death; but to be spiritually-minded is life and peace. If the Lord had not paid me another visit, I could not have written to you now.

But when the Lord shines as the Sun of Righteousness, we can see and feel the needs-be for all these changes. How could we pick up the halt, the lame, and the blind, and make straight paths for their feet, if we did not occasionally tread in their paths? We know, and have proved both to our sorrow and joy, what Paul meant when he said, "And whether we be afflicted, it is for your consolation and salvation, which is effectual in the enduring of the same sufferings which we also suffer; or whether we be comforted, it is for your consolation and salvation. And our hope of you is stedfast, knowing that as ye are partakers of the sufferings, so shall ye be also of the consolation." O that you may be still learning, enjoying, and proving the lovingkindness of a covenant God, in being your help, guide, supporter, and deliverer, in all your times of need! which I firmly believe you will. I am persuaded that not one weapon that is formed against you shall ever prosper; nor shall any tongue ever rise up against you but what you shall condemn; for your God is with you, and who can be against you?

Give my kindest love and respects to the friends at S— and O—. My very soul feels for their welfare, and wonders how they could be so affectionately kind to one so very unworthy of the least of all mercies. I hope that the Lord is with them, blessing them with many love-tokens for good. I felt it a pleasure to be amongst them. I hope that the Lord will bless you and them together, and that you may have the pleasure of seeing the word of the Lord run and be glorified. I cannot but feel a hope that there are many of God's elect in your parts.

May God bless you, my brother, with a double portion of the Spirit. May you be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might; and may you still give proof that the weapons of your warfare are not carnal, but mighty, through God, to the pulling down of strongholds. And the Lord bless you with a brow of brass, and a face of tempered steel, that you may never be lifted up with the smiles of either real friends, or friends in appearance only; nor be sunk down by their frowns. So prays your unworthy brother,

Trowbridge, August 5, 1841.

J. W.

I WAS BROUGHT LOW, AND HE HELPED ME.

Dear Editors,—Permit a devil-hunted and sin-bitten sinner to speak to my tempest-tossed brethren, through your work.

"Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will tell you what he hath done for my soul." Hear it, my poor brethren. Through a

'scene of dreadful conflicts I was brought low, and he helped me. My Jesus has done it; himself has done it, and no other. The snare is broken, and the poor bird escaped. May God enable me, first, to describe the *conflict*, and, secondly, the *freedom*.

I have, for months, yea, years, groaned, cried, prayed, and wrestled, till my throat has been dry, my bones cloven to my skin, my body wasted, my eyes many times failed with looking upwards, my past experience, like Job's, darkened, (Job xxiii. 8,) and my body brought, to all appearance, to the borders of the grave, with wave upon wave dashing against my frail bark, expecting every one to send it to the bottom; with Satan saying, "Where is now thy God?" and attempting to dispute me out of every Ebenezer my soul has set up to exalt my Jesus, by telling me that they have been only sparks of my own kindling, that I should have to lie down in eternal sorrow at last, and that my lamp would go out when the sound of the Bridegroom's voice was heard, and my soul sink in everlasting destruction. Ah! let a soul be brought here, and it will envy the chirping of a bird when, like Paul, it is tossed for days together on the sea, or, like my soul, for months together without sun, moon, or stars appearing. While I have been in this state, often has my wife told me that I should go mad; and often, (poor woman!) to satisfy her, have I gone to a doctor. You may judge with what feelings I have looked on my children, and thought, "Ah! you do not know what your father is suffering, what pain and anguish he endures," while my breast has heaved up with sorrow. And many times have I been ready to give it all up, and thought that God's mercy has been clean gone for ever; that, by and by, I should be held up a spectacle to angels, men, and devils, what a deceiver I was. I have cried, wrestled, groaned, and petitioned, till voice, strength, and hope gave way, and I have been ready to conclude that my eyes should no more see good. Afflicted in body, afflicted in soul, afflicted in estate, my soul has refused to be comforted either by sinners or saints. I have not known what I was, where I was, nor what it all meant, like the children of Israel at the Red Sea; mountains of sorrow on each hand; a sea of difficulties, which I have concluded it impossible to pass through; and enemies internal, external, and infernal, hard at heels, crying, "Let us pursue, overtake, and destroy;" and I, like Peter, crying experimentally, "Lord, save, or I perish!" This is a spot that I have been in so long that my soul has been weary of my life; and I have a many times thought that it only needed another wave to come, and down I must sink for ever. Religion has appeared, at least mine has, an enigma. "I speak the truth in Christ, I lie not," when I say, had I not been supported by an invisible hand, the grave would have been my house long ago. Doctors have been confounded with my complaint; and no wonder, as it is an unusual one with them. All their prescriptions have proved abortive. But you will say, "Why try them for such a malady?" Ah! *why*, indeed? For one thing, to satisfy an affectionate wife, and perhaps *myself*, in hopes of getting a little relief from them. But my wound was incurable by such means. My days were spent

in grief, sorrow, and agony, which none can enter into, nor any tongue describe, no, not my own; and none but my dear Jesus knows the agony that I have endured. Many times have I really staggered, like a drunken man, and been brought to my wit's end, and, I had like to have said, my faith's end too.

I do not write *to boast*, but in hopes to find out and cheer a poor brother or sister in like circumstances. I remember one (I hope) of God's family telling me, only the other day, that I should die under it, and another brother saying to my wife that I should go mad, or die under it; yes, and I should have done so, long ago, if my life then had not been immortal.

And, I assure you, these were not the first convictions for sin; no, years ago, I was delivered from that burden, and set free by the blood of Christ being sweetly applied to my conscience, through that glorious declaration in Isaiah liv. 17; no, this is a battle which I have had to fight in the wilderness since that time. And O, how many times have I been like Bunyan's Pilgrim, when Apollyon fought with him; my arm so weak as to drop my sword; my knees so feeble as to bend under my body; my eyes so dim as not to be able to look upwards; and my enemy so strong as to stride over me, and, stretching out his arm, swear by his infernal den that I should live no longer! Faith seemed to me to tremble for life, and my hope, like the children of Israel's, (Ezekiel xxxvii. 11,) to be lost. Thus, have I gone for months and years, sorrowing, fearing, fainting, sighing, and crying; dreading to meet any of God's family, fearing they would ask me how I was; and often dared I say to some of them nothing but "I don't know." I have envied them, and the world too; the one has appeared so happy without religion, and the other so happy with it, when I could be happy with neither; and many times, could I compare myself to nothing but a speckled bird that belonged to no certain family, not fit for the children of God, and, I am certain, not fit for the children of the devil—too melancholy for either. I really have been, in my own feelings, a pest to society, sinners and saints too; and I have thought ere now that I was going mad, and that I must be confined in an asylum.

But "wonder, O heavens! and be astonished, O earth!" Christ has come again; he has come; himself has come; bless him, he has come, and Satan has gone. O that I had the tongue of David, to tell what he has done for my soul! "O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together;" for I was brought low, very low, and he helped me! yes, when heart and flesh failed, he was, and is now, the strength of my heart, and will be my portion for ever.

O, bear with me while I give a short description of it. I had been on my knees before a throne of grace, and, like poor Job, could say little else but, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him," when sunk, as I thought, too low to be raised up again, too vile to experience mercy, too rebellious to be forgiven, too tempted to ever hope again; and scores, I think I may say hundreds of times, have I read my Bible but as a sealed book, closing it again with sorrow, till, like the Psalmist, while I have suffered from his terrors, I have

been distracted. On the 23rd, opening my Bible, to read, if possible, my doom or sentence, I opened on Jeremiah xxix. 11. I read, and thought that it kept me from quite despairing; yet I had not power to lay hold of it. But I have since thought that it was something like John, a forerunner of what was to come; for on the 27th my dear Jesus came with such power in that immortal declaration recorded in Psalm cxxxvi. 23, "Who remembered us in our low estate: for his mercy endureth for ever." Do you know, every beast of the forest, every fowl of the air, and every devil in hell, fled like lightning from the poor stump, and "Victory through the precious blood of the Lamb!" resounded through the inmost recesses of my soul. Not a dog was found that durst move his tongue against me. Then "the Sun of Righteousness arose with healing in his wings;" all heaven appeared to smile, and earth too; and O what a giant I became in a minute, from being the weakest of the weak. It was the best medicine I had taken for years. Bless his dear name, he came and set all right in a minute; he made the lame man leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb and stammerer to speak, and speak plainly too. O that I could but tell half of his worth, and exalt him! But, alas! I feel lost at the threshold, when I attempt to speak of his worth. He is really and truly "the altogether lovely." Talk about earthly riches! why this treasure, a precious Christ in my soul, is worth ten million worlds, yes, a thousand times told. Well might Paul say, "It passeth knowledge;" it is such a profound deep that no mortal can fathom it; it is so high that none can scan it; such a length and breadth that none can see to the extent of it; indeed, we can know it but in part while in this vale of tears; (1 Cor. xiii. 10;) we must die to know it in its lengths, breadths, depths, and heights.

O, to those poor brothers or sisters within the reach of this message, do not despair. Heaven and earth shall pass away, but not his precious promises.

"You shall to the end endure,
As sure as the earnest is given,
More happy, but not more secure,
The glorified spirits in heaven."

"The vision is for an appointed time; it shall speak, and not lie: though it tarry, wait for it; it shall surely come, and not tarry." There is an appointed time to favour Zion; and when that time is come, all hell, with all your doubts and fears, shall not keep it back; no, though often have I experienced the truth of the poet's declaration,

"If sometimes I strive as I mourn,
My hold of thy promise to keep,
The billows more fiercely return,
And plunge me again in the deep.

"While haraas'd and cast from thy sight,
The tempter suggests with a roar,
'Thy God has forgotten thee quite,
And he will be gracious no more.'"

Indeed, if he were as changeable as we are, he never would return

again; but he is of one mind, and none can turn him, and, as he says by Malachi, "I am the Lord; I change not: therefore ye sons of Jacob are not consumed." Cheer up, my fellow-traveller to Canaan above. A few more rollings of the sea, a few more hidings of the sun, a few more fiery temptations of the wicked one, a few more dark nights of sorrow, and thy Christ shall appear in his essential glories as Jehovah by nature, in his personal glories as God-man, and in his mediatorial glories as the suffering Messiah and Saviour of his people. Then we shall see him in the perfection of his loveliness; in all the beauties, glories, and brightness of the Deity; in all the lustre of nature, grace, and glory, as the most consummate Object of loveliness, adoration, joy, and praise. I do not wonder at the spouse in rapture saying, "This is my Beloved, and this is my Friend, O daughters of Jerusalem; yea, he is altogether lovely;" as though she had said, "Would you know who my Beloved is? Why, this is my Beloved—one who has all the perfections of kindness in his heart, beauty in his Person, tenderness in his nature, majesty in his face, love in his looks, sweetness in his smiles, wisdom in his counsel, peace in his ways, life in his love, joy in his favour, and glory in his presence." This is my Beloved, and yours too, poor tried and tempest-tossed believer. Though darkness may now surround thee, light shall come; (Ps. xxvii. 1;) though enemies now assault thee, not a dog among them shall move his tongue against thee, but at thy Beloved's bidding, and then only to teach thee one blessed lesson, namely, "this is not your rest;" it is polluted. By and by thou shalt get home, and thy God shall be thy glory; never more to hunger, thirst, faint, groan, or cry, by reason of grievous taskmasters, no, nor anti-backsliders either; for if I know my own heart, I find, by daily experience, that it is with me as it was with Paul, "In me," that is, in my flesh, "dwelleth no good thing." "O," say some, "we admit that." Yes, and I must admit more, whether they will or not. My soul, that would live without sin in thought, word, or deed, cannot do the things that it would, but does the things it hates. This is my experience. Mark, the flesh would not, does not desire to do these things: there dwells no good thing in that. Then where dwells that good thing? In the soul. And what is this good thing? The new man, called "the mind of Christ." (1 Cor. ii. 16.) This new man, called by different names, does not sin, but the soul in which dwells this new man does sin, and that to its sorrow too, and often has to groan under the burden of it; and I apprehend that it was this which made Paul cry, "O wretched man," &c. And if there are any of God's children that can boast of perfection in their souls, while in this vale of tears, I am bold to say that they are the first who ever had it, and the last who ever will have it, in this world. But, on the contrary, I do not believe that they have it, if truth must be told. They may try to make themselves believe that when they sin it is only the flesh that does it; but, if ever God come to them with the same power as he did to my soul with that text, Amos iii. 2, they will be compelled to cry, with David, "Heal my soul," &c., (Ps. xli. 4.) and also, "Bring my soul out of prison," &c.; (Ps. cxlii. 7;) and when his

dear Majesty is pleased again to shew his mighty love, in raising "the poor man out of the dust, and the beggar from off the dunghill," then Psalm .xxiii. will be sweet, "He restoreth my soul;" &c.; and to call this or these sins a falling forward, is a God-dishonouring untruth. (See Rev. ii. 4, 5; Matt. xxvi. 56; and others.)

But where have I been rambling? Why, "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." I have been so drilled by anti-backsliders, that it has guided my pen. Forgive me this once; I do not often trouble you; and I will endeavour to give you my views on backsliding. What I have been taught experimentally, I know to be truth.

Well, then, that the souls of believers backslide, I think is evident from Jeremiah xxxi. 18—22, also Hosea xiv. 4. But they say, "It is the flesh which does this." I say that the flesh has nothing to do with or backslide from; no, "that which is born of the flesh is flesh," and ever will be, till this mortal shall put on immortality, and this corruptible incorruption. It is the soul that does it, groans under a feeling sense of it, and longs to be delivered from it; it is this soul, quickened and made alive, that cannot do the things that it would. We do not hear a persecuting Saul say it; nor any sinner, dead in sins, ever groans under "a body of sin and death;" no, it is this element, in which they delight. Hence we find that when the Stronger than the "strong man armed" comes, he spoils his goods. What are we to understand here? When Christ comes into the heart of a sinner, he spoils Satan's goods, *which is that sinner*. He stops his reigning power, by binding him; and the poor sinner cannot serve Satan as he did formerly. Hence the warfare. (Gal. v. 17.) The plague is in the house; and it must be taken down, according to both Jewish and gospel dispensations too; and when that is done, why, the old man will have done lasting there, as well as he had done with reigning before. Ask a lying Abraham whether he was perfect in himself; ask an incestuous Lot the same question, a drunken Noah, or a cursing Job, and they would all say that they were not perfect in themselves, but only in Christ. "Ye are complete in him," says the Holy Ghost, "not in yourselves."

I am obliged to come to a throne of grace again and again, as a poor pensioner entirely dependent upon his sovereign bounty; to come for the balm of Gilead to be applied to my backsliding soul. But mark, these backslidings are not with the same spirit that we find actuated Balaam to go to curse Israel; nor the same spirit that induced Judas to sell his Lord and Master. They did it out of malice, obstinacy, and presumption; the other, from weakness and infirmity; and I defy any man or woman to prove that John means anything else but that the children of God cannot do the former, but do the latter, as appears from his own words, (1 John i. 8, &c.; ii. 2,) and as appears from the experience of every Christian, more or less, while in this vale of tears. Need I cite a few passages in confirmation? See Deut. xxxii. 15; Ps. cvii. 13; Gal. i. 6, 7; Matt. xxvi. 69—75; Luke xv. 11—32; and many others.

But I forbear. I have not written for the sake of argument, but

hoping that God will bless it to some poor brother or sister who may have been confounded to hear that the soul of the Christian does not sin, after the new birth, which doctrine they cannot reconcile with their experience, as they daily have to groan, cry, and sigh under darkness, coldness, barrenness, lukewarmness, and other feelings, which none but God and their own souls know of.

In conclusion, I say that the Christian is not, nor ever will be, perfect in this world; but oftentimes has to say,

"My soul through many changes goes:
His love no variation knows."

No, his Jehovah Jesus still speaks as in ancient language, "Return, ye backsliding children, and I will heal your backslidings. Behold, we come unto thee; for thou art the Lord our God. Truly in vain is salvation hoped for from the hills, and from the multitude of mountains; truly in the Lord our God is the salvation of Israel." (Jer. iii. 22, 23.)

I had not the most distant thoughts, when I commenced, of thus writing; but, hoping that is for some wise purpose, I leave it in the hands of God, whose way is in the great deep.

I remain, yours in an unchangeable God,

Manchester.

JOHN.

LADY HUNTINGTON'S TESTIMONY AGAINST SELF-RIGHTEOUSNESS.

Messrs. Editors,—Having felt my heart warmed with so glowing an account of the glories of Immanuel from one so bedecked with worldly honours and dignities as Lady Huntington, I cannot but think that, considering her high rank, and her writing with such unaffected feeling and humility, when, too, in her day self-righteousness was professed so almost universally, it shows beyond a question that she was interested in the glorious "Nazarene." It is extracted from an old magazine of 1790. If you think proper to insert it, please to do so.

Abingdon.

I. K.

The zealous and faithful labours of a servant of Jesus Christ are owned and honoured by success from him. I am led to look to the source from which this can only flow, even to the foundation that is laid; and which admits of no other happy one, either for our present comfort or future security. Thus you and I are under the necessity of finding out, experimentally, that one true Christian Church, sealed by the Spirit of Jesus Christ himself on the day of Pentecost, the existence of which still remains confined to the same powerful influence. We must not therefore wonder that natural ignorance, uninfluenced by this power, rejects the wisdom and mercy that unite in God's being manifest in the flesh.

It is through this medium of our own nature only, that instruction can be communicated to us in a way suitable to the weakness of

our present condition, and is thus yielded to us by Him who is "God over all, blessed for ever."

This consideration revives every dead and dry sentiment of my heart. Here also every wild and warm imagination, intoxicated by pride and self-love, must end, and submit, not only to learn of the poorest and most afflicted man in our nature, but also to find in Him, and HIM ALONE, a suitable relief for all our misery; and through the same medium, a free access to all divine and heavenly wisdom, whenever a sense of our own evil renders us sufficiently conscious of our wants.

I fear to transgress the limits of a letter, and must therefore pass over much that is most delightful to me, and confine myself to the strength of the opposition against that great truth which is held forth to us in the state of a pharisee. I might suppose that this considered would fill a feeling and sensible mind with a horror that would avoid, even with severity, the spirit, creed, whole life, doctrines, and disposition of such a generation of vipers, as our Lord terms them to be. May we then beware of their leaven, and ever remember that a little of it leaveneth the whole lump, and by that means deludes the soul from the glory, simplicity, and divine sweetness of the gospel which would lead us as poor sinful worms to find out the daily food of immortality in Jesus Christ alone. It is from this rock, (if we are the happy inhabitants of it,) we can only sing. It is here that truth in the abstract can only be found to satisfy the sad variety of human miseries, and finally separate us from ourselves. And it is here also that every earthly sacrifice is counted as nothing, while our spiritual capacities become witnesses of such immutable evidence of divine mercy and eternal glory so secured.

Thus faith, that faith which is the substance or subsistence of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen, must carry the day; and by it, walking in the light as God is in the light, the blood of Jesus Christ cleanses us from all sin, while his heavenly and divine Spirit, daily carrying us forward, leads us experimentally into those various states which He himself has declared to be truly blessed. Thus the blessed saint learns and well understands who only inherits, in our Lord's sense, the whole earth, by possessing Him. And thus we best find out the supposed paradox of our dear brother Paul, "As having nothing, and yet possessing all things." Christ, and his glories in this way shine to my still-adoring mind.

THE REDEEMING EFFICACY OF THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

The truth of which is, as a proper satisfaction was made to God by Christ, so that proper satisfaction (or atonement and full sacrifice) was an infallible and particular one for all the sins of the elect. The responsibility of my Surety is founded upon his Deity, as the Son of God; and the qualification of his sacrifice to pay my debt, is founded upon his covenant as Mediator. My growing consolation ariseth from a sight of the Spirit's work in my soul, a discerning

faith, that Christ's satisfaction was made for me; therefore I believe through grace, it was made for me before I came to Christ. I am experimentally encouraged. It was for me; to procure my heart to come to Christ; to encourage my heart to come to Christ, and take up my pardon with him as my own; and then to come to Christ for more confirming evidences of it, by more faith. And the Lord be pleased to give me gospel-faith, discerning faith upon satisfaction made, and made for me, for my sins already; and though I cannot bring my heart to come, yet the satisfaction that Christ hath made for my sins can, and doth bring me to come to the glory of God by Christ. I must see the prevalency of the sacrifice made and the propriety of the sacrifice settled in the Lord's covenant to be for me, if ever I come to Christ to receive consolation from him; for I look to what I see, the positive proper satisfaction made by Christ for me and for all my sins, before I had a heart to come, as the satisfaction of Christ made to God was for me, in order to procure a believing heart to come, even when I had no heart to come to rest my soul on Christ, because I have the discoveries already, which were procured by the same satisfaction, as I saw his righteousness and blood were for me in particular. My heart never spiritually set out upon a *may-be* it were otherwise. I did not come to Christ upon any persuasive *ifs*, but I came upon positive drawings to the object God-man, in clear and distinct discoveries of his Person, righteousness, and grace to my soul. I felt his power after I beheld his fulness. I saw it to be for me, before I had a heart and courage to take it up: again, he drew me to himself; he won me to his righteousness, melted my heart, and overcame me with his beauty, in the very discoveries of himself to me. The motions of my steps had never been, if the views and joy of my soul, in looking unto Jesus, never had preceded. If discoveries had not taken off uncertainties, I am sure there had been no effectual influence on my will to bow me, and incline my heart to Christ. The certainty of it in my views made me run. I got more ground now in a thought than I used to get under a whole set of motives and directions; for gospel-faith is no blind faith, no round-about faith; if I see my object certain, it draws my heart to him. I cannot often see his smiles, but I must be changed into the whole frame of all I see by them. The sweetness of love, in the certainty of the object, overcomes. He shows himself, and I come by the same grace. I see, but he always reveals his love and displays his arm in the light of God's countenance, before I move forward. The light shines, and takes my eyes, before I approach the same object; and then am made at length to roll myself on Christ, to rely and cleave, to trust and repose my entire confidence in him my Lord and God. I begin to tell you, as the Spirit orderly began it in his first shining in, and guiding forth mine eye upon the object, Christ. Here I have stays and mighty under-proppings, that bear me up. While I view the same discoveries, I have an instantaneous hope in my eye, a Christ, the Christ of God in all his fitness, in all his fulness, in all his freeness, set before me. My heart is raised, and yet again my heart desponds. My eye hath hope, and

yet my heart is treacherous. My eye is full of encouragement; and yet my heart (I have still such a body of this death, oh! my heart) is fearful. I see the fairest face in Zion! the chiefest of ten thousand! Angels' Sovereign! and all the angels of God bow before him. I see him brought down, and his face marred, his body mangled on the cross! I see it for me: and yet my heart, oh! my heart! I know not how I came to take, to hold the same fast. It weareth off again, and I seem to be but where I was! I have most pure discoveries, and yet my heart is unclean! I see thy Glory-word, O Lord, for ever settled in heaven, and yet my heart is wandering! I have better sights than ever without me, and yet my heart is worse than ever within me! It is a heart called to come, and yet it cometh not: These views have not been without Christ, who hath said unto me, "Be of good cheer." Here is now a discerning faith, which lets in my comfort; and this discerning faith is distinct from coming: it is seeing the Son; and, blessed be God, though I am often in bonds, I can see the Son of God still. Well, next is the coming faith to Christ, without the deeds of the law. Motion faith is from myself to Christ, and more of the Spirit's work with freedom steps, as discerning faith was within myself by Christ's shining in by free encouragement. I would open it a little from some gracious experience, for I know it is a mystery, and I may say with truth, I never knew what the doctrine of coming to Christ was; I could have no right thoughts of it, by all my conjectures of the practical way of performing it: "Coming, coming to Christ," did but make a sound, till the Holy Ghost inwardly taught me by my own experience, and then led me on in coming, and in coming still to Christ oftener. Well then, it was thus with me: The gracious Spirit of God made me willing to drop all my cargo on the spot, all my goods and treasures laid up for many years. Laid up? Aye, laid up for heaven! But I was prevailed on to renounce and give up all my preparations, my qualifications, my hearing, my tears, my obeying, my praying and preaching, that it should be no hinderance to my motion God-wards; and as to all that appeared materially good, in the things afore recited, grace strengthened me in the change, to resign up all, and trust not one of them, and so I stood stripped and disburthened of all things which I had taken up once in profession to save me without Christ. So in this condition, when I came to Christ, I came light, with joy in my soul, and the burden of sin dropped off upon the first distinct views. Now this was the opening of my way, and fitting my soul, by Christ, to come unto himself. My first coming lay thus in the motions of my soul.—*Hussey.*

THE SUBSTANCE OF A SERMON, PREACHED
 BY MR. ROBERT HARRISS, 25TH MAY, 1642, IN THE PARISH-
 CHURCH OF ST. MARGARET, WESTMINSTER.

"And he spake a parable unto them to this end, that men ought always to pray, and not to faint; saying, There was in a city a judge, which feared not God, neither regarded man: and there was a widow in that city; and she came unto him, saying, Avenge me of mine adversary. And he would not for a while;

And afterward he said within himself, Though I fear not God, nor regard man; yet, because this widow troubleth me, I will avenge her, lest by her continual coming she weary me. And the Lord said, Hear what the unjust judge saith. And shall not God avenge his own elect, which cry day and night unto him, though he bear long with them? I tell you that he will avenge them speedily." Luke xviii. 1-8.

In this blessed portion of Scripture we have a parable, which delivers an excellent truth under a comparison. That truth is here declared, "In prayer we must not faint." This is the point; and this is pressed from the widow's success, and is argued thus: if constant and faithful prayer carry with it the worst of men, most assuredly it will with a gracious God.

1. Observe the persons. The character of the pleader was that of a poor, friendless, but *praying* widow, who had no advocate but *misery* and *importunity*. The character of the man with whom she pleaded was that of a man destitute of every feeling of humanity, and who feared not God, nor regarded man.

What hope could there be that such a one would listen to her petition? Yet see, this woman prevailed with this man. If, then, she, a woman so weak overcame a man so vile, what may not a child or children so weary do with a Father so good, seeing that, for a bad and unjust judge, we have a gracious Father, who can no more deny his own than he can deny himself?

This parable our dear Saviour closes with the following blessed application: "Hear what the unrighteous judge saith." Hear it to your comfort, poor, fearful souls. Christ speaks to *you*, and bids you take comfort in all your approaches to the throne; and, in Christ, God speaks to you.

2. Our Lord assumes, and that most strongly, as the question shows, "Shall not God avenge his own elect?" as if he had said, "It is out of question that he will." And remember, though they are God's *own elect*, yet they are, like this poor widow, much oppressed; yea, they have many adversaries,—sin, the world, Satan, a dreadful, evil nature, with an unbelieving heart; yet these are all God's adversaries as well as theirs; therefore, God cannot but regard them.

3. Our Lord concludes, God will *hear*, will *certainly hear*, nay, will *seasonably hear*, with a *notwithstanding*: notwithstanding he is seemingly slow in his answers, and we certainly weak in our dependance and faith, yet God will hear; yea, saith Jesus, (thus putting a blessed positive emphasis upon it,) "I tell you that he will avenge them speedily."

In considering the words before us, our attention should be directed, in the first place, to the glorious Person himself, out of whose mouth such gracious words proceeded; then, secondly, to the doctrine contained in the text, viz., *In point of prayer we must gather all arguments of encouragement, and never yield till we have won the day.*

First, the glorious Person, Emmanuel, *God with us*. What immense blessings are treasured up in him! There is a blessedness in the very name to the heart of a believer; for, as God, it is evident that all he did when upon earth, and all that he is doing

now in heaven, is effectual to all the purposes of salvation. The infinite dignity of his Person gives an infinite merit to his work, and cannot fail, both in his blood and righteousness, to cleanse and justify his people, and render them truly acceptable in the sight of God. As he is Emmanuel, and God in *our nature*, it gives an interest to his people in all that belongs to him; yea, all the blessings come home with a tenfold sweetness to our hearts, because he is Emmanuel, God in *our nature*, and we *members of his body, of his flesh, and of his bones*. To know *him* as he is in himself, is blessed; to know *him* as being interested in him, and in all that he said, and in all that he did, and in all that he is doing, is yet more blessed; but to know *him*, and to live in constant personal fellowship and communion with him, is heaven on earth, and a sure foretaste of glory. When we consider how infinitely glorious the self-existing and incomprehensible Jehovah is in his Trinity of Persons, dwelling eternally in his own glory, which could receive no addition from the praises of his creatures, (for all his divine perfections must have been the same, though man or angels never had been,) yet it was for their happiness, in the contemplation of his glory, that he was pleased to go forth in those acts whereby the Lord might be *known* in the several departments of creation, providence, grace, and glory. If we contemplate Jehovah as he is in himself, and in his own eternal greatness, before whom the "nations are as a drop of a bucket, and are counted as the small dust of the balance," nay, "are counted to him less than nothing, and vanity," (Isa. xl. 15, 17,) what shall we say of his coming forth, and *unbosoming* himself in the person of the Son, not to add to his own glory, (for that can receive no addition,) but to make us happy in the blessed revelation of himself; as it is written, "No man hath seen God at any time. The only-begotten Son, which is in the bosom of the Father, he hath declared him?" And what shall we say of his infinite condescension in revealing himself to his creatures, under the endearing names of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, in a covenant of grace and mercy, "well ordered in all things, and sure?" The love of God, manifested in the work of redemption, is not only astonishingly great, but the time when it was shown enhances the mercy; for it was at a time when we were not simply without anything to recommend us, but when we had everything to render us odious in God's sight; not merely undeserving, but hell-deserving creatures. And yet it is in this manner God commendeth his love towards us. No wonder, therefore, that these "things the angels desire to look into." (1 Peter i. 12.)

Let us also reflect upon the awful state and ruin in which we are involved by original sin and actual transgression. By parentage we have nothing to boast of more than others; our father was an Amorite, and our mother a Hittite; "we were by nature the children of wrath, even as others." Such, in truth, is our total ruin by the fall, that the Holy Ghost, by the prophet Ezekiel, sets forth, not only the weakness and helplessness of every man's condition, under the figure of a new-born infant, but that every son

and daughter of Adam may be said to be cast out to the loathing of their person, and left everlastingly to perish, for any help or any pity all the creatures of God could give. (Ezek. xvi. 5, 6.) What an awful representation is this! Every man, by nature, like unto a poor, helpless, and unconscious infant thrown out to perish in the open fields! not only exposed to endless ruin, and unable to put forth a helping hand to our recovery; but, like an infant, insensible to our danger and of our lost condition! But from this, our state of misery and helplessness, the Lord takes occasion to magnify the riches of his grace. It is not said that when we had crept out of our blood the Lord said unto us, Live; but "When we were in our blood, the Lord said unto us, Live;" and "for this purpose the Son of God was manifested, that he might destroy the works of the devil." (1 John iii. 8.) Here is set forth the blessed purpose of God, which, like himself, must be eternal; for "he is in one mind." (Job xxiii. 13.) And that eternal purpose in the manifestation of the Son of God was to "destroy the works of the devil;" for "in our redemption was manifested the love of God towards us, because that he sent his only-begotten Son into the world, that we might live through him."

INQUIRY.

Messrs. Editors,—Excuse the liberty I take in troubling you, but will you state what is the nature and properties of the great work called, "Regeneration?" For we have recently had, in these parts, a preacher who said his intention was, that we should have "good theology and sound divinity;" and, as a specimen, we were informed that we and all others were quite wrong on the point of regeneration, giving us to understand that it never took place upon either "soul or body," of which he was fully convinced after more than twenty years' consideration. We are poor simple people, and being quite puzzled by this statement, we wish to have some advice through the *Standard*. Do you think it right that we should submit to preachers who bring us such doctrine to distress and bewilder us?

Yours in the truth,

Lockwood.

ERASMUS.

[To "state the nature and properties of the great work called Regeneration" in a manner worthy of the subject, would demand more time than we can spare, more space than we can give, and, above all, more ability than we possess.

But one thing is very clear, that if "it never take place upon either soul or body," it can never take place at all. We are therefore inclined to mend the preacher's statement by the addition of one little word, which, if he had used it, would have made the statement perfectly true. "Regeneration never took place upon either my soul or body, of which I am fully convinced after more than twenty years' consideration." The poor simple people at Lockwood would not then have been puzzled by his "good theology and sound divinity."

As to "thinking it right to submit to such preachers," we think that the only right is to send them to the right about; and thus follow the inspired command: "If there come any unto you, and bring not this doctrine, receive him not into your house, neither bid him God speed; for he that biddeth him God speed is partaker of his evil deeds." (2 John 10, 11.)—Eds.]

lary to that 'Confession of faith' (the Thirty-nine Articles) to which he had solemnly sworn to adhere. However this may be, under existing circumstances, he cannot but conclude that the doctrine of that sermon is offensive; and he knows by experience that 'the offence of the cross has not ceased.' He will not say in what way it is offensive, neither will he say to whom it is offensive, but he will say to whom it is not. It is not offensive to the Lord's people who are blessed in the knowledge of the 'joyful sound.' For them, for himself, nay, for the honour of the Lord Most High, and he hopes for the honour of his gospel, he has been led to think himself called upon to publish it. He little thought that it would prove his farewell address; but so it is ordered.

"Let it be examined. 'To the law and to the testimony.' Is it the truth of God? If it be, there is a blessing for him who preached it. 'Well done, good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful in a few things.' If it be not the truth, the truth in Jesus, there is a curse for him who preached it. What saith the Spirit, speaking by the mouth of Paul? 'Though we, or an angel from heaven, preach any other gospel unto you than that which we have preached unto you, let him be accursed.' (Gal. i. 8.)

"We want a real, living, quickening word; a word to distinguish between nature and grace, to separate the precious from the vile, the wheat from the chaff; and this is the character of the 'sword of the Spirit.' 'Is not my word like as a fire, saith the Lord; and like a hammer that breaketh the rock in pieces?' 'He that hath my word let him speak my word faithfully. What is the chaff? saith the Lord.' (Jer. xxiii. 28, 29.)"

Of the Sermon we cannot say that it is very deep or very experimental. This we could hardly expect. But it strikes us as sound and scriptural. There is also a freshness and an originality in the style and expressions, which looks to us like life. His views do not seem borrowed from authors, nor are they elaborately worked up into a faultless system. The scale-weighers and standard-measure-makers have not yet got hold of him, and stamped the sect-mark upon him. He has not yet been melted in the crucible of an Association, and been run into their approved mould. But what gold he has upon him is in the rough; and we like him all the better for it. His style, too, is a very peculiar one, and we should say more effective in an extempore discourse than it appears in print. It is not drawn out into long and flowing periods, but cut up into short, pithy sentences. He does not work with a fine-toothed saw, but with a bill-hook, cutting and chopping with a stroke here and a blow there, till he lays low creature righteousness. That it gave great offence is very evident, for it is considered a very strong and unusual step in a Bishop to silence a clergyman; and could only have arisen from some heavy complaint having been made against him by the congregation. Such persecution looks well for Mr. Townley, and would seem to show that some power attends his ministry, and that all his arrows are not pointless, or his sword made of wood.

Mr. Townley does not say much about his own experience, at which we are not surprised. Were a Church minister to talk about his experience in the pulpit, so unusual a sound would almost rouse the drunken sexton from his nap, make the clerk's hair stand upon his head, and terrify all the respectable part of the congregation into the apprehension that the clergyman was going out of his mind. And yet, without such a degree as should produce these alarming effects, there is a little personal experience here and there, just suffi-

cient to lead us to hope that he knows something for himself, and is not one of those prating fools whose doom is to fall. He speaks in one place thus :

"Dearly beloved in the Lord, we should know something of this—something we do know by sweet experience. Sins are a grievous load, and we can sometimes cry out, 'O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me?' Faith, when the mist is not upon her eyes, takes all the burden upon her shoulders; she brings it to Christ, and Christ 'takes it upon his shoulders rejoicing'—faith being persuaded of the invitation and the promise, 'Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.'"

There is something like feeling here; at any rate, we must say we prefer the simplicity and humility manifested in these few sentences to that dead and dry assurance which runs so conspicuously through the preaching and writing of a small party in the Church of England, for whom no doctrines are too high, but for whom the life and power of vital godliness is much too low; who started at once into full manhood, without first becoming little children; who have won a hundred victories, but never in real battle heard "the thunder of the captains and the shouting;" who are confident they are bound for heaven, but have never sailed by the door of hell; who speak much of an eternal union with a living Head, but whose conscience is of that firm texture that they can tell a dozen lies to God every Sunday without a single twinge.

We are in hopes that the Lord may do something more for Mr. Townley, and then he will have no reason to regret his present harsh treatment.

We proceed to give a few extracts from the Sermon, the text being, "By grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God." (Eph. ii. 8.) It is the latter clause which Mr. T. more particularly considers—the object of the sermon being to show that faith is the gift of God. Having observed that "*salvation is the fruit of free grace*," and that "God never looks, nor can look out of himself for any motive;" but that "in grace God acts not as a judge distributing to every one what is due in law; but as a lord and proprietor disposing of his own, to whom, when, and how he will," he thus proceeds:

"We have glanced at the reason: it is because he is a God of sovereign power as well as mercy. Ah! but man would have the mercy without the power, and the gift without the Giver, or if he must think of the Giver at all, he will in his foolish heart foolishly imagine him to be 'such a one as himself.' But He is the *Unchangeable*, and 'the counsel of the Lord, that shall stand.' We read of an awful instance of a hardened heart. God raised Pharaoh up, says Paul, for what cause? The same Apostle explains, 'that he might show forth his power in him.' Observe the word *power*. It is not said, 'that he might show forth his *mercy* in him;' though he *may* show forth his mercy, for he endured his rebellion with much long-suffering, and plagued him even with ten plagues. But the secret of all is this: Pharaoh was a vessel of wrath; and shall the vessel say to him who made it, 'Why hast thou made me thus?' What saith the Spirit? 'Hath not the potter power over the clay, of the same lump to make one vessel unto honour, and another unto dishonour?' The potter makes what kind of vessel he will, great or small, round or square, and when he has made it, he may place it where he will; he may set it in his parlour, or set it on a dunghill. No matter whether the Lord make the vessel for honour or dishonour, he will be honoured by it, for, 'he hath made all things for himself: yea, even the

wicked for the day of evil.' (Prov. xvi. 4.) 'He got himself honour on Pharaoh and all his host when he overwhelmed them in the Red Sea;' so 'the Lord of Hosts shall be exalted in judgment, and God who is holy shall be sanctified in righteousness.' (Isaiah v. 16.) Whether his mercy save us we have cause to be thankful; or whether his justice confound us we have no cause to complain; 'still thou continuest holy, O thou worship of Israel.' Blessed, thrice blessed, is that soul which can *willingly* say, 'This God is our God for ever and ever.' The highest archangel before the throne would, if the Lord should command him from his presence, and from the glory of his power, joyfully sing even of such a dispensation, 'Hallelujah! the Lord God omnipotent reigneth, he is righteous in all his ways, and holy in all his works.' How few can say, *May* this God be our God! Dear brethren, it is not doctrine which is too high for man. Oh, no! The doctrine is too *low*, for it makes him nothing, and *God* is too high, until he be brought, as Job was, down in the dust of self-abasement and self-abhorrence. Once Job could say, 'I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear;' when he had passed through the furnace, it was 'now mine eye seeth thee, wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes.' (Job xlii. 5.)"

Our next extract, we think, ably cuts the very sinews of creature righteousness:

"But man says of all this,—mine hand, and my might, and my strength hath gotten me this wealth; God says, 'What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world?' Yes, what shall it profit? Give him the world, give him the world's wealth; let him employ his wealth wisely and well; yea, let him build hospitals for all the poor on the earth; let him exhaust the mines of India on alms; yea, moreover, let him put the word of God into the hand of every sinner; let him wear out his knees in prayer; let him scourge from his body rivers of blood; let him walk as an angel of light, and, with the glittering show of an outside holiness, let him dazzle the eyes of all beholders, (and is there nothing of this now?) yet such deeds would be nothing more than so many splendid sins, and such a one could no more stand before the tribunal of God's justice than stubble before a consuming fire. Oh, no! It is only Christ in the bush that can keep the fire from burning; it is only Christ in the heart that can keep sin from condemning. 'Without me,' says the Saviour, that is, separated from me, 'ye can do nothing.' So also says the Spirit of that faith which is in the hand to put on Christ, 'Without faith it is impossible to please God.' Yes, a husbandman without a plough, a builder without a rule, or a preacher without a Bible, a Christian without faith, are things equally absurd and unreasonable; and yet so absurd and so unreasonable man generally is; for there is many a preacher without a Bible, and many a one who calls himself a Christian without faith."

As in our last extract we saw the creature put into its right place, so in our next we shall see the Spirit's work put into its right place. We like much what he says of the mighty power put forth in the work of regeneration; and shame we say on every minister who speaks of it in any other way:

"The work of the Spirit working faith is beyond comparison, the greatest work that passes on the soul, 'Who hath believed our report, and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?' (Isa. liii. 1.) That the report of Christ may be believed, the arm of the Lord must be made bare. The arm of the Lord must be stretched out, and put forth in the infinity of its strength. Nay, nothing will do to incline the will of man, (and there is no faith in *Christ* till the will be subdued,) nothing will do but the exceeding greatness of God's power. How read we? 'That ye may know what is the exceeding greatness of his power to us-ward who believe.' Observe the expressions—power, greatness of power, and exceeding greatness of power. Here there appears an infinity of force. Who can tell what it amounts to? Nay, it is compared to nothing less than the 'working of his mighty power which he wrought in Christ when he raised him from the dead.' (Eph. i. 19, 20.) To

raise any one from the dead is an almighty work; to give life to the meanest insect that creeps upon the earth requires an exertion of almighty power, but to give life to Christ, to raise him from the dead, this is passing wonderful—he had the heaviest gravestones to keep him down. The weight of sin lay upon him, for the ‘Lord laid on him the iniquity of us all;’ yet he was raised by the Spirit of the Father from the grave to glory. Now then, the power that God puts forth upon the soul in working faith is ‘according to this in the resurrection of Christ, and yet faith in him is sweetly drawn forth. Time will not allow me to trace, even if I were enabled to trace, the experience of the living soul till it comes to repose on the bosom of the beloved. We only observe, faith is sweetly drawn. The Spirit, as his final work in engrafting the soul upon the true vine, puts forth an act of renovation upon the *will*, by which he sweetly, but powerfully inclines the will (once rebellious) to accept of Christ, and to make a free deliberate choice of him as Saviour, Lord, and King, the King in Zion. We say, a free deliberate choice worked into the soul by apprehensions of wrath, as a man may run into an enemy’s house in a storm, when he would have passed it by in fair weather, or, as the manslayer would fly to the city of refuge when the avenger of blood was behind. Yes, dear brethren, *extremities* will make a sinner not only willing but thankful. The *poor* will gladly receive the gospel. The hungry can find sweetness in bitter things, and the passover, ‘Christ our passover is sacrificed for us’ was eaten with bitter herbs. It is so, and the hand that works ‘precious’ faith deals gently. It is a drawing with loving-kindness, it is a drawing ‘with the bands of love and the cords of a man’—it is a causing of a man to approach to God, a holy offended God, as a God of love: yea, it is a drawing with such an arm of love and power, as that there is no pain in it, but much, O, how much pleasure, for this is our ‘first love.’ Here, dear brethren, we behold as in a glass ‘the mystery of the wisdom of the grace of God.’ The natural heart is averse from faith, hates both the gift and the giver: but when the Lord works it, he offers no violence to the nature of a man. The day of the Lord’s power makes the sinner willing, as the promise stands, which, blessed be God, has often been fulfilled—‘Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power.’ Ah, how many know by experience the truth of that Scripture. How many? Oh, how few, in this day of the ‘form of godliness without the power,’ know anything of such bitterness, as ‘the arrows of the Almighty sticking fast in the soul, and drinking up the spirits’—or of such bliss, as ‘to desire to depart and be with Christ, which is far better!’

Having thus shown that faith is produced in the heart by the mighty power of God, Mr. Townley goes on to trace out something of its nature and effects:

“All other graces take their rise from faith as the fountain head. We read—‘other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Christ Jesus.’ God forbid. The foundation, the ‘all in all’ of faith, as we observed before, is the righteousness of Christ and upon this faith, faith in the ‘one atonement once offered,’ all that adorns the new man is builded. This we call reposing, trusting, Spirit-wrought faith. Upon such faith other graces are builded. Hope lies upon faith: for no man hopes for that which he believes not. Love is builded on faith. ‘Unto them *that believe* Christ is *precious*’: and the more faith the more precious, and therefore the saints pray always, ‘Lord, increase our faith;’ for with the increase of faith there is increase of all, and the more that faith becomes the ‘substance of things hoped for,’ the more that faith realizes Christ as ‘made of God unto us wisdom and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption,’ then does it indeed appear that the path of the just is as the shining light, which shineth brighter and brighter unto the perfect day. Truly, great is the honour of faith. We read these glorious words,—‘*Jehovah our righteousness.*’ (Jer. xxiii. 6.) That righteousness when applied to the elect soul, is even called ‘the righteousness which is of faith.’ (Rom. ix. 30.) Here then the saint can stand when all outward sensible comforts fail, aye, even when earthly friends fall off like the leaves in autumn—and can say cheerfully,

'The will of the Lord be done.' 'By faith ye stand.' We have many sorrows and trials even as brethren in the faith. 'Christ hath borne our griefs, carried our sorrows, and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.' And O, is he not, has he not been proved a 'tried corner-stone,' able to bear the weight? Yes, but with faith as feeble in operation as a bulrush, we should be ready to conclude, 'There is no hope'—and as David said of Saul, 'I shall one day perish by the hand of Saul'—so we should, and so we often do say of sin, 'I shall one day sink under the load of sin.' But when faith is in exercise she can send a messenger to Christ: yea, when death, the king of terrors, draws near, faith has recourse to the righteousness of Christ, faith flies to the everlasting refuge, faith runs for shelter to the clefts of the Rock of Ages, and beseeches, 'Come and help;' and O, how often does the beloved appear then as he never appeared before, more than 'chief among ten thousand and all together lovely;' he eases the pang and he sweetens the pain, and the bitterness of death is past. 'Surely, 'faith is the gift of God.' What shall we more say? We have spoken of the gift; we have spoken of the giver; we will now glance at the receiver; and we hope to place him where he should be with his head in the dust."

It will give us much pleasure if the author of the above sermon should prove to be a true man. Doubtless he has much to learn. The tinsel will have to be burned away, and much that he has learned in the Church of England to be thrown to the dunghill. And should he ever be called to preach out of the Establishment, he will have to shake off much of that genteel style that rounds off the sharp points and jagged edges of truth, and speak more simply, plainly, and personally.

It will rejoice us to find him led into all truth by the blessed Spirit; and should this be his happy case, he will have to look back upon his present persecution as a signal instance of God's favour and love to his soul, and a bright link in the mysterious chain of Providence. He will have to learn, perhaps more experimentally than he has yet known, in this trial, the truth of his text, that "faith is the gift of God;" and should the Lord mercifully appear in the furnace for his soul's strength and comfort, he will not envy the lordly luxury of bishops or deans, but, with Moses, will deem the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures in Egypt.

Lines written on the Death of Mr. William Gadsby,

38 years Minister of the Particular Baptist Chapel, St. George's-Road, Manchester,
who died January 27th, 1844, aged 71 years.

BY A LATE TEACHER IN THE ST. GEORGE'S-ROAD SUNDAY SCHOOL, MANCHESTER.

Stretch'd on his bed, with pain acute oppress'd,
While mortal throes upheave his labouring breast,
(Though nature groans, free grace maintains its fires,)
And shouting, "Victory!" GADSBY "bold" expires,—
GADSBY, who once a simple rustic youth,
A stranger to the powers of God and truth,
Living in folly, far from Wisdom's rule;
Sin was his jest, and ignorance his school;
No wish for heaven, with scarce a fear of hell;
Void of all good (as oft I've heard him tell):
Such GADSBY was, when call'd by matchless grace
To see God's glory in the Saviour's face;
To feel that blood which cleanses from all sin;
To feel that life which God implants within.

Blood freed his soul from Hell's terrific hold,
 Brought him a brand to Jesus' long-loved fold.
 God stopp'd not here, but soon ordain'd the man
 To preach salvation, on the gospel plan;
 For He who wrote on Sinai's barren steep
 Wrote on his heart *Election's mysteries deep.*
 The news spread round, "A 'fool' is call'd to preach
 A gospel, school-taught bishops never teach."
 The Churchman scorn'd,—the blind free-willer raved,
 When GADSBY cried, "*None but the elect are saved;*
Saved in Immanuel, long before the flood,
Or Heaven's blue arches on their pillars stood;
Saved without works, without one jot of merit;
But fore-ordain'd, God's kingdom to inherit."
 These truths he preach'd; and preach'd that *creature power,*
 To please Jehovah, fell in Eden's bower;
 Man (sin by nature) must again be born,
 Or be from endless bliss for ever torn.
 "These lead to sin," the merit-mongers cry;
 But, while they rail'd, his *actions* gave the lie.
 Silk gowns had oft to preach to empty pews,
 While crowds from GADSBY heard the gospel news.
 The Lord was with him; and through Albion's isle
 The *quicken'd sinner* met him with a smile;
 Confess'd by preaching he for sin was grieved;
 For mercy cried, and on the Lord believed.
 In July's heat, or chill December's snow,
 Where God prepared, he murmur'd not to go;
 In cellar, barn, or humble cottage door,
 Glad tidings met the broken-hearted poor.
 Girded with truth, he paced from town to town,
 To speak of Christ, the plant of great renown.
 And Lancashire will miss the gospel bell
 That chimed redemption from the power of hell;
 For Blackburn oft has join'd with him to sing
 The notes which from a free-grace gospel spring,
 "*Immortal honours rest on Jesus' head,*
My God, my portion, and my living bread."
 Ye chosen few who meet in Rosendale,
 And heard with joy the never-tiring tale,
 "*In him I live, upon him cast my care:*
He saves from death, destruction, and despair;"
 And Bury's saints, who wade through flood and fire,
 With cheerful hearts have join'd the sacred choir,
 "*He is my refuge in each deep distress;*
The Lord my strength, and glorious righteousness."
 Ye tried, truth-loving band, at Upper Mill,
 What lately join'd the tongue which now lies still,
 "*Through floods and flames he leads me safely on,*
And daily makes his sov'reign goodness known."
 And Warrington has saints who claim'd a part
 With him to bring the incense of the heart,
 "*My every need he richly will supply;*
Nor will his mercy ever let me die."
 And Liverpool's adopted sons could taste
 The pomegranate which these two lines embrace:—

*"In him there dwells a treasure all divine;
 And matchless grace has made that treasure mine."*
 And Rochdale's flock, in good JOHN KERSHAW's care,
 Had heart-felt union with the following prayer:—
*"O that my soul could love and praise him more,
 His beauties trace, his majesty adore."*
 And Accrington has her desires express'd
 With him to enter into Jesus' rest,
*"Live near his heart, upon his bosom lean,
 Obey his voice, and all his will esteem."*
 And London churches have not yet forgot
 (Or, if they have, I think the Jews* have not)
 The man who touch'd Salvation's joyous springs,
 Sow'd in the Spirit, reap'd your carnal things.
 But now no more you'll hear his welcome voice
 Describe the feelings of the Saviour's choice.
 He speaks no more on earth; 'tis God's behest
 To take his servant to eternal rest.
 One moment here he sore in anguish lies;
 The next, he's free with Jesus in the skies,
 In endless bliss, a Threë-One God to prize.
 We mourn his loss; but more the aged poor,
 Who found an easy access to his door;
 They shared his bounty, from his table fed,
 And oft from him received their daily bread:
 And pining sickness; on a bed of grief,
 Unask'd, obtain'd, but ne'er refused relief.
 Yet Slander tried to feast her lie-fed maw,
 And in his conduct listen'd for a flaw,—
"He speaks for lucre." Hell disowns the lie,
 And man (base wretch!) acknowledges, "Tis I."
"He's hoarded thousands." Q thou sland'rous tongue!
 Black is the heart from whence those lies have sprung.
 Where are his hoards of wealth? say where.
 Go ask the needy, and you'll find them there.
 Low in his own esteem, he wish'd to be
"Less than nothing," lighter than vanity.
 Whate'er of Jesus in his life you trace,
 He lived and died a debtor to free grace.

* During the great depression of trade in 1826, Mr. Gadsby was at London, and mentioned the state of the starving poor, when immense quantities of old clothes were given to him for them.

— The couplets in italics form a sweet hymn composed by Mr. Gadsby.

Notice concerning the late Mr. Gadsby.

We believe we need scarcely say that, in common with the Church of God, we lament the removal of our dear friend, the late William Gadsby. We have received several letters on his decease, which we should wish to insert, and had indeed also prepared some remarks of our own, but find ourselves too much pressed for time to insert them in our present number. We hope, however, to do so in our next, and trust that his and our friends will excuse the temporary delay.—EDS.

THE
GOSPEL STANDARD,
OR,
FEEBLE CHRISTIAN'S SUPPORT.

"Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled."—Matt. v. 6.

"Who hath saved us, and called us with an holy calling, not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began."—2 Tim. i. 9.

"The election hath obtained it, and the rest were blinded."—Rom. xi. 7.

"If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest.—And they went down both into the water, both Philip and the eunuch; and he baptized him.—In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."—Acts viii. 37, 38; Matt. xxviii. 19.

No. 101. MAY, 1844. Vol. X.

THE EXCEEDING GREATNESS OF THE POWER
OF GOD IN THE SOUL OF SARAH WIGHT.

(Concluded from page 103.)

May 31st, being Monday, came to her the Lady Willoughby, of Parham, with Dr. Cox, physician, and Mrs. Cox, Mr. and Mrs. Adderley, then of the Charter-house, &c.

Having heard of her great comforts, Dr. Cox put several questions to her, which, with her answers, were to this effect:

Dr. Cox. Some say of your comfort that it is but a delusion, some say it is not. How do you know it is no delusion?

Sarah. You cannot know what my comforts are, except you knew what my terrors were; but I believe the Lord did not keep me in them, and carry me through them, and deliver me from them, (not from one, but from all my fears,) and give me comfort, to delude me with his comfort; for nothing could satisfy me in those terrors but Christ; therefore it is apparent that it is Christ, because nothing else could do it, to free me from one of my terrors, much less to free me from all. Could anything keep me from such great temptations but the power of God? (Then she told of some of her temptations.)

Question. How do you know it was the power of God?

Answer. Because it was the bare arm of God that brought salvation to me. (Isa. lix. 16.) Nothing else could and nothing else did it. I went about seeking rest, and could find none, till he gave me rest.

Question. How know you this working in you is the Spirit of God?

Answer. Where the Spirit of God is, there is liberty. He sets the soul at liberty that was in bondage; for I was in bondage. The

other is a spirit of error, this is the Spirit of Truth; the other is the spirit of darkness, this is the Spirit of Light. This is the Spirit of Truth, and not of error, because he leads the soul into all truth; and he set me at liberty, so that I am not under the law, but under grace. (2 Cor. iii. 17; John xvi. 13; Rom. vi. 14.)

Question. How or in what sense are you not under the law?

Answer. Because the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and of death, "For what the law could not do, being weak, &c." (Rom. viii. 2, 3.) It was weak to pardon my sin, and to carry it into the land of forgetfulness; therefore God sending his Son, condemns sin, and saves the sinner, even me, the chiefest of sinners.

Question. Have you sin in you?

Answer. Yes; a thorn in the flesh, as Paul had, to humble me, but not to condemn me. (2 Cor. xii. 7.)

Question. Do you think that others judge of your condition now as that of hypocrisy?

Answer. They that saw or knew me in my terrors, when I could not be ruled, might well know that nothing but the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, could so rule me, who was as Ephraim, an untamed heifer. (Phil. iv. 7; Jer. xxxi. 18.) (She spoke this very low.)

Question. Why do you speak no louder? Are you weaker with your joys than you were with your terrors?

Answer. I had more cause in my terrors, when I abused my body, but I never felt it till now. I beat my head against the wall, and took my flesh in my teeth, and the more and oftener I did it the less I felt it. And when I had an opportunity against my life and did not take it, then I beat myself for it after all, because it took no effect; or if I spoke anything that was offensive to any with me, or did what I should not, when it was brought to my mind afterwards, then I abused my body for it most of all; and that I did so then is the cause why I lie here now, for now that He hath brought me to myself I feel it. He did not only bring my soul to hell and brought it back again, but my body to the grave, that he might raise it up again, if he see good. (1 Sam. ii. 6, 7.)

Question. Why do you not eat? Why do they not get things for you, that you may rise again?

Answer. I do eat; but it is meat that the world knows not of, but those that taste it. His words were found, and I did eat them. (Jer. xv. 16.) His words are the joy and rejoicing of my heart; his words of mercy, and love, and joy in the Holy Ghost, which fill an empty soul indeed, as I was; which is meat indeed, both to soul and body, at the present.

Question. Do you not refuse the creatures out of temptation?

Answer. No, for I would eat if I could. My stomach was then so filled with terror that I could not eat; and now it is filled with joy. If I could, I would take the creatures, but for the present I cannot; but if he see it best for his glory and my good, I wait for a power from him for this, as well as for the rest that he hath done for me, for

I know that all power is in his hand, and all my times are in his hand, therefore I desire to wait on him.

Question. Could you endure to be mocked, and scoffed, and jeered at in the world? If some should say, this is she that was mad, or that counterfeited, could you endure it?

Answer. It is no more than my Lord and Master was before me. They said he was mad and had a devil, and the soldiers mocked him. Let me undergo the uttermost, I do but follow his steps; and if I will be one of Christ's, I must do so. He suffered it but for such a one as I, though he was the Son of God; yet he made himself of no reputation. And what was it for, but to die for me, the chiefest of sinners, that I might live; to have life from him, that I might live to him. (1 Pet. ii. 22; Luke xiv. 26; Phil. ii. 7, 8; 2 Cor. v. 14, 15.)

Question. Could you be content with Christ alone now, and take no comfort in anything in the world, but be satisfied with him alone?

Answer. Yes, very well; for he is a satisfying Christ; for, having him, I have enough, I have all things. Therefore I desire not to look after pleasures in the world, for I have enough in him, for he is full of satisfaction, and I have tasted of that fulness, grace for grace. (Phil. iv. 14, 15; John i. 16.)

Question. Do you love God now more than you did before?

Answer. I know not that ever I loved him before, for I had no love at all, neither to the Creator nor to the creature, for all were enemies. All the sight of God I had then was that he was an enemy. I saw no excellency, nor beauty, nor comeliness in him to be desired at all. (Tit. iii. 3; Isa. liii. 2.) I was a child of wrath, dead in trespasses and sins; a stranger from the covenant of promise; without God, without hope, far off from God; indeed I was an enemy to God. Yet he was pleased to reconcile enemies; therefore it is free love to love such a one, to quicken such a one, to bring such a one near that was so far off. It was love indeed that made me love him. It was this that made me to see a beauty and excellency in him, which made me to love him above ten thousand worlds, if all the glory of them were in one, and given to me. I see more to be desired in him, in the least glimpse of him, than in them all. Therefore I look on him above them all. When I saw him as an enemy to me, I could not love him; but now I see him a reconciled God in Jesus Christ to such an enemy as I, even I, the chiefest of sinners, which constrains me to love him. (2 Cor. v. 14.)

Question. Do you pray?

Answer. I do pray; but it is that the Lord would give me submission to his will. As long as I am in the body, I have cause to pray. I cannot forget to pray for troubled souls that come hither to me; but for myself, my chief work is now to praise the Lord for what he hath done to my soul; for praise waiteth for God in Zion, and for what waits it, but for Zion's deliverance from her hard bondage? Zion was a wilderness, desolate, forsaken, forgotten of God, for the present, in her own apprehension; and when God is pleased, in fulness of time, to manifest himself, and to show his love to Zion freely, and to marry her to himself, (such a one as I was,) and to es-

tablish Zion on a sure foundation, that is, upon himself, though the mountains and hills depart, yet his loving kindness shall not depart. Then praises wait for God in Zion, for Zion then hath answer of her prayers. (Ps. lxxv. 1.)

June 3rd, 1647. She told the relator how the Lord prevented her ruin about February last, namely, that one night she watched till her mother was asleep, and then stole out softly from her, taking the key of the buttery door, which she opened, went in, and locked the door, taking the key with her, to make surer her dispatch without interference; and there being a window to the house tiles, she crept out, (to do like Judas, cast herself down to destroy herself,) and in the dark she saw there a fire, and Satan as a roaring lion in it. Yet still, being persuaded, through his delusion, there was no other hell but what she felt in her conscience, she went within a quarter of a yard of the edge, being ready to leap down, when none could see or hear her, and there was no creature to hinder her. Then was this spoken to her distinctly, "Thou shalt not fall down and burst asunder, as Judas did, and so dishonour God that made thee." Upon this, the sight vanished, as if it never had been; and she fell not down, being thus kept from it, and sat down by the chimney, and after a while, beat her head against it till it was abundantly swollen, and the more she dashed it (then and at other times) the less she felt it. Her tender mother awaking, missed her, and sought about, and caused the buttery door to be broken open, and crept out, and there found her daughter, who had not power then to leap down from her; but when her mother would have her come in at the window, she tumbled down, her head falling upon the bricks, which, with other such hurts before and after, (she often so beating her head,) was one occasion of her pained head and the great weakness of her eyes latterly, since her soul's deliverance.

After that desperate attempt, she had secretly got a knife and hid it, to dispatch herself; and then she was glad, and not so troubled, so that her mother hoped she was now better; and on a Monday morning, she desired of her mother to hear the lecture at night by Mr. Carter, at Fish-street-hill, and first entreated that she might go to see a neighbour, which her mother granted, hoping she now might trust her to go. That neighbour not being within, it was cast in her mind to go to Lambeth Marsh, (which she had also purposed in the morning,) for the purpose of dispatching herself; and, therefore, she had taken the knife also with her. Over the bridge she thus went, and quickly came to Lambeth Marsh. There she went towards the trees, and saw them dry, without leaves or fruit, and thought that so was her soul as they. She sat down by a ditch, and studied whether she should drown herself in the Thames or there; and concluded there, because there it was more private, that none might hinder her. Then she thought, as she had often thought on the like sad occasion, she must, like Judas, first repent, and then undo herself, (Mat. xxvii. 3,) as if *that* would serve. While she was about this, two that seemed to be ministers saw her sitting there alone, came to her, and asked her how she did, (for now they saw her weeping,) and why

she sat there. She had no power to conceal it, but said, "I am not well; I am as sad a creature as any on earth. I see my condemnation, and nothing else. I cannot be well till I have taken away my life."

Minister. Whither were you going?

Sarah. I had thoughts of hearing Mr. Carter on Fish-street-hill.

Minister. This is not a place for such a one to sit in, and by God's help we will bring you thither.

So thither they brought her. But as she went, it was put in her mind to go thence that night to the Dog-house, (which she had heard of,) in Moorfields, there to offer herself to the dogs, to eat her up, that her mother might never hear of her more. But at the sermon, her mother, who was seeking her, espied her; and she hid herself behind others, but her mother again found her, and had her brought home. This was about a month before the 6th of April before said, of her deliverance.

June 10th, 1647. It being now above seventy-five days since she ate, and full sixty-five days since she sipped or drank two days together, her drink being only fair water for about twenty days, and since that some small beer; and both these only at once, still in two, three, or four days, of late in four or five days once, and then no more till about so long after, she having never been able to stir out of bed since the 6th April, being sixty-five days, through her great weakness, especially in her head, by her beating it against the walls in her terrors. She now was very weak and unlikely to live, unless she partook of something, (except he who miraculously had upheld her so long should still hold out the same power and goodness unto her,) not having taken so much as a sip of anything for four or five days past, nor so much as moistened her mouth or lips in all that time, and had enjoyed very little rest for a week together or more. The relator perceiving it now, as from time to time formerly, spoke to her about eating or drinking somewhat.

Sarah. I am neither hungry nor thirsty.

Relator. I have sometimes neglected my body, till I saw I must not wrong the temple of the Holy Ghost; and then I durst not but eat, though I had no mind to it, because it is an ordinary means of preserving life and health. (1 Cor. iii. 17.)

Sarah. I cannot do it. I do not abstain out of wilfulness, for I would eat if I could; nor have I any command or temptation in my spirit against it, as if I should not, but it is because I cannot. When I have tried, I am the worse by it; I cannot digest it, and the smell of it hurts me.

The relator durst not then further urge her; and being ready to depart, she entreated his visiting some of the despairing souls that had been with her, and to pray for them, and for herself, that she might quietly submit to the will of God; to live or die, for she found not such contentedness to live as she desired, but rather longing to be dissolved, to be with Christ, which was best of all for her. (Phil. i. 23.)

So he left her, more drooping, weak, and pensive than at any time.

She was now, to the eye of man, drawing near to death, as he apprehended; and she was much affected with it, and spoke of it to some. But yet, remembering some expressions of faith that she had uttered before, touching the raising up of her body as well as her soul, he had hopes the Lord would yet raise up her body, to the praise of his name and the refreshing of others that are despairing, disconsolate souls. And now behold and see the Lord's doing, for it is marvellous, and worthy to be remembered.

That day, and until about ten o'clock at night, and all the foregoing week, especially on and since the previous Tuesday, she had these words following her, and still, as it were, spoken to her again and again, namely, "With long life will I satisfy thee." (Ps. xxi. 16.) At first she took it to be meant of eternal life in glory, and rejoiced in it; but when it was opened to her to be of long life here, she thought that would not satisfy her, and therefore she would not regard it, being so desirous to be absent from the body and to be present with Jesus Christ; (2 Cor. v. 8;) having a little glimpse of him she felt it was so sweet; she so desired the full fruition of him, that she was not contented to live, as was meet; and now, having a sight of it, she desired prayer for her, that she might quietly lie down at the feet of God, to do with her as he would; that she might not be so weary of the condition the Lord allotted to her. About ten at night this came, as if it had been whispered to her soul from God; "Thou hast not wearied me with thy sacrifices, but thou hast wearied me with thy sins; yet I, even I, am he that blotteth out thy transgressions for mine own name's sake, and will not remember thy sins." (Isa. xlii. 22, 25.) "Thou art mine, my desire is towards thee; I will heal thy backslidings, I will love thee freely." (Hosea. xiv. 4.) I forgive all thy sins for my name's sake, as though they had never been committed. Come and see how I have loved thee, how I have ever loved thee! Behold and admire this love of mine. Fathom this sea of my love if thou canst, which drowns the multitude of thy sins, and see how I ever loved thee from eternity with an endless, boundless, and everlasting love. The multitude of thy sins and number of thy transgressions against me shall never be able to separate the union that I have made between thee and me." (Jer. xxxi. 3; Rom. viii. 35, 39.)

This manifestation exceedingly melted her heart, and the more abased her soul before him; and she said, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" It was answered, as that to Paul, "Arise and go to Damascus, and there it shall be told thee what thou shalt do." (Acts xxii. 10.) So it was given her to understand that she must arise from that sinful condition, and go out of herself to Christ, and he would tell her what she must do. And as he said to Paul, "Rise, and stand upon thy feet, for I have appeared to thee for this purpose, to make thee a minister and a witness, both of the things thou hast seen and in the which I will appear unto thee. (Acts xxvi. 16.) So God had bid her rise, and he had raised her soul from the lowest hell; and now he persuaded her that he would raise her body also, that she might be a witness of the grace of God, to minister to others what he had administered unto her; and that, as Paul should be witness both of

the sufferings of Christ for him and of his own sufferings for the name of Christ, so she should be a witness of both in like manner, and set to her seal that God is true in whatsoever he hath spoken, and cannot deny himself; and as Paul, when he was to live and suffer many things, said, "None of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry;" (Acts xx. 24;) so she must not count her life dear to herself; no, not her being with Christ, which is far better than this life; being confident that she should finish her course with joy; but now she must testify and minister that grace of God that she had received unto others.

Yet there came one place more, more full, more particular, and more familiar, "Talitha cumi: Damsel, I say unto thee, arise; and straightway the damsel arose and walked. And he commanded that something should be given her to eat." (Mark v. 41, 42, 43.) Here was her eating, arising, and walking. And a full persuasion was given her therewith that so it should be with herself. Thus she lay, fully confirmed therein, not sleeping that night at all, but enjoying sweet communion with God till the morning. And on the 2nd of June, when her mother awoke and was rising, she spoke to her with tears in her eyes, being grieved that, through her pensiveness, she had not spoken a word to her mother, and thereby might offend her. She entreated her pardon, which was sooner granted than asked. Then she declared what sweet refreshings the Lord had given, that night, with power, to her soul, in behalf of her body's restoration; and named the several places before given, the chapter and verse, as they were given to her that night, so as they never had been given to her in all her life before, desiring the maid who attended her to turn to the scriptures one by one, which she did; and read them, to the last; declaring with what power the word came unto her, the last being, "Damsel, I say unto thee, arise; and commanded that something should be given her to eat." So now she desired they would give her something to eat; and on being demanded what, she desired they should give her some broiled fish, which was a strange expression to them from one who had not ate a crumb of bread or other meat in seventy-six days, nor so much as wet her lips for the last four or five days. But as she spoke with such power and evidence, they believed. Fish was got and broiled, and brought to her; and she, with joy in the Lord, did eat of it heartily before them, and said she ate it because Jesus Christ had sweetened it before; therefore, she said, she found as much savour, and satisfaction, and delight in it as if she had all the dainties and delights in the world in one; so was this unto her.

Having eaten and been refreshed, without finding the least disorder or inconvenience thereby, she blessed the Lord. She then called for her clothes. She had not been able to rise or to hold up her head any while in the bed from the 6th of April until now, the 11th of June, being sixty-six days. Her clothes having been given her, she put them on, and arose and stood on her feet, and sat down in the chamber, joyful in the Lord, receiving no hurt thereby. When

she called for the fish, as she said, she had this apprehension cast unto her, "Thou hast fasted long; thou shalt fast no longer; it is but to make my power known to the sons of men, what I have done and what I can do." Thus the Lord prolonged her life by faith in the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth. Thus by faith did she eat and arise, and believe she should walk also. The two former she did that instant, the 11th of June; the third was reserved to try her and others till the Lord should see fittest.

[We need scarcely say how much we have been interested with the preceding account, which is taken, with some alterations, from the fourth edition of an old work, entitled, "The exceeding Riches of Grace advanced," written by Mr. Henry Jesse, first an Independent, then a Baptist minister, in 1648. It is indeed a wonderful, or rather miraculous display of God's providence and grace, and we think carries with it its own testimony to the conscience. The wisdom and savour of Sarah's answers after her deliverance are exceedingly striking. The most staggering circumstance is the length of Sarah's fast. But we think that three answers may be given to any suspicions that may arise on that score. 1. Sarah herself always ascribed it to the miraculous power of God; and with Him all things are possible. 2. There are nearly similar cases of lengthened fasting on record, one of a young student mentioned by Dr. Willan, who fasted nearly as long as Sarah. 3. There are more than thirty witnesses to the truth of it mentioned in the original work, several of whom, amongst them Saltmarsh, were well-known ministers.—Eds.]

A SKETCH OF THE CHARACTER AND MINISTRY OF THE LATE MR. GADSEY.

I give a few thoughts, agreeably to request, on the character of the late Mr. Gadsby, not to praise the man, but the grace of God in him, and that the generation to come may know that in Manchester "a prophet hath been among them," taught by the Spirit, and commissioned by Christ to preach "the glorious gospel of the blessed God," for the obedience of faith, and for a witness against the ungodly at the appearing of Jesus Christ. In so doing I wish it to be understood that I do not give the following brief outline of his character to commend his memory to the children of God scattered abroad, as I believe that the testimony of God by his mouth has done that long ago in many of their hearts.

1. As it respects his natural disposition, when crossed and put much out of the way, he was rather passionate and hasty, but he was kind, free, benevolent, and hospitable. He made no pretensions to human learning, but he was not an ignorant man; he knew human nature well, and the nature of the world, and the things of it too. His natural talents were good and powerful. He had a capacious, clear, and strong mind—apt in conception, quick in perception, deep in penetration, humorous and keen in wit, sound, comprehensive, and decisive in judgment. These were some of the natural qualities of his mind as man, which, when guided and regulated by the indwelling of the blessed Spirit and his divine operations, were one means of making him an able minister of the New Testament, and a burning and shining light in his day.

2. His habits of life were plain and simple. He never stooped to

assume the foppish and fashionable manœuvres and manners of the age, doubtless considering them unbecoming the simplicity of the truth as it is in Jesus. On the other hand, he was not morosely reserved and uncivilly distant, but affable and courteous, as far as was consistent with truth and conscience. On this account many respected him as a man who hated or knew nothing of the truths which he preached. He was frugal, careful, and prudent in domestic affairs, but disliked penuriousness and illiberality.

3. As it respects his religion, I think I have heard him say that the Lord made himself known to his soul when he was about or near the age of eighteen years. He used to say, when referring to that period, that before he was savingly convinced of sin he had a sense of sin, and great fears of hell and the devil, but that in all these convictions and fears there was no grace. But when the Lord the Spirit convicted him of sin, he felt it was against the Lord that he had sinned, and felt the fear of the Lord more than of Satan, which caused him to cry and beg for mercy. After this, while he was very ignorant literally and young spiritually, the Spirit revealed and powerfully applied to his soul justification by the righteousness of Christ, opening up to his mind the glory of this doctrine, and gave him some deep, clear, and comprehensive views of the glorious "mysteries of God, and of the Father, and of Christ," (Col. ii. 2,) and made them unctuous and sweet to his soul. Possessed of this experience, and urged by a few friends around him of like experience, he began to preach to them in a barn near Hinckley, I believe. No man was more sensible of the overpowering filth of the human heart, which caused him many sighs and groans.

I do not think that any minister of the Lord of life was ever upheld by the hand of God in a more consistent and blameless life for so long a period. His walk and conversation were an ornament to the pure and sound doctrines he preached; and yet, at times, O the distress and trembling fears he had lest he should be left to fall into some sin, and disgrace the blessed truth of God! such was the working of corrupt nature within and the feeling sense of his own weakness to stand; but the Lord most graciously held him up, and brought him honourably through all. These things were means, in the hand of God, of making him a powerful and comforting minister of the Spirit of life. Once when a noted minister in Manchester fell into sin, it distressed his soul almost to agony lest he should be permitted to fall into a similar sin. He endured temptations, suffered trials and afflictions of almost every kind, too numerous to mention, and many times laboured under the painful sense of coldness, deadness, barrenness, and all the fruits of depraved and helpless nature. These things were deeply and repeatedly experienced by him. On the other hand, he was frequently favoured with solemn and glorious faith's views of the eternal love of God, the glorious mysteries of redemption, and the sweet anointing and sealing power of the blessed Spirit. The Lord led his mind clearly into the deep things of God, and sealed them home with such sweet power as to assure him of his interest in them. He was blest with a clear, comprehensive, and sound

judgment in the harmony of truth, and loved to keep a clear distinction betwixt the law of works and the gospel of free grace, and betwixt the religion of human nature and the religion of the Holy Ghost. In short, a sense of what he was by nature, a sense of the fiery temptations and wily snares of Satan, and a sense of what he was in and by the Lord Jesus, were variously and copiously experienced by him.

4. As a servant of the Lord, he was "an able minister of the New Testament, *not of the letter, but of the spirit*;" and, at times, his preaching was powerful and full of majesty. To the truth of this he has perhaps more witnesses in this kingdom than any other man. He was, by the grace of God working in him and by him, enabled to make full proof of his ministry. The blessed Spirit often clothed his speech with power and demonstration to the souls of the people. His language was not in the words of man's wisdom; it was plain, accurate, and expressive: his method clear, and always aiming at the point in the text. When the Lord touched his heart with the sweetness of the truth, while preaching, it filled him with energy and zeal, and sometimes the tone of his voice told the sweet sensations and anointings of the blessed Spirit in his heart; and when dwelling upon the glories of Christ and his fulness, and the bliss and blessedness of the church triumphant, his soul was wrapped up in ecstasy, and his preaching at these seasons was powerful and brilliant. As to faithfulness, he paid no more regard to offending Arminians and Fullerites than he would to Satan and his agents, for the sentiments of these classes he abhorred, and always set his face as an iron pillar and brazen wall against them. He had not that keen and searching manner of separation that some of the Lord's servants have, (for every servant of the Lord has his own work to do, and his own manner of doing it,) but he was very faithful, and at the same time, with the people of God, forbearing. He had a particular manner, peculiar to himself, of simplifying and entering into the various feelings and exercises of the Lord's quickened people. The burden of his ministry seemed chiefly to consist of three particulars: 1. In laying bare the death, depravity, deceit, and helplessness of human nature. 2. In tracing out the first work of divine quickening in the cries, desires, and sensations of the living soul, and the various trials and temptations of God's afflicted sheep of slaughter. (Zech. xi. 7.) 3. In holding forth the rich glories of eternal grace and love in the covenant purposes of God the Father, the mediatorial glories of the God-Man, the inseparable union of the church with him, and her completeness in him, having all fulness treasured up there; and the effectual operations and sweet anointings of the Holy Ghost in the heart. These things he held forth with powerful majesty as he was enabled by the Lord working in him mightily. (Col. i. 29.) He naturally had a great degree of eccentric wit, which he sometimes used in the pulpit, and which was frequently a source of grief and uneasiness to his mind, but it frequently beseeemed him when it does not his imitators, as something weighty and solemn generally succeeded it, but even this failing the Lord overruled for good. Many on that account heard

him who otherwise would not have done, and sometimes, at these seasons, he made powerful and convincing illustrations. Referring to his humourousness in preaching, an old minister in Lady Huntingdon's connexion told him of it, and wished him to avoid it, when he replied "If I must study to do that, I cannot preach at all :—" "Then," said the other, "go on." His language at times in the pulpit to nice ears might appear coarse and too plain, but he did not study to please the ears of fleshly hearers with fine speech or eloquent "words of man's wisdom," for that makes the cross of Christ of no effect; ("not with wisdom of words, lest the cross of Christ should be made of none effect;") (1 Cor. i. 17;) but that plain language and those (to some too) familiar figures manifested the independence of the preacher's soul, and freedom and deliverance from the thralldom and systems of men; and also proved that the truths which he preached were realities possessed in his own heart, and that he neither learnt, borrowed, nor stole them, nor his manner of delivering them, from others, but were truly original, as must be the case with every sent servant of the Lord. He did not, therefore, come into the thick forest of religious profession in Lancashire to fell the trees of self-righteousness with a borrowed axe. (2 Kings vi. 5.) The Lord placed him in a large field, and owned his word by him extensively. Many souls were brought out of Arminian and legal bondage by him, many comforted and watered, and some quickened into life. God made him the honoured instrument of planting and confirming many churches in the truth in Lancashire and elsewhere, so that he may be called "the great Apostle of the North," as J. C. P. once said of him, nor do I believe so great a preacher (taking his labours as a whole) has been raised up in this land for very many years. That great man of God, W. Huntington, was a greater and more useful writer to the church of God, but, as far as I know, I believe W. Gadsby was a greater and more powerful preacher, and his ministry more widely extended over the land. He preached the doctrines of grace clearly and harmoniously, but not in that dry, formal, systematic manner which some of his imitators do. He learnt them by the divine light and unctuous teaching of the Spirit, and preached them in the same, and so the Lord frequently owned them to the souls of his people. Notwithstanding this, he at different times endured many trials and perils in his own church from false brethren, and divisions caused by heretics. His constant and strenuous contention for the doctrines of free grace, and the gospel liberty of the children of God, in opposition to workmongers and letter professors, caused him to be maliciously and notoriously branded with the epithet of Antinomian, and his personal character vilely disparaged by wicked and graceless professors. But the Lord stood by him, and kept him faithful to the end, and brought him to his latter end in honour and high esteem among many friends for the truth's sake. Some said, "he was sunk in his sentiments at the latter end," but this is a base falsehood, and I give it a flat contradiction. He died with the sweetness and power of those truths in his heart which he had preached nearly fifty years. By some he has been charged with "petty jealousies;" but if his own words are to be be-

lieved, this is not true, for he has told me to the contrary. Others have called him "a pope;" but nothing could be farther from his wish and feelings than to be considered such. He was esteemed and looked up to as a father in the truth, and an able minister of the New Testament by many of the Lord's people; but if any esteemed him otherwise, he did not own it or receive it.

His benevolence to the poor, his humane disposition, his liberal principles, and good nature, compelled even his enemies frequently to speak well of him, and many of them to be at peace with him. "When a man's ways please the Lord, he maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him." (Prov. xvi. 7.) Notwithstanding, because he lived godly in Christ Jesus, he suffered much tongue persecution. In him that scripture was surely fulfilled, "them that honour me, I will honour," (1 Sam. ii. 30,) for the Lord brought him to his end in honour and respect. His life and his death were a blessing to my soul. I heard him preach fifteen times. Three times were his sermons blessed to my soul, the last time very sweetly, and at the news of his death the Lord softened and solemnized my soul, and raised my heart up to himself; and I believe my heart prayed that a double portion of that Spirit that was upon him might be upon me, (2 Kings ii. 2,) and for some days the solemnity and reality of death and glory to the saints was much upon my mind. I experienced, too, a feeling of gratitude and love to the Lord for his great grace and kindness to this his honoured servant. By the grace of God he has fought the good fight of faith and finished his course, and is now gone up to his rest, and to be crowned with the crown of righteousness, glory, and eternal life.

Prætor.

J. M.K.

THE UNITY OF THE SPIRIT, AND THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS; FROM THE PEN OF THE BLESSED AND IMMORTAL COALHEAVER.

Betty,—Is it well with thee? Is it well with thy brother? Is it well with thy child? Is thy supposed righteousness discovered? Does the fig-leaf dress begin to wither? Does the supposed web appear to be nothing but net-work? Is that covering too narrow to hide all the guilt and shame that the glorious light of the gospel makes manifest? Is that bed too short for thy wearied soul to stretch itself upon, or find rest in? Does the perfect commandment appear exceeding broad; dead works, eye-service, and partial obedience too scanty to reach the infinite dimensions? Is Christ, in his active obedience, the end of the moral, and Christ, as a sacrifice, the end of the ceremonial law for righteousness, the only object looked to and depended on for justification before God, and acceptance with him? Is this first and best robe, this garment of needlework, this fine linen, this divine skirt, this wedding garment, seen, admired, approved, revealed, applied, received, put on, and walked in? If so, the King's daughter is all glorious within, and her garment is of wrought gold; with joy and rejoicing shall she be brought, and shall

enter into the King's palace. Yes, the above work is in part already done: it is meet for me to think this of my daughter; for if the Lord draws near to a self-lost, self-despairing, self-condemned sinner, his reward is with him; the Spirit of faith prepares the way, opens the heart and the door of faith; and the King of glory, with all the benefits of his cross, enters in, when every thought is entertained, and every faculty of the soul hails the King of the Jews. O Betty, when I consider the unfeigned faith that is in thee, that dwelt first in thy great grandmother Eve, in thy mother Sarah, and, I am persuaded, in thee also! O that I yet may, through the good hand of God upon me, creep into a few more houses, and lead captive these silly women, until every thought of their hearts be brought into captivity to the obedience of Christ! The heifer that is taught shall submit to the Saviour's yoke; the wild ass that is used to the wilderness, that snuffeth up the wind at her pleasure, shall be found in her month; (Jer. ii. 24;) the young asses that ear the ground shall eat clean provender; the ox shall know his master's crib; and the good shepherd shall lead them that are with young. Faithful is he that hath promised, who also will do it. God hath spoken in his holiness. Rejoice, O my soul! thy name shall be Legion, for we shall be many; a small one shall become a thousand. God will perform it in his time. Plough with thy Master's heifer, and thou shalt make known this riddle. The union of saints, Betty, stands in the confidence of every believer meeting together in Christ crucified, in order to receive righteousness, life, pardon, and peace in him. This is meeting together in the unity of the faith. God shining with approbation in the heart of every saint, and giving them to see the glory of God in the face of Jesus, makes them all light in the Lord. The secret of God's predestination and the death of Christ for the elect only being seen; approved, credited, and embraced, under the renewing operation and divine application of the Spirit of all grace, is being of one mind and one judgment in the Lord; a most cordial affection to the Saviour above every other object, under the influence of the Spirit of love and power, is being joined to the Lord, and one spirit with him; to have the mystery of iniquity in one's own heart laid open by the Spirit, makes us at once acquainted with the lost estate of all that Jesus came to seek and save; "As in water face answereth to face, so doth the heart of man to man;" to feel the blessed effects of the pardoning voice of the blood of sprinkling, is meeting with all saints at the fountain God has opened for the household of David and the inhabitants of Jerusalem. The union of saints consists of drinking into one Spirit, holding the unity of the same in the bond of peace, and in maintaining mutual hold of the Covenant-Head, from which all the body mystical, by the joints and bands of love and peace being knit together in Christ, and having nourishment ministered from his fulness, increaseth in number and in knowledge, by the blessed increase of God. The communion of saints consists in being enabled, under God, to communicate knowledge, comfort, strength, refreshing, encouragement, support, reviving dew and holy unction, seasonable words and the salt of grace, to cheer drooping hearts and revive lam-

guid spirits; it is comforting with apples and staying with flagons jealous souls who are sick of love; it is to feel for them, condole with them, succour them, suckle them, and swaddle them; it is to solve their hard questions, disentangle their perplexities, unriddle their intricacies, take up their stumblingblocks, dissolve their doubts, and remove their prejudices; it is to drop a tear in their sorrows, to rejoice in their prosperity, to feel their cares, bear a part of their burdens, pray for them, and make intercession with God in their behalf; it is to be on one's guard in their company, to restrain Christian liberty in compliance with their infant weakness, to check their fleshly savour, to heighten their views, enforce a pure language and the force of truth, to correct their mistakes, to rectify their errors, to pull down their aspiring notions, rebuke their follies, silence their murmuring, curb their pride, and provoke them to emulation when they get cold and lifeless, to shun them in their self-conceit, to whip them if they get wise above what is written, and to be shy of them if their walk is unbecoming the gospel of Christ; it is to find them out, and take them out, and take them up, and to bring them to the bar of equity if they prowl beyond their bounds, or break through any of the fences of Zion; it is to break their bones with soft words, to smite them if ungrateful, and to take away their vail from them if they go back to Moses either for justification or perfection.

Such a watchman in Zion is like one of John's four beasts, full of eyes, within and without; and to qualify for such a work a man had need have the wisdom of Solomon, the faith of Abraham, the zeal of Elijah, the knowledge of Paul, the meekness of Moses, and the patience of Job; for "who is sufficient for these things? But our sufficiency is of God;" (2 Cor. iii. 5;) and it is well for the servants of God that it is so; for the children of the night charge us with heresy, the offspring of the flesh exclaim against our bad spirit, and those in the bonds of iniquity censure as licentious our liberty, while the children of falsehood accuse us of errors. Novices give us both correction and counsel; fools attempt to convert us from the error of our ways; those that are at ease call the power of godliness enthusiasm; the hypocrite in Zion blesses God that he is kept from our seduction; while the scorner contemns both the preacher and the preaching.

But, "having obtained help of God, I continue unto this day;" (Acts xxvi. 22;) for "who shall lay any thing to the charge of God's elect," whom the supreme Judge has acquitted? "It is God that justifieth. Who is he that condemneth?" (Rom. viii. 33, 34.) Those that receive the truth, the truth shall make them free; and those that mock shall find their bands made strong. The lips of truth are a sweet savour unto God, both in them that are saved and in them that perish; nor shall any soul living have either dew or rain, but according to the truth of the gospel.

My daughter is a living witness of this truth. She has gone to many a well without water, and returned with her pitcher empty; she has been under many a cloud without rain, and returned, like the mountains of Gilboa, barren enough. But the promise is ful-

filled; God hath heard the cry of the poor and needy; and those whose tongue failed for thirst have found the fountain of living water and the well of salvation. "Drink abundantly, O beloved; drink, and forget thy poverty, and remember thy misery no more." "Go thy way, eat thy bread with joy, and drink thy wine with a merry heart; for God now accepteth thy works," (Eccles. ix. 7.) being the work of faith, labour of love, and patience of hope in our Lord Jesus Christ, into whose merciful hands, and under whose kind protection I commend thee, on whom thou hast believed, who is able to keep thee from falling, and to preserve thee unto his heavenly kingdom and glory; to whom be praise, honour, and glory, by the whole church, throughout all ages, world without end. Amen.

A SINNER SAVED.

"I WILL NEVER LEAVE THEE, NOR FORSAKE THEE."

My dear Friend and Father in Christ,—I received yours last week, and was sorry to hear that you were so poorly in body. What can we expect but affliction, pain, and sorrow in this vale of woe? But that good hand which has supported you for so many years will still bear you up under all your trials and troubles, pains and sorrows, for our God is infinite in power, and none can stay his hand, nor remove the arm which is underneath you. Having embraced you before time he will keep you in and through time, and you will have to praise the Three-One Jehovah for ever for such rich love in the fountain, and the free flowings of the same, in all the promises, types, and prophecies, down through the incarnation, life, death, blood, and sufferings of Immanuel; yea, for the rich flowings of the same into your heart, by the power of the Holy Spirit, who is in you as a well of water springing up into eternal life. Even to this present moment you have had this springing up, and will have, till your soul takes its leap to the Spring Head, to love, gaze, and admire his glorious Person for ever in heaven. But home to glory you cannot go, till the purpose of love is fulfilled concerning you; and as long as there is a soul to be quickened, comforted, or established under you, as an instrument, here you must abide; and when your work is done, then shall you join the ransomed church above, to sing of love in the highest strains. May the Lord enable you to sing aloud, even in the arms of death. How blessed the change! Even while I write, my soul longs for it, for sometimes I think I shall reach the port at last, to be with the Lord and his people for ever, and I do hope that there is a something within me which loves Christ and his people too, neither am I satisfied without the sweet enjoyment of his love and smiles.

I was greatly tried in January last, and on the 23rd of that month I walked about my bed-room, in great distress of mind, and felt as if it were impossible for me ever to get to heaven. I feared to kneel down, and thought that I never could ask the Lord to look upon me any more. I groaned in soul, and after some time got

into bed, and there I lay groaning and saying to myself, "What can I do? Surely the Lord will never again bless my soul with peace." I had such a view of the holiness of God, and such a sight of myself as a sinner, that I was afraid to approach or call upon him. On the day following, while reading some verses in the *Standard* for January, my heart melted within me, and my soul was so blest that I felt well paid for the trouble of distributing sixty-three copies monthly, and I hope that there are many others who can say with truth that this little work has been profitable to them. Indeed I think that I can speak for some of the living family amongst us, who have had reason to bless God for its publication, whatever may be said by some against it.

It is only the wounded soul that knows the blessing of a cure. It is indeed a revealed Christ that can alone satisfy the living child of God, and when he is enjoyed in the soul all is set to rights in a moment.

I have been and still am greatly exercised about coming to M.—. I feel myself to be a poor ignorant creature, and Satan often tells me my mouth will be stopped, and that if I come, that will be the time, for the people there are older in experience, and have a deeper knowledge in divine things. Between sin and Satan I am much exercised, but yet I cannot refuse, and if I come I hope the friends will bear with me, and pray for me.

I remain, yours in gospel bonds,

Oddington, March 17th, 1843.

G. G.

A LETTER FROM THE LATE JOHN SYMONS.

My very dear Friend,—When I met with you at Sherborne, my heart rejoiced to see the grace of God so signally dispensed in calling you out of your own native darkness into his marvellous light; and the reading of your epistle produced a similar effect. Nevertheless there did appear to me a contrast between your conversation at Sherborne, and the communication of the state of your mind by pen from Bere Regis. First, from your own mouth you satisfied me that you were that strong young man who had overcome the wicked one; and I concluded, that by the word of the Lord abiding in you in the power thereof, you went on to resist him, by continuing steadfast in the faith; and also through the same, that you were generally favoured with joy and peace in believing; that you enjoyed much of the presence of the Divine Father, as your reconciled God and Father, and that of Christ Jesus the Lord as your covenant Head, your Redeemer, Elder Brother, Husband and Friend, and every thing else which he is made unto his family; and also that the Holy Ghost was in you and with you to guide you into all truth; and that his movings upon the water of life in your soul made your mouth like a flowing brook, in speaking of the wonders of redeeming love. I did not envy you, knowing that my youthful days were over and gone, and therefore must submit to be the old man encompassed with manifold infirmities, to such a degree as to be unable

to move one step in the Lord's way, do one act for his glory, understand the least portion of his word, think one thought about it, or speak one word of it aright, without the direct operations of his hand upon my soul. But in perusing your letter, I perceive that after you left Sherborne, and returned to your own place, there fell upon you a portion of Abraham's horror of darkness, through which you became as weak as myself, or any other man of God. Well, be it so; because it is the will of the Lord that it should be so. Therefore I can as really and truly rejoice in your weakness, as I did before in your strength. I who am your brother of low degree, do rejoice whenever my Lord and Master is pleased to exalt me; and by the reverse rule is he teaching you to rejoice in that you are made low. "Most gladly therefore will I glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me, for when I am weak, then am I strong." I admire the display and prevaience of the fear of the Lord in you; the sweet spirit of it runs through the whole of your letter: "I will put my fear in their hearts, and they shall not depart from me." And your fearing from the beginning until now lest you should depart from the Lord, is a proof that the blessed Spirit has ever kept alive his own grace in your soul, which is much more manifest in adversity than it is in prosperity. The running in our own ways has caused us many times to stumble, and sometimes to fall; the direful effects of which cause us to tremble at the very thought of moving one step, going any where, or doing any thing, without the Lord's immediate direction. I should be very glad to see you comfortably settled in Bristol, believing it to be the place of your destination. Whether you come to it in a direct line, or by a circuitous route, it matters not; and your heart is now devising his way, but it is the Lord who will direct your path. You hope that he will cut you off from every thing short of himself; this he has done in a great measure, and will perfect that which is lacking; for surely this is the will of the Lord concerning you. As to your leanness of soul, coldness of affection, confused judgment, rebellious heart, &c., I shall not animadvert upon them, but only observe, they are the common lot of the Lord's redeemed; the latter is from Satan, the three former of Divine appointment, as is that also which you call the worst of all, namely, the want of a spirit of prayer, which I have no doubt has been poured upon you ere this, according to the Lord's word of promise, "They shall call upon me, and I will answer them, and will say unto them, It is my people, and they shall say unto me, the Lord is my God."

Last Sabbath morning I spoke from Prov. xiv. 10, "Every heart knoweth his own bitterness, and a stranger doth not intermeddle with his joy." And in the evening from Rom. viii. 6, "To be carnally minded is death, but to be spiritually minded is life and peace." I was highly favoured, bless the Lord, O my soul. And may he help you to preach to yourself and dear partner from the same text. My health, through mercy, has continued up to the present time much the same as when I last wrote to you. We have an old woman, 76 years of age, and a young woman about 26, both

very ill, not expected to recover. They have been, and still are, highly favoured of the Lord. They both "long to depart, and to be with Christ, which is far better." "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." We go on here and at Bath much as usual. We are at peace among ourselves, and have a few in whose hearts the God of peace reigns and rules. I have much to be thankful for. The Lord in mercy favours me at times with the favour that he beareth to his people, in order to show that he is upright, or faithful to his covenant. At the same time, there is not one of your complaints but I am the I would not have them otherwise if I might, for "by these things subject of, and frequently feel them operate very strongly indeed; but men live, and in these things is the life of our spirits" manifested.

Allow me to give my love to your partner, and present the same to the friends at Sherborne when you see them, and accept the same yourself. From your unworthy Brother in Christ Jesus,

Bristol, Dec. 14, 1828.

JOHN SYMONS.

THE ELDER SHALL SERVE THE YOUNGER.

My dear Brother in the bowels of a once slaughtered, but now exalted Christ,—I hope by this time the dear Lord has restored you in body, and that your mind is sweetly bedewed with the dew of heaven by the glorious power of God the Holy Ghost. All things short of an interest in a covenant God are, in their brightest glory, but fading flowers at best; but a covenant God and new covenant blessings are sure blessings. Even our deadness and darkness, though they make a great alteration in our feelings, do not alter the sure mercies of David. For my own part, I really think I am the greatest fool living. I am in feeling a mass of confusion and contradiction. I know, in my judgment, and have at times sweetly felt that Christ is all and in all; and yet at other times, I act and feel as if anything were preferable to Christ. O the horrors of the plague of a cursed filthy nature! But when a blessed Jesus shines, and rules, and reigns, and communicates a sweet measure of his love and blood, what a divine change is felt! Well may it be said, "And the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose."

Well, my brother, after all, the elder shall serve the younger; and though the elder is the most vile rascal out of hell, he must be subdued; he shall not reign; riot he will, but reign he shall not; and down he must and shall come, for grace, matchless grace shall reign; and God the Holy Ghost will draw forth the younger (or the new man) into vital action, and he shall triumph in the glorious conquest of the blood of the Lamb; so that when the world, hell, sin, and the devil have done their worst, the Lord will bring his heaven-born family to sing victory, and shout forth the wonders of God's eternal love. And O what glory will appear when we arrive safe at home! A few more storms, and we shall be out of the reach of all our foes; yea, out of the reach of the very worst of our foes, the old man; for that monster carries in and about him the very master-piece of the devil, and what cannot even live in the bosom of the devil him-

self, namely, infidelity, for the devil believes and trembles. But perhaps my brother is not so vile as I, and therefore I will not further torture him with my wretchedness. But after all, I hope I do feel at times a little of the sweetness and glory of Christ. Bless his precious name, he is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother, and that I have proved. His blessed Majesty knows when, where, and how to come to prove himself a present help in trouble. He will be gracious and hear prayer, but he will not be dictated to; and he is sure to bring us to know and feel that his will, time, and way are best.

That the Lord may be with and bless you, is the prayer of, yours in the Lord,

January 23, 1838.

W. GADSBY.*

A LETTER FROM THE LATE EDWARD VORLEY.

Dear Friend,—I hope these lines will find you and your family well both in body and soul, and that God is with you as your portion and delight, to carry you above your crosses and fleshly cares; for I know that while life lasts you will be in the wilderness, and the wilderness will be in you, in which you will find many dark paths, with pricking briars and thorns; for as sure as the light of the Sun of Righteousness withdraws, so sure will trouble come on in the soul of a child of God. The wild boar of the forest watches his opportunity to catch his prey. When the sun is set the wild beasts come out of their dens; nor can the Christian go forth to the work of faith, the labour of love, and the patience of hope when filled with nothing but the horrible din of these his foes; he is more like a wild bull in a net than a son of peace. I have frequently thought that no wilderness could equal my heart, either as regards non-cultivation, or as a harbour for wild and ferocious beasts; and sure I am, that neither I nor you, nor any other creature can ever overcome our wicked hearts, but as we are led to look out of self to the Captain of Salvation, who was beset by them all. The battle ran sore against Him, which caused him to utter many a bitter cry; hell gathered all its force against him; and while Justice emptied all its wrath upon him, he bowed his head and died. His love was stronger than death. But death could not hold him; he rose, crowned with victory for himself and for all his chosen. O the depths of grace! Here is our hope and crown of rejoicing—Christ risen, who has taken possession of his throne. What then can our enemies do? They may frighten, but they cannot destroy; for God saith, "I will make the wilderness (of the heart) into a fruitful field; it shall blossom as the rose;" and when dry and thirsty, he will make it as springs of water. In truth, there is nothing that is really needful for us but He will accomplish. Blessed be his name, he hath of his own will promised it, and his promise cannot fail; it stands firm as his throne; if it fail, God must cease to be. But, my friend, perhaps you may say, "Yes, this will all do; but am I one in the promise?" Answer, if you are not; and show me where your hope rests. Does it rest on good Mr. J.—? No; for he says, "I have no goodness; of that I

am quite sure; there is not a viler wretch living. I desire to know none but Christ, and to feel him my all in all." Depend upon it then he is yours; he never implants in a soul a desire to be saved by him, without saving that soul. He will not cast you off. But you may say, "I am so smothered with rags." Never mind that; it is your lot, and you had better be surrounded with these than with the rags of self-righteousness. No situation in life can be without its difficulties, and I believe that every one is ready to think his own to be the worst. God knows well what is best for his children; he cannot do wrong; therefore admire his wisdom in placing you where you are, for if any other situation would have been better for you, depend upon it God would have given it you: "Commit thy way to the Lord;" trust also in him, and he will bring to pass what shall be for your good. I knew nature is never easy, nor can God or man satisfy it. God cannot, consistently with his own honour, for its cravings are earthly, sensual, and devilish; therefore, to profit us God must and will cross us, that our affections may be placed on things above: "In their affliction they will seek me early." God's Israel always prospered most in spiritual things when lowest in the concerns of this world. I hope God will abundantly bless you with his presence, and that will make up for all other deficiencies. In him we lack nothing. When he is pleased to say to us, "I am thy God," it is enough; we cannot have more. May you enjoy these blessings for yourself, and then I know that the scissors will cut well, and the work go off pleasantly.

That peace and truth may be enjoyed by you, through the abundant operation of the Holy Ghost, is the heart's desire and prayer of yours in love,

Leicester, November, 1821.

E. VORLEY.

OBITUARY.

The Subject of these memoirs was the daughter of God-fearing parents, who trained her up in the way she should go, and took her with them to hear the preaching of God's word, although, as she since told me herself, she used to go with her heart full of enmity, and would have avoided going if she could. But the set time came when she must be brought to a saving knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus, which was accomplished in the following manner. A domestic duty prevented her one Lord's day evening from leaving home at the same time as her parents, and when she reached the chapel they were singing the second hymn. Not liking to be seen going in so late, she did not go to her pew, but stood at the head of the stairs during the whole of the service. The minister was led to take for his text those words recorded in John's epistle, "God is love," and the Lord was pleased to make it instrumental to her conversion. She went home greatly distressed in her mind, and deeply feeling her lost, ruined, and undone state. The Spirit of God was pleased to keep opening up to her view the awful depravity of the human heart, the holiness and purity of the nature and perfections of Deity, the sovereignty of God in electing one and leaving the other,

Sec., for two or three years, during most of which time she was in the depths of despondency; yet there were times and seasons not a few when she could take up the language of the leper and plead it before the throne, "Lord, if thou wilt thou canst make me clean." She never doubted Christ's *ability*, but greatly feared his *willingness*; as she felt that she was almost too vile to be saved.

During the spring of 1842, being very unwell, and her symptoms evidently consumptive, a change of air was recommended and resorted to, but without avail; and as winter approached, her disease wore such an alarming aspect that there was little doubt as to the fatal result; her strength decreased, her appetite failed, her frame wasted, and for many months before her departure she was not able to assist herself in the least, not so much as to guide a cup of tea to her mouth. I had forgotten to mention that she had embraced every opportunity that offered itself of hearing the preached word, often greatly to the injury of her health. On one of these occasions she went to hear one of the Lord's faithful ambassadors, and the words he read for the foundation of his subject so filled her soul that she did not hear one word of the discourse; her burden fell off, and she could not tell whether she was in the body or out of the body. But she soon found that after day came night, and her mind became greatly beclouded. Being of a reserved disposition, she never acquainted any one (except the writer) with what was going on within, which made her parents very uneasy; and Satan was not behind in suggesting everything to their minds but comfort. The writer frequently visited her, and, as the Lord enabled, endeavoured to impart consolation to her mind. Bless the Lord, the expectation of the poor shall not perish. Her faint hopes were exchanged for the greatest assurance. On one of my visits I asked her the state of her mind, when, with tears in her eyes and smiles on her countenance, she said, "Very happy and comfortable." I asked from whence that comfort arose. She said that whilst reading a piece in the *Gospel Standard*, the Lord Jesus Christ had spoken peace to her soul, and assured her of the forgiveness of her sins, the Holy Spirit bearing testimony to the same by applying numberless portions of holy writ to her mind, and that she now enjoyed sweet communion with Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.

From this time she began to open her mind to her parents, particularly to her father, and told him how long the work had been going on. Some little time after this, she expressed a wish to see the dear man of God that had been made useful to her, who immediately went to see her, and had sweet communion with her. Satan, finding that his time to harass, perplex, and annoy her was nearly at an end, and knowing he could not drag her into hell, endeavoured to bring hell into her, by tempting her to believe that all was a delusion, and to wrest all her evidences from her, which, for a time, he succeeded in doing. Her distress at that time was dreadful to behold, and her sighs distressing to hear. At eleven o'clock one Tuesday (preaching) night, she expressed a great wish to see her minister, and he went. As soon as he entered the room, she broke out and said, "Oh, sir, I

am sure I shall go to hell. There, there! don't you see it opening to receive me? Oh, what a hypocrite I have been," &c. "But," he said, "did not you tell me that the Lord Jesus Christ had spoken peace to your soul?" and reminded her of her former manifestations, &c. He spent a few minutes in prayer, and retired. After this, she became more composed and slept a little, and never had such a severe battle after. At one time she broke out and said, "Father, father! sinners can say, and none but they, how precious is the Saviour; only sinners can say so." Her weakness now became so great that she could say but little. The night before she departed, the agony of her head was so intense that she asked her father to beg of the Lord to remove it, or give her strength to bear it, which was the only time she expressed a desire to have her pains removed; and he whose ears are always open to the cries of his people was pleased to remove it from her. Death was now near at hand. She was now in the valley of the shadow of it; and, bless God! she found it but a shadow. The struggle was nearly over; the much-dreaded foe appeared no longer dreadful, his sting being taken away.

About half an hour before her departure, her father said, "Well, my dear, how are you now?" "Well, father, all but *that*." He said, "All but what?" She said, "You know, father." He said, "What, the enemy?" She said, "Yes, yes." These were almost the last words she spoke aloud; articulation now failed. From this time she lay perfectly quiet, her countenance plainly indicating the peace she enjoyed, and the glory that filled her soul. Her anxious parents now stood and watched her, expecting every breath she drew would be the last. Her eyes were now turned upward, never more to remove. Her parents thought they perceived her mouth move; they stooped down, and heard her say in a whisper, "Dear Jesus! precious Jesus! blessed Jesus! lovely Jesus!" &c. &c.; and thus she fell asleep in Jesus at a quarter past two o'clock, on Sunday afternoon, February the 26th, 1843.

J. F.

EDITORS' REVIEW.

Sermon on the Death of Mr. W. Gadsby, preached in the Baptist Chapel, St. George's Road, Manchester, on Lord's Day morning, February 11th, 1844. To which is added, The Address delivered at the Grave on the Morning of Interment, Feb. 2, 1844. By J. Kershaw, of Rochdale. Gadsby, Manchester; Groombridge, London.

Some Elegiac Thoughts on the departure of William Gadsby; or a brief Notice of his last Sermon preached in London, also of two others in his last annual visit to the City. By H. Watmuff.—London: L. S. Higham, 54, Chiswell-street; and J. Scott, 5, King's Row, Walworth.

When the Lord called to himself the soul of our dear friend, William Gadsby, with truth it might be said, "There is a great man fallen this day in Israel." (2 Sam. iii. 38.) We believe we are but

speaking in full unison with the feelings and sentiments of the living family of God in this country when we say that, taking him all in all, we have lost in Mr. Gadsby the greatest minister that God has raised up since the days of Huntington.

A slight sketch of what appear to us to have been the most prominent features of his character may not be an inappropriate introduction to our Review of Mr. Kershaw's Sermon and Address.

Our remarks we may conveniently throw under two heads—what he was viewed *naturally*—and what he was viewed *spiritually*.

1. *His natural intellect* seems to us to have been singularly clear, sound, penetrating, and sagacious. We have in our day met with men of more capacious mind, greater reasoning powers, and more varied and versatile talents, but with few or none so quick-sighted and ready-witted. He seemed at once intuitively to penetrate through the folds of delusion and error, and with a glance of his eye to look into the very heart of everything that he turned his attention to. We venture to say that few persons ever spoke to Mr. Gadsby without his knowing pretty well the end of the sentence before they had got half way through it, or before his quick and humorous eye had not already deciphered the character of the speaker. His quick, ready-witted replies, embodying so much in a few words, will be long remembered by those who heard them from the pulpit or in the parlour. Though not possessed of much education, (an advantage, by the by, much overrated,) he was a man of much reflection, and may be said in this way to have educated his own mind far better than school or college could have done for him. His mind was of that class which rises according to the emergency. Some minds sink and fail when unwonted circumstances and pressing difficulties arise. They will carry their half-hundred weight, but a stone more breaks them down; they can follow, but not lead; obey regimental orders, but not take the command if required, and execute a new and decisive manœuvre. But there are other minds (and Mr. Gadsby's was one of that class) which rise with, and are called out by difficulties and emergencies, and shine most conspicuously when weaker minds give way. The Lord had appointed Mr. Gadsby to be a leader, and to stand for half a century in the front rank of his spiritual army. He therefore bestowed upon him a mind not to be daunted with difficulties and dangers, but to rise with and be ready for every new emergency. He was to occupy a post also in energetic and keen-witted Manchester, where, perhaps, of all places in the kingdom, strength, decision, and soundness of mind are most required; and to labour much in the North, where brains or the want of them are quickly perceived by its sagacious inhabitants. The Lord therefore gave him a mind eminently adapted for his post. Classics and mathematics, grammar and history, and all the lumber of academic learning were not needed; but an acute, sagacious, clear, and sound understanding was required for such a commanding post as Mr. Gadsby was to occupy. We only knew him when his mental faculties were guided by grace, and made to glorify God; but, viewed in that light, we consider that his mental endowments were admirably fitted for his post.

2. *Benevolence and sympathy* with suffering, in every shape and form, we believe to have been natural to Mr. Gadsby; and though it may be hard to define to what extent and in what direction grace enlarged and guided his natural disposition, we do not doubt that, even had he lived and died in a state of nature, the character of humanity, kindness, and affection would have been stamped upon his memory.

3. *A great love of liberty*, and hatred of real or supposed oppression, was another striking natural feature in his character. This, we have thought, sometimes drew him into scenes, and brought him into contact with politics more than becomes a minister of the gospel. But he had this excuse, which we willingly offer, that he never interfered with political subjects where he did not see, or where he was not fully persuaded he saw, some oppression inflicted upon, or intended for the poor and needy. Yet we willingly admit that we could have wished him to have taken a less prominent part in the stirring scenes of political strife.

But we pass on to view him *spiritually*, and here we freely confess our inability to do him justice. We bear in mind, too, that our present number contains a letter from a friend who had many opportunities of seeing him, and whose discriminating and graphic sketch of him almost makes our attempt to delineate his character superfluous. The Sermon too and Address of Mr. Kershaw have already forestalled many of our observations. Our readers, therefore, must accept our description of him not as a full delineation, but as a sketch made up of hints and fragments, and therefore by no means a complete or adequate representation. We shall briefly mention *first* what strike us as the prominent features of his ministry, and *then* what we have observed in him as connected with his Christian profession.

Thorough soundness in every point seems to have been peculiarly stamped upon his ministry. Whether he handled doctrine, experience, or precept, his speech and his preaching were sound, clear, and scriptural. We know no preacher who was so equally great in these three leading branches of the Christian ministry. Some may have excelled him in clearness and fulness of doctrinal statement; others may have entered more deeply and fully into a Christian's diversified experience; and others may have more powerfully enforced the precepts of the gospel. But we never heard any one who was so uniformly great in all; and so clearly, ably, and scripturally gave to each their place, and yet blended their distinct colours into one harmonious gospel tint. In doctrine he was not dry, in experience he was not visionary, and in precept he was not legal; but, in a way peculiarly his own, he so worked them up together that they were distinct and yet united, relieving each other without confusion, and, like the three strands of a rope, strengthening each other without cumbrous knot or loose tangle.

In handling *doctrine* "he showed uncorruptness," (Titus ii. 7,) and was singularly free from fanciful interpretations, strained and mystical views upon dark texts, and that false spiritualization which passes with many for wondrous depth, but which he valued at its

due worth. In reading his published sermons we have been much struck with the soundness, clearness, simplicity, and sobriety of his interpretations. He saw too clearly that his doctrine was the doctrine of the Scriptures to wrest any part of the word from its connexion, or to rest a truth upon a text which did not clearly declare it, when there were so many passages in which the Holy Ghost had plainly revealed it. His object was not that W. Gadsby should be admired for his ingenuity, subtilty, depth, or eloquence, but that the God of all grace should be glorified. He did not dare to make the pulpit a stage for creature display, still less a platform from which he might keep up a perpetual excitement by some new view of a passage, some startling paradox, some dazzling array of figures and illustrations—the whole sermon being to illustrate this text, “Who so great a man as I?”

In *doctrine* his favourite topic was the union of the church with her Covenant Head, and all the spiritual blessings that spring out of that union. Nor did he ever keep back the grand truths which are usually denominated *Calvinistic*, but which should rather be called *Bible* truths.

Election, in particular, was a point he much dwelt upon, and it usually occupied a prominent place in all his discourses. No man was less afraid of the doctrine frightening and alarming people, or being a stumbling-block in the way of the inquirer. He had no idea of smuggling people into religion, and insinuating Calvinism so gently that they were made Calvinists almost before they knew it. He knew that the doctrine was of God; and, as the servant of God, he proclaimed it on the walls of Zion.

The doctrine of *the Trinity* too was a darling topic with him. He well knew that it was the grand foundation stone of revealed truth, and that out of a Triune God flowed all the mercies and blessings that are bestowed upon the church of Christ.

In a word, he held “the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.” No novelty in doctrine allured him from the old path. For nearly fifty years he stood upon the battlements of Zion, holding forth the word of life; and from the beginning to the end of his ministry, maintained, with undeviating consistency, the same glorious truths, and sealed them at last with his dying breath.

“Among innumerable false, unmoved,
Unshaken, unseduced, unterrified,
His loyalty he kept, his love and zeal;
Nor number, nor example, with him wrought,
To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind,
Though single.”

In handling *experience*, into which he seemed more particularly led during the latter years of his life, he *neither set up a very high nor a very low standard*. But he always insisted strongly upon such an experimental knowledge of the spirituality of God’s law as should completely throw down and cut to pieces all creature righteousness, and always contended for such an experimental knowledge of Christ as should bring pardon and peace. No man ever, we believe, expressed

himself more strongly upon the deep corruption of the heart, its deceitfulness, horrible filthiness, and thorough helplessness. One point we have often admired in his ministry; he would touch upon such spots as no other minister that we know ever dare approach. And this he did in a way peculiar to himself. He did not give glowing descriptions of human depravity; but sometimes in a way of warning, and sometimes with self-aborrence, and sometimes as a word of encouragement to poor backsliders, he would touch upon sins which would make pious professors lift up their eyes with mock horror. But he hit the right nail on the head, as many of God's children know to their soul's joy. Of sin he never spoke but with the greatest abhorrence; but he was not one of those who are all holiness in the pulpit, and all filthiness out of it.

Another point which we have thought he handled in a way peculiarly his own, and with great sweetness and power, was, to use his favourite expression, "*the riches of matchless grace*." Were we to mention a text which seems to sum up his preaching, it would be Rom. v. 20, 21, "Moreover the law entered that sin might abound"—(these were his views upon the law;) "but where sin abounded," (what a field for opening up, as he would sometimes do, the aboundings of inward sin and filth!) "grace did much more abound"—here he was at home in tracing out the glories of sovereign, distinguishing grace. The glory of God's grace, from its first rise in the eternal covenant to its full consummation in future blessedness, was indeed his darling theme. When speaking of the heights of super-angelic glory to which the blessed Redeemer had raised the church, he was sometimes carried, as it were, beyond himself. A grandeur and dignity clothed his ideas, and he spoke with such power and authority, that it seemed almost as if he had been in the third heaven, and was come back to tell us what he had seen and heard there.

Great originality, all must admit, was stamped upon his ministry. His ideas and expressions were borrowed from none. His figures and comparisons were singularly original and apposite, and generally conveyed his meaning in a striking manner. Few men's reported sermons bear reading so well as his—that great test whether there is any sterling stuff in them. Very simple, and yet very clear, very full of matter, and that of the choicest kind, with the text thoroughly worked out, and that in the most experimental manner, his Penny, and Zoar Pulpit Sermons appear to us singularly excellent. We think that their depth and power are scarcely evident at first sight. Their very simplicity, and the absence of all glare and pretence hide their fulness. They must not be read in a dreamy, careless mood. If read with attention and feeling, it will be seen that every sentence is to the point; that there is no empty noise and parade, no mock eloquence; no froth and foam, no rags and tatters of theatrical rant, no cut and dried phrases from authors; but that clearness, simplicity, solidity, depth, reality; and a sweet unctuous vein of experience run through them from beginning to end.

A friend of ours and his well characterised, we think, in one sentence Mr. Gadsby's ministry. "It contains," said he, "the cream

of all the preachers I ever heard." We think this was a happy expression. His sermons were not skimmed milk, or London sky blue, but were rich in unction, savour, and power, and possessed a fulness and depth such as we find in no other reported sermons that we have seen.

But our limits remind us that we must not dwell too long upon his ministry, and therefore we proceed to drop a few hints on his Christian character, more especially as it came under our personal observation.

1. One feature we have often admired in Mr. Gadsby's character—*his singular humility*. Who ever heard him angle for praise? Who ever heard him boasting of, or even alluding to, his popularity as a preacher, his large congregation, his gifts for the ministry, his acceptance with the people of God, his numerous invitations to preach at different places, and the blessing that generally rested upon his pulpit labours? Who ever perceived him, in the most indirect manner, fishing to learn who had heard him well, and dabbling in that wretched love of flattery which, disgusting in all, is doubly so in ministers of the gospel? We have seen him, after some of the grandest sermons we ever heard in our lives, sitting with no self-approving smile upon his countenance, no mock-bashful looks as if waiting to receive the incense of flattery, no self-enthroned dignity of state as king of the pulpit and lord of the vestry, but like a little child, simple and humble, the chief of sinners, and less than the least of all saints. Great as he was as a minister, and deservedly esteemed and loved, there was nothing in him of the great Don. No man was ever more free from priestly dignity or fleshly holiness. It was not with him, "I am the great man to be listened to by my knot of admirers; what I say is law; and all you have to do is to approve." Such parlour priestcraft the honest soul of William Gadsby abhorred.

2. His conduct out of the pulpit, as far as our observation goes, was singularly consistent with all his profession in it. We do not speak here of mere outward consistency. And who in his ministry of fifty years, and what but a lying tongue ever found a visible blemish there? But in the little observances of life, who ever entertained a more courteous visitor than he? Who of the numerous friends who at different places received him into their houses ever saw in him an overbearing, fretful, covetous, selfish, proud disposition? Kindness, and friendship, and courtesy to all, sometimes even to a fault, shone forth in him.

3. And who ever heard him slander and backbite, or retail news from house to house? Admitted as he was into the bosom of so many families, who ever knew him to talk of what he must have seen and witnessed in so many places? Naturally disposed to humour, what a fund there would have been for his quick and ready-witted tongue! But who ever heard him make any allusion, except to the kindness of his entertainers, or who ever knew him carry tales from one end of England to the other?

4. How singularly free, too, was our departed friend from running down and depreciating brother ministers! We never once heard

him drop an unkind allusion or say a disparaging word against a minister of truth. His hand never carried a secret dagger to stab his brethren with. On the contrary, we have thought him too open-hearted and long-armed, and too ready to receive as men of God ministers whose only recommendation was a sound Calvinistic creed. If he erred, it was that he thought and spoke too well of some professing godliness from whom the mask has since dropped. But of this a minister might be sure, that if Mr. Gadsby received him as a brother, he treated him as such behind his back as well as before his face. He never sought to exalt himself by depreciating them, and was the last to say a word to their discredit, or which, if repeated, would wound their minds.

5. And to this we may add, that, as he was the last to depreciate, so was he the last to flatter. His kindness and brotherly love kept him from the one, and his sincerity preserved him from the other. He neither said rude things to wound, nor smooth things to please; he did not tyrannize with violent temper, nor fawn with canting servility; he neither took liberties nor allowed them; he knew his place and kept it; and whilst, by a calm, courteous demeanour, he preserved the respect due to him as a Christian man and minister, he yet was frank, free, and obliging. In fact, he rather erred now then, as we have hinted, on the side of courtesy. He was desirous of making himself agreeable, and sometimes this led him to repeat the thrice-told tale and tell the well-known anecdote, sometimes humorous, but usually profitable in its intention, and almost always to depreciate himself.

But we feel we must stop. Our limits do not allow us to dwell upon his extensive labours in the ministry, his frequent and long journeyings to preach the gospel, his self-denying and temperate habits of life, his prudence in domestic and pecuniary matters, his kindness and liberality to the poor, the noble manliness of his character, and his entire freedom from cant, hypocrisy, and whine. We highly esteemed and loved him, and revere his memory with growing affection. We consider it a privilege to have known him, and would not be in the ranks of those who despised or slandered him for a thousand worlds.

We have scarcely left ourselves room to speak of the works at the head of the present article. A few words must therefore suffice.

Mr. Kershaw's Sermon and Address we consider very much to the purpose, and well suited to the occasion. Both are simple and straightforward, manly and decisive, full and clear, and alike honourable to his departed brother and to himself. Before such a crowd there was a temptation to disguise or wrap up the naked truth. But, fearless of Socialist, Unitarian, Arminian, or motly Calvinist, John Kershaw proclaimed at the grave's mouth, and to the crowds at the funeral sermon, that what Mr. Gadsby was he was wholly and solely by the grace of God. We ourselves prefer the Address to the Sermon, and, indeed, like it so well that it would please us to transfer the whole of it to our pages. But we must content ourselves with two extracts. It opens strikingly thus:

"As it hath pleased Almighty God to call the soul of this his ministering ser-

vant and our brother from the body, we commit the body to the ground, dust to dust, and ashes to ashes, in sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection from the dead at that eventful period when Christ, the great Judge of all, shall descend upon the clouds of heaven; when the trumpet shall be sounded, and the dead shall be raised; when the body which we now sow a corruptible body because of sin, must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality, and be fashioned like unto the glorious body of our Lord Jesus Christ; and the saying that is written be fully accomplished, both in reference to Christ and all his spiritual seed, the purchase of his precious blood, 'DEATH IS SWALLOWED UP IN VICTORY.'

"What I have further to say concerning our departed brother is not to give praise and honour to him as one of the fallen sons of an apostate Adam. This would be decidedly hostile to what was the feeling of him, who, while dwelling amongst us, so often exclaimed, 'Not unto us, not unto us, but unto thy name be all the glory, for thy mercy and thy truth's sake.' What I would say is to exalt the riches of God's grace, that shone so brightly in him as a Christian and a minister of the everlasting gospel, and as a citizen of this great and populous town.

"By nature, he was no better than the rest of his father's house." He was shapen in iniquity, and in sin did his mother conceive him. Like the rest of the people of God in their Adam-fallen state, he erred and strayed from God like a lost sheep, joining the multitude of the ungodly in the broad and downward way that leads to destruction. Dead in trespasses and sins, at enmity against God in his heart, he lifted up his puny hands and arms in hostility against the God in whose hands his breath was. He had his conversation amongst his ungodly companions in sin in the lusts of the flesh, fulfilling the desires of the flesh and of the mind; and was, by nature, one of the children of wrath, even as others. But, in apostolic language, we would exultingly exclaim, 'But God, who is rich in mercy, for his great love wherewith he loved him, even when dead in sins, hath quickened him together with Christ.'

"It pleased the Lord, in the riches of his grace, to pluck him as a brand out of the fire, and to put his fear into his heart, which is as 'a fountain of life to depart from the snares of death.' Thus he was called by God's irresistible grace from amongst his ungodly companions in sin, out of the kingdom of Satan into the kingdom of God and his Christ, out of darkness into God's marvellous light. The Holy Ghost, whose prerogative it is to quicken the dead sinner, and to convince his people of their sins and sinfulness, carried the law (by which is the knowledge of sin) with an almighty power into his soul. He died to all hope of being saved by works of righteousness done by himself. What divines have justly denominated 'a law work in the conscience' was very deep and powerful in him. He felt the thunderings of Mount Sinai in his soul, which made him tremble, fear, and quake. He proved, by heart-felt experience, that Mount Sinai is no hiding place for a poor guilty sinner; and that all that the law could do for him was to curse and condemn him as a vile transgressor, as it is written, 'Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things which are written in the book of the law to do them.' His soul lay as in chains, shut up as in a prison. He felt himself sinking in the miry clay and the horrible pit of guilt and condemnation. He sighed, groaned, and cried mightily to the Lord for help and deliverance."

Our space will permit but one more extract:

"The great and glorious truths of the gospel that he has so faithfully and ably defended, in the face of great opposition, are,—the doctrine of the fall, Adam's great transgression, that "by the disobedience of one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin, for that all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God;" for we were born in sin and conceived in iniquity; the whole head is sick, and the heart faint, and we are altogether as an unclean thing; sin, that accursed thing, which a holy God hates, being in our nature, in our hearts, in our thoughts, and in all our ways. I never heard a man who was so well qualified by the Lord to lay proud man in the dust and upon the dunghill as was

our departed brother. He deeply felt the depravity of his own nature, and the plague of his own heart, and was well able to describe them, lifting up his voice like a trumpet, to show the people their transgression, and the house of Jacob their sin, and pointing out their lost, ruined, weak, helpless, and wretched state and condition as vile transgressors, and proving the impossibility of justification by their own righteousness. He also ably contended for the doctrine of a Trinity of Persons in the Godhead, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost unitedly engaged in the salvation and the glorification of the church; the everlasting and electing love of Jehovah the Father; the glorious person of Immanuel our incarnate God, in his covenant engagement, as the Mediator of the better covenant, established upon better promises; the incarnation of our Lord Jesus Christ, who came into the world to save the chief of sinners; the perfect obedience of Christ to the law, as the law-fulfilling righteousness of his people, imputed to them as the matter of their justification and acceptance before God; the great atonement made by the shedding of the precious blood of Christ for the sins of his church and people; the removing of the curse of the divine law, Christ having been made a curse for his people; and the necessity of that law being applied to the sinner's conscience by the invincible power of the Spirit.

"It was his highest ambition to exalt Christ upon the pole of the Gospel, as the plague of death, and the destruction of the grave, the power of his resurrection, and the glory of his ascension, and the ever-prevalence of his intercession. Christ, in his offices, characters, and relationship to his people, he blessedly set forth. Finished salvation, all of grace from first to last, was the joy of his heart and the boast of his song, and he often exclaimed, 'Immortal honours crown his brow for ever,' as he expresses it in that precious hymn composed by him.

'Immortal honours rest on Jesus' head,
My God, my portion, and my living bread;
In him I live, upon him cast my care;
He saves from death, destruction, and despair.'

The glorious Person and Godhead of the Holy Spirit he constantly and firmly maintained, insisting upon the power of God the Holy Ghost to quicken the dead sinner, to convince him of his sins and sinfulness, and bring him with a broken heart to Jesus' feet, and to begin, and carry on, and complete the work of grace in the souls of his people; and in the personal application of the precious truths of God to the soul with vital power. Thus he constantly vindicated the personal work of the Spirit in the souls of his people, and proved from the scriptures that without this a profession of religion is but a dead form. Nor was our brother deficient in preaching up practical godliness, for as the body without the soul is dead, so faith, if it does not produce good works, is dead also. He constantly enjoined the precepts and exhortations of the gospel upon the household of faith, upon evangelical principles. I hope I shall never forget a sermon that he preached for us at Rochdale, above thirty years ago, from these words: 'Whoso offereth praise glorifieth me; and to him that ordereth his conversation aright will I show the salvation of God.' In speaking of what it was to have our conversation ordered aright, I never heard practical godliness so preached up by any man, neither before nor since. So, while he preached up the great and glorious doctrines of the gospel, and insisted upon an experimental acquaintance with those doctrines by the unctuous teaching of God the Holy Ghost, he vindicated the practical effects these truths produce."

Of Mr. Watmuff's Elegiac Thoughts we cannot speak very highly. We mean as far as the poetry is concerned. The intention is much better than the execution; and whilst we like the sentiments expressed, we could wish that the rhymes were more correct, and the poetry more worthy of the name. The notes we prefer to the text, and think Mr. W. has in some of these very well hit off the chief features of Mr. Gadsby's ministry.

POETRY.

FREE GRACE.

Ye sinners, brought near to the Lord,
Ye saints, who of grace love to sing,
Unite with my soul to record
The love of Christ Jesus, my King.
O, thou blessed Spirit of love,
Whose presence pervadeth all space,
Enlighten my soul from above,
And aid me to publish free grace.

That grace that has ransom'd from hell,
And brought me to Jesus alone,
Must surely constrain me to tell
What free sovereign favour has done.
And though I of sinners am chief,
The vilest of Adam's lost race,
This brings to my sorrows relief,
That salvation is all of free grace.

How precious the subject appears
To such a base rebel as I,
A cordial to soothe all my fears,
Because the Lord Jesus is nigh.
Tho' faith, hope, and love are but small,
Yet this is my mercy to trace,
I cannot be saved at all
Unless I am sav'd by free grace.

When death and destruction were near,
And all my foul sins rose to view,
Shut up in sore bondage and fear,
Not knowing which path to pursue;
While thus in my prison I lay,
How suited was this to my case,
A bankrupt, with nothing to pay,
His debt is discharged by free grace.

My burden of sin quickly fled,
My pardon was sealed with blood,
And in my great Covenant Head,
I saw how securely I stood.
Now firmly this truth I believe,
My soul in his love has a place,
And shall from his fulness receive
All needful supplies of free grace.

Thus, chosen in Jesus my Lord,
United, and with him made one,
I cannot but publish abroad
What grace for a sinner has done.
And when in his presence, I meet
And see my dear Lord face to face,
Then will I lie low at his feet,
A debtor to sov'reign free grace.

MARY.

"O! WHEN WILT THOU COME UNTO ME?"—Ps. ci. 2.

Dejected, forlorn, and distress'd,
Afflicted in body and mind,
Cast down, heavy laden, oppress'd,
No comfort or peace can I find:
In pity, Lord, look from on high;
Attend to a suppliant's plea,
While earnest and fervent's my cry,
"O, when wilt thou come unto me?"

So rugged and thorny the road,
And gloomy my prospects appear;
Perplexing and painful the load,
I'm press'd down almost to despair:
In mercy remember me, Lord,
One gleam of thy face let me see;
Speak pardon and peace thro' thy word;
"O, when wilt thou come unto me?"

Oakham.

How oft I go halting along,
And grope for the wall like the blind?
My enemies are lively and strong;
Suspended in doubt is my mind.
My sighs and my groans wilt thou hear,
And tell me they're not hid from thee?
Remove every soul-torturing fear—
"O, when wilt thou come unto me?"

Thou only art life to my heart,
Without thee desponding I lie;
Then mercy, sweet mercy impart,
Through him that was lifted on high:
Do tell me then, Jesus, I'm thine,
From sin and captivity free,
Or still this complaint must be mine,
"O, when wilt thou come unto me?"

T.C.

GLEANNING.

To begin with God out of Christ, is rather Babel-work than Zion-work, which men in all ages, since the Apostle's days have been guilty of; for if in all things the Lord Christ was to have the pre-eminence, and God did not take a step without him, what a deviation hath been introduced from the pattern, when men have undertaken to go through the knowledge of God without him! Whereas, in the gospel, the knowledge of God and knowledge of Jesus Christ are closely linked together. It hath all along been the pleasing unhappiness of mankind, to know and serve God by a neglect of the Mediator; their converse

hath been the Father, Son, and Spirit, in essence and attributes; and yet the Glory-man, that stood in the love of God the Father from everlasting, never was upon men's thoughts and studies, when they girt themselves for this divine knowledge. The doctrine of the Trinity ought not to stand as men have set it; for as they have laid it, it is very remote from the evangelical revelation of God in Christ; for as such it is approachable by the believer whilst the man is an hiding-place, covering the soul as in the cleft of the rock, whilst this Glorious Majesty passes by: for we must not think to range these things in order without the "Chief Corner-stone;" nor to make Christ a chink-stone to fill up a common place; for in God's works of nature, grace, and glory, "he filleth all in all." If he be the Corner-stone, why is he not set the first stone of all? Yet Christ is never thought of as Christ, till redemption work takes place. Adam was made "in his image, after his likeness," as "Christ was the first-born of every creature:" and yet we live under the gospel, as if it had been, as Joshua says, "on the other side of the flood." But if we are risen with Christ, should we not set our affections on things that are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God, in that glory he had with the Father from everlasting? Thus the minister and the people perish for lack of knowledge. You may be sure that that subject or sermon will never do us any good, that is not founded upon Christ as Christ is founded upon God. It will give us no distinct knowledge or establishment in the truth, unless it hath something distinctly from God our Father, and from the Lord Jesus Christ, by the blessed Comforter. The Trinity, as it is known in, by, and through Christ, is our life: and what life without communion? and what communion without the knowledge of Persons? and what knowledge without the gospel? The right preaching of the Trinity, in their Persons and operations, is the life of the churches. They would die in all their duties, wither in all their hearing, lose their best enjoyment, (which is the end of all ordinances) but by those Persons, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, spoken of according to a right dividing of the word in every discourse; and all through Christ, our people, through grace, live. For mending the disorders, I have by grace chosen the super-lapsarian, or over-fall way, in the everlasting love of the Father to the elect in his Son Christ Jesus, whom he loved, as Mediator between God and them, before the foundation of the world. I have seen both beauty and antiquity in the Wisdom-mediator. His super-lapsarian way and constitution in the will and grace of God, as the Wisdom-mediator, was the foundation of his consequent sub-lapsarian constitution in the same will and grace as the Redemption-mediator: accordingly, I see my relation to him in the super-lapsarian settlements to be by the same grace the foundation of my sub-lapsarian relation to God to bring my person safely, by his own means, through all the ordered changes of the fall, till all he hath settled for me be made perfect in glory. I can discern, by my over-fall relation, what Christ is now made of God to me in God's over-fall counsels and ways, till all be swallowed up again in a full over-fall way in glory, with the Glory-man, as if the fall had never entered in, or as though I had never one lust in my heart. Oh! wondrous love of the Son of God, in becoming a Christ for us! Oh! wondrous love of the Spirit, in making good in application and execution the whole plan and design of grace, as fixed in the Glory-man, in the love of the Father from everlasting? Therefore, as Christ hath loved the church as the Father hath loved him, it is impossible that the church in the canticles should strive, as Mr. Hunt says, to express her love to him in equal strains of his love to her.—*Hussey.*

THE
GOSPEL STANDARD,
OR,
FEEBLE CHRISTIAN'S SUPPORT.

"Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled."—Matt. v. 6.

"Who hath saved us, and called us with an holy calling, not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began."—2 Tim. i. 9.

"The election hath obtained it, and the rest were blinded."—Rom. xi. 7.

"If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest.—And they went down both into the water, both Philip and the eunuch; and he baptized him.—In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."—Acts viii. 37, 38; Matt. xxviii. 19.

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THE "OLD SCHOOL BAPTISTS" IN AMERICA.

Dear Brother Gadsby,—I write a line by way of introducing Mr. Booth, a messenger from the church of God in Miami County, State of Ohio, in North America. His having spoken among our people, I give my judgment of him as a man that fears the Lord, and that what information he gives you relative to the churches there is a truth, which I thought would be pleasing for you to hear.

Hoping you are well, I remain, your affectionate brother in Christ Jesus,

Russell-Street, Bermondsey, Jan. 14, 1844.

THOMAS GUNNER.

My dear Sir,—Mr. Gunner's kind introduction will supersede the necessity of my saying much about myself; but, lest his using the term "messenger" should convey a wrong impression, I would state that my visit to England is on private business, not as a delegate from the American churches, bearing with me only a "travelling letter." The error was unintentional on Mr. G.'s part; but, as it has been common for the popularity churches in America, in carrying out schemes of carnal religion, to appeal to their brethren in England by begging deputations, I feel the more anxious to disavow a character of that kind, believing, as I do, that the "Old School Baptists" of America will never adopt such a course—at least while the Lord keeps them true to their professed principles. At the same time, I think they would be glad to enjoy a fraternal correspondence and intercourse with English churches of like faith and order, that they

might be comforted together with you, by the mutual faith both of you and them.

"The Lord reigns," and has a people to serve him "in all the earth." I do not refer to mere professors, but to those who, being the subjects of the same almighty, distinguishing, sovereign, free grace, "worship God in the Spirit, rejoice in Christ Jesus, and have no confidence in the flesh;" in whom "the same afflictions are accomplished in the world;" and who not only "love Him that begat, but also love all those that are begotten of him;" proving, by these "fruits," that they are all equally the objects of everlasting love, and part and parcel of the same heavenly family. Yet perhaps it is too much the case, that the people of God located in one part of the world are apt to act, and speak, and think as though themselves alone composed the household of faith, and were unmindful and unconscious that there are "brethren beloved of God" elsewhere. Whether it was so in the apostolic time, I cannot presume to decide; though it seems highly probable that the churches in Jerusalem, Antioch, Corinth, Rome, Spain, &c., not merely were aware of each other's existence, but had and cultivated reciprocal intercourse. It is in the hope of paving the way for such an intercourse between the churches of the living God in England and America, that I wish, through you, to introduce the latter to the knowledge of the former, not to make a fair show in the flesh, and a noise in the world, but that each may be filled with joy and thanksgiving to the Lord, by hearing of the grace of God manifested in the other.

The body of Christians of which I undeservedly am a member, is commonly known by the term "Old School Baptists," to distinguish them from those who advocate indefinite atonement, and who are called "New School Baptists." The "Old School" men are also honoured by several nicknames, as "Hard-heads," "Iron-jackets," &c., from their unflinching adherence to ancient Baptist principles, and their uncompromising hostility to modern doctrines and inventions.

Roger Williams laid the foundation of the Baptist denomination in America, about 150 years ago; and, notwithstanding severe and repeated persecutions, their principles spread, and they became one of the most numerous bodies in the country. After the Revolution, when the nation began to prosper, and the churches had increased, and were exempted from outward trials, they fell into worldliness, imbibed the sentiments of Andrew Fuller, and adopted the expedients for popularity and display which have ever marked a carnal, Arminianized church. Into this snare nearly all the churches fell, especially those in cities and towns, only a few here and there "consenting for the faith once delivered to the saints;" and these, finally, were constrained to "come out from among" the corrupt Baptists, "and be separate," suffering loss of property, and being "evil spoken of everywhere." They were few in number, generally poor, and much scattered; and, as may be readily supposed, their ministers were still fewer and farther between. They still remain in nearly the same condition, comparatively to the new party; but there are indubitable evidences, from time to time, that the Lord is mindful

of them, exhibiting his sovereign grace in converting sinners, restoring wanderers, and raising up young Timothys to supply the place of the aged Pauls whom he is pleased to remove from the church below.

I speak particularly of the "Old School Baptists" in the State of Ohio, who, I think, may be considered as fairly representing those throughout the United States, as to condition and circumstances. In that State there are nine associations; *i.e.*, the Miami, the Muskingum, the Scioto, the Mad-river, the Greenville, the Sandusky, the New-market, the Clover, and a recently-formed one, whose name I forget; to one or the other of which every church is attached. I send you the last minutes of the Mad-river Association, which held its anniversary a fortnight before I left home. You will see that it embraces seventeen churches and three hundred and fifty-eight members, including seven ordained ministers and six licentiates. Only one of those ministers (S. Williams) is devoted wholly to the ministry; another (J. Morris) is very aged, as is also one of the licentiates; all the rest have to labour (generally in farming) for their living. As the licentiates have no ministerial charge, the actual number of efficient ministers is only six; each of whom has the care of three or four churches, often from ten to thirty miles distant from his home, besides making frequent preaching journeys through the country, sometimes extensive; during which he generally preaches every day, once or twice. The churches meet stately once a month (so arranged as to suit the preachers), transacting business (after preaching) on Saturday, and attending public worship twice on Lord's day. At any of their meetings, should a visiting minister be present, he is expected to speak as well as the pastor; so that it is not uncommon to have two sermons in succession. Of the above associations, the Muskingum is three times as large, the Miami and Scioto twice as large, all the rest not half as large, as the Mad-river. The Miami, Muskingum, and Scioto, are better supplied with ministers than the Mad-river Association; the others not so well.

Most of the "Old School Baptists" are quite plain-taught men, and so are their ministers. They are often objects of contemptuous remark by the "New School" men, who consider a college education essential to make an efficient preacher of the gospel. Our brethren are far less favoured with outward privileges than English Christians, being frequently without the public ministrations of the word, and very deficient in books of sterling character. Here and there a tract of Huntington's, &c., is met with; but most of the precious works common in this country they know nothing of. In New York State, two "Old School" periodicals are published; one entitled, "*The Signs of the Times*;" and the other, "*The Christian Doctrinal Advocate, and Spiritual Monitor*." With the editor of this last (Elder D. E. Jewett) I have the privilege of personal acquaintance. He is a most excellent Christian, a good scholar, and a decided champion for special, sovereign grace experienced in the heart; wihal, suffering much from carnal professors and pecuniary embarrassments. He

would be highly pleased, if the *Gospel Standard* could be forwarded to him as published.

With regard to the doctrinal sentiments of the "Old School Baptists" of America; they "contend earnestly" for particular, unconditional election, man's total depravity and helplessness, particular redemption, effectual calling by sovereign grace, justification by the imputed righteousness of Christ, the final perseverance of the saints, &c. &c. A personal experience of these doctrines in the heart, by the teaching of the Spirit, they deem essential. Any profession of religion, however fair, which falls short of this, they consider the work of nature, and not of grace. They also strenuously maintain Believer's baptism by immersion only, strict communion, the Bible the only rule of faith and practice, &c. They reject all the so-called benevolent institutions of the day, as not warranted by the word of God; viewing them as engines of Satan, to foster and build up the kingdom of antichrist. They receive none to baptism but on a relation of experience, at a church meeting, to the satisfaction of every member present. A consistent walk is insisted on; and when cases for discipline occur, they endeavour to carry out the rule laid down in Matt. xviii.

Although we cannot, and do not wish to boast of great "revivals," after the manner of our "New School" neighbours, some of whom boast they can get up a "revival" whenever they please; yet we can say that the Lord is pleased to manifest his presence in our midst, to the rejoicing of his people, and, during the last year or two, has poured out of his Spirit, in a remarkable manner, when unlooked for, and at places distant from each other; so that "numbers have been added to the Lord, both of men and women." But, generally, it must be confessed that our churches are in a dull, stand-still condition, though, I trust, waiting to "see the salvation of the Lord."

I have been much gratified and edified in hearing Mr. Gunner, Mr. Cowper, Mr. Godwin (of Wiltshire), &c., during my sojourn in London. Such preaching would be highly acceptable to the "Old School Baptists" of America; and should such men, or any of their brethren, ever visit the United States, I hope they will try to find us out; but let them beware of the "New School" folks, who often profess to be "Old School," to deceive the unwary and increase their numbers.

In Philadelphia,* I preached for brother Lewis, who is pastor over a small church in that city. He is, I believe, known to you, as he offered me a letter of introduction, if I expected to visit Manchester. In New York city there is also a small church, under the pastoral care of Elder Goble.

Any further information which you may wish, I will, with pleasure, give, as far as able to do so.

Sound works being so scarce with us, I take the opportunity to say, on my own responsibility, that should you feel disposed to send

* A friend of ours, who lived six years in Philadelphia, has more than once told us that there was no truth preached in that city.

the brethren a few pamphlets, tracts, or *Standards*, I will gladly take charge of them, if addressed to me by the end of January.

I remain, dear Sir, yours very sincerely in the bonds of the gospel of a precious Jesus,

London, Jan. 10, 1844.

WM. BOOTH.

[The above letters were written to our departed friend W. Gadsby, and would have appeared earlier but from the pressure of other matter. Mr. Booth's letter will, we think, be found to contain an interesting account of our American brethren. We do not mean to say that we approve of all that is contained in it; but we did not consider ourselves at liberty to alter or omit. It is to the "Old School Baptists" that James Osbourn, whose experience we have reviewed, belongs; and in several of his works which we have read, (and we believe we possess them all,) he frequently speaks of them, and seems to be fully united in spirit with the ministers and churches.—Eds.]

A LETTER OF THE LATE THOMAS HARDY.

My Christian Brother,—I would heartily give you all my best Christian love and desire for you and myself, that the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ may be with our spirits. I assure you, my brother, that your dark and desperate feelings are nothing new to my heart or to my ears; for the burden, the plague, and the devilism of our flesh surpass all our thoughts and conception. "Who can know it?" saith the Lord. I am persuaded that we shall never know the whole of that hidden hell within us; it is truly devilish in all its movements and desires, and is a determined enemy to God and godliness. I am heartily sick of it, and daily sigh and groan over it; but still I cannot perceive that it is at all lessened, which makes me fear that I do not rightly repent of it. In short, I think that all is sinful and shameful that comes from or is done by me. I plainly see that wretched man can only oppose God's way of saving him either by blindly setting up his own righteousness, or by despairing because he has none to set up. I can neither do nor believe, yet I cannot refrain either from doing or believing; for Christ liveth in me, and God is as much concerned to carry on the work as he was to begin it. I am ever sinking, yet swim; am strengthened and comforted a little, and continually doubt afterwards whether this strength and comfort came from God. If distrust and unthankfulness would weary God out, I should have been in hell long before now; but almighty love grasps us fast, and will not quit its hold; many floods cannot drown it, and all our sins cannot alter it; for that which is born of the Spirit cannot die or be corrupted, though it is surrounded with corruptions. Gold will not perish in the fire, or corrupt on the dunghill; this keeps up the groaning, sighing, and praying. The Spirit of life in Christ Jesus cannot be killed; and we and all our sins are as nothing compared to his unsearchable greatness. The Father does not view him through our eyes, but sees him through his all-perfect and divine discernment as his altogether worthy the delight of his soul, altogether worthy of all the pardons and all the favours he asks for us. "I know," says he, "that thou hearest me always;" and he left this cordial behind him: "Whatsoever ye

shall ask the Father in my name I will do it, that the Father may be glorified in the Son."

But, my brother, perhaps you will say you have a hard heart, and cannot pray. I would say, try what hard-hearted prayers will do. I am often brought to that pass, and to my surprise I have found it to succeed; the worse our prayers seem, the sweeter will appear the grace that hears them. And I would conclude by saying, Despair not, come what will; despair is the worst enemy of both God and the poor sinner, and it is the devil's strongest hold. Pray to God with the last breath, though it be with sighs and groans. This woeful course brought Jonah out of the belly of hell, and why may not bring out you and me?

The Lord bless you in all things.

Deal, Oct. 28, 1828.

THOS. HARDY.

"IF GOD BE FOR US, WHO CAN BE AGAINST US?"

Dear Friend,—Yours I received, and I intended to drop you a line last week, but I was from home. The dear Lord was very kind to me in bringing me safe home, where I found my family and friends all well, and I need not say they were glad of my safe return. But the sweetest of all was, the Lord favoured me with some tokens of his loving-kindness on my journey home, and I believe that he was with me, a poor worthless worm, and blessed the word of his grace to his dear children; and when your letter arrived it confirmed my soul in the truth of this belief, and truly I felt it a sweet humbling time whilst reading it. What a confirming testimony is this of the truth of that portion of God's word: "God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are; that no flesh should glory in his presence. He that glorieth, let him glory in the Lord." It is my soul's delight when I can give my God all the glory; for he has been very kind and good to me, the vilest of all.

My dear friend, I felt it very good to be amongst you, and my soul was truly refreshed with many sweet visits from the dear Lord. When alone in my room, I wrestled with my covenant God in secret, and, bless his dear name, he rewarded me openly. But when I got home, I was in something like the state you describe yourself as being in, barren, hard, carnal, stupid, and devilish, as though I had never tasted that the Lord was gracious; and I began to think that I had left all my religion at L—; and in this state I remained, having no more heart nor soul for either God or truth than the beasts of the field, being sensible of nothing but my miserable state, and now and then heaving a deep sigh or groan, accompanied by a wish that the dear Lord would turn unto me in the multitude of his tender mercies; and, bless his dear name, last Tuesday week he turned again my captivity like the streams of the south, and I had another

testimony that all was right between God and my soul. There is no peace, my friend, without this. It is not the testimony of men that will do for us; nothing short of the Spirit itself bearing witness with our spirits that we are the children of God can fully satisfy our souls, and bring us with humble confidence to exclaim, "Abba, Father."

I was glad to hear that you had a renewing amongst you, and that you had proved the truth of his word: "Where two or three are met together in my name, there am I in the midst." It has been and still is my soul's desire that the Lord may be with you to bless you, guide you, and direct you in all things, and then all will be right; for I am persuaded that you are

"A little spot inclosed by grace
Out of the world's wide wilderness;"

and I do believe that the Lord will stand by you, and be a present help in time of trouble. But you must not expect to pass on without tribulation; for our dear Lord has decreed that in the world we must have tribulation; but in him there is peace; and, bless his dear name, he will never allow one sorrow or grief to come upon us but what shall work together for our good and his glory; thus far it has been so, and it will be so to the end, and we shall be brought to confess that not one good thing has ever failed us.

I hope the Lord will ever keep you as a little flock in love and union together, as the heart of one man, striving together for the faith of the gospel; and may He ever keep you little in your own esteem, that you may never be suffered to lord it one over another, but in love serve one another, bearing each other's burdens, and so fulfilling the law of Christ. O what an unspeakable blessing it is when brethren dwell together in unity! David compares it to the dew of Hermon, and to the dew that descended upon the mountains of Zion, for there the Lord commanded the blessing, even life for evermore. And O what a blessing it is to be favoured with the life-giving power of the loving-kindness of our covenant God! it makes us neither barren nor unfruitful, but with comfort and joy abounding in the work of the Lord, assuring us that our labour is not in vain in the Lord. The apostle prayed that the Holy Ghost might "direct their hearts into the love of God, and into the patient waiting for Christ;" and I do not know a greater blessing. It is the prayer of my soul that the Lord would, according to the riches of his grace, grant that you may be strengthened with might by his Spirit in the inner man; that Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith; that ye, being rooted and grounded in love, may be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height, and know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, "that ye might be filled with all the fulness of God;" and then you will be able with Paul to exclaim, "Now unto him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us—unto him be glory in the church by Christ Jesus throughout all ages, world without end. Amen." O that the dear Lord may thus favour you with his blessing, for his is a blessing that maketh rich, and addeth no sorrow with it.

I believe that the Lord is amongst us at T,—and giving testimony to the word of his grace. We expect to have an increase next ordinance, and, I think, a goodly number; and I trust they are of God's own right hand planting. O how my soul is astonished that God should stand by, uphold, support, own, and bless such a worthless, empty nothing as I feel myself to be! and I am not without times and seasons when I can from my very heart and soul sing,

"Thy mercy is more than a match for my heart,
Which wonders to feel its own hardness depart:
Dissolved by thy goodness, I fall to the ground,
And weep to the praise of the mercy I've found.

"Great Father of mercies, thy goodness I own,
And the covenant love of thy crucified Son.
All praise to the Spirit, whose whisper divine
Seals mercy, and pardon, and righteousness mine."

This, my friend, is real religion; it enables us to trample upon all that the world calls good and great, and in our hearts to despise all the trifles of time and sense; yea, to count all things but loss, and dross, and dung, for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus our Lord. It is my soul's cry to God from day to day that I may be kept little in my own eyes, and that I may never be left to pride and hardened presumption. I dread being left alone, for self is my worst enemy. But hitherto the Lord has helped me, and I trust he will do so to the end.—Yours for truth's sake,

Trowbridge, September 7, 1843.

J. W.

THE FURNACE.

My dear Friend in the furnace of affliction,—May grace, mercy, peace, and love be multiplied unto you from God the Father who, I fully believe, hath chosen you in the Lord Jesus Christ before the foundation of the world; and may you be led to see and feel that the blessed Jesus hath redeemed you from all iniquity, transgression, and sin, and that the Eternal Spirit hath quickened your dead soul into spiritual life. You do know that the eternal Spirit hath brought your soul to the foot of the cross, as a lost, condemned, guilty, and perishing sinner; and that you have had the love of God shed abroad in your heart by the Holy Ghost which is given unto you, which you have felt many times, which has filled your heart with joy and gladness, and made you to sing aloud of his mercies.

My dear friend, I cannot tell you why it is that I am writing to you this afternoon—whether I am led to drop a line to you under the leadings and teachings of God the Holy Ghost, or whether it is only the workings of my fleshly mind. If I were sure that it was only from the flesh, I would leave off, and write no more at this time. But this one thing I do know, that your case and trouble have been so laid on my mind this day, that I felt constrained to write to you. Yet I have felt much tried and exercised about it almost all the morning, and tried to put it off, lest it should be nothing but the flesh;

but then it would return with greater weight and power; I trust, therefore, that my heart and soul are now going with my pen, for I feel that my heart is burning towards you in the Lord Jesus Christ. I hope that the time is near at hand when the Lord will "arise with healing in his wings" upon your poor sinking soul; for I am a witness that the place in which you were when I was at B—, is a most painful one; and yet it is a sure place, a safe and a profitable one; it is a spot, or a hole, or a pit, into which a living soul is brought, on purpose to teach him somewhat of his need of the precious blood of the dear Redeemer; it is a furnace that burns up all his creature beauty and perfection; it is a fire that consumes all our self-righteousness, and leaves the soul naked before a heart-searching God; it is a deep into which the dear children of God sink, on purpose to teach them the worth and value of the salvation of Christ. Ah! my friend, my soul thought that it knew something of the sweetness and preciousness of experimental, felt religion, before the Lord let down his wrath and fury into my conscience; and then the religion that I thought I had before was all swept away in a moment, and I verily feared that the Lord was about to cut me off at a stroke and send me to hell, which I felt I had truly deserved; and all my profession was brought home upon my conscience as a sore burden too heavy for me to bear. The sins of my youth came upon my conscience, and the devil was let loose upon me, so that I verily thought that he would take me away, body and soul, to hell. He told me that he would be sure to have me, for I had committed the unpardonable sin, that I was nothing but an apostate, and that I was sure to be damned, die when I might; and my soul believed it, and could not think that ever the Lord would deliver such a wretch as I was. O the heart-rending times that I had, both by day and night, until the Lord had brought me down to the grave's mouth! I thought every day that I must die and be damned; and truly I often felt myself dying, and had no more feeling hope of salvation than devils. Yet there was a little secret something at times that I felt I could not give up, but I could not tell what it was; though my poor soul laboured under the most awful and cutting temptations of the devil, both to destroy myself, and "to curse God, and die." I have been on the brink of it many times, and have thought that the blasphemies that the devil has poured into my heart must have all come out.

Ah! my dear friend, this is a painful place to be put into; it is a deep into which no hypocrite has ever been sunk. And although the poor soul thinks that his religion has been, and also is nothing but a strong delusion of the devil, (and how can the soul think any thing else when he is shut up in unbelief, and feels nothing else but sin and guilt?) yet, my dear friend, "the law entered that the offence might abound;" "but where sin abounded, grace *did much more abound.*" This, then, is the only way to know something of the superabundings of the sovereign grace of the Lord Jesus, revealed in the heart and conscience by the blessed Spirit.

O how I should like to see you when the Lord brings you out! for it will appear a new heaven and a new earth unto your poor soul

then, and you will sing louder than ever you have yet done. That God Almighty may bless you, and bring your poor soul up out of the prison-house, and lift up the light of his countenance upon you, and break your bonds, and bring you up once more to bless and praise the dear name of Jesus, and tell of his wonderful and blessed works, is the desire of,

Yours in tribulation,

Pewsey.

T. G.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MR. GADSBY.

Messrs. Editors,—Having seen in your *Standard* an announcement respecting our departed friend and father, Mr. Gadsby, I thought good to send a few lines, as my last token of respect, for you to do with them as you thought proper.

The first time I ever heard our departed friend was about thirty years ago, when he preached at Devizes, at the ordination of Mr. Handsforth. Before this, I had been thinking with concern about my soul for nearly twenty years, but knew very little of the doctrines of the word of God. I had been brought through great and trying scenes of trouble with a large family, and in that time had been led to know something of the plague of my heart, and had oftentimes been brought to the borders of despair. But after I heard Mr. Gadsby, the religion of my youth went to wreck, and I was led to see that I was a lost man, often fearing that hell would be my portion. About this time, God put it into my heart to go to Devizes, not so much to hear Mr. Gadsby as to see the ordination of a minister, though I knew nothing about him.

When the service began in the morning, Mr. Gadsby ascended the pulpit to ask Mr. Handsforth the questions, &c. He said to Mr. Handsforth, "It is like a son giving instruction to a father" (Mr. Handsforth being the older man). But such an experience of the dealings of God with a man I never heard before as was delivered by Mr. Handsforth. And I shall never forget Mr. Gadsby leaning over the pulpit after Mr. Handsforth ended, and saying to the people or church, "There, my friends, God hath brought a man through hell to you; and I hope you will not send him to hell again by your conduct towards him." He then took his text, which was, "And he that hath my word, let him speak my word faithfully." (Jer. xxiii. 28.) As he opened his subject, every sentence seemed to come with power. The doctrine he advanced so suited my condition, that it seemed as pure seed cast into good ground, or as a nail fastened in a sure place by the great Master of assemblies. I cannot remember much of the sermon, being so long ago; but this I can say, I shall never lose the remembrance of the savour of what I then heard; it took such effect on my mind, that I was led to search the word of God more than I ever did before; and the more I read, the more I was convinced that it was God's truth, mighty through the power of the Holy Spirit. In giving the charge to Mr. Handsforth, Mr. Gadsby said that he had once come in contact with another professed minister, who told

him that his doctrine led to licentiousness. "Well," said Mr. Gadsby, "God knows that I have but little to boast of; but, if you like, I will show spots with you." "O," said the other, "I don't say it leads *you* to it." "Well, then," said Mr. Gadsby, "my church shall show spots with your church." "No," said the other, "I don't say it leads *your church* to it." "Then," said Mr. Gadsby, "does it lead *you* to it, Sir?" "No," said he. "Well, then," said Mr. Gadsby, "if it does not lead me to it, nor my church, nor you, whom does it lead to it?" So he was completely foiled.

The next time I heard Mr. Gadsby preach was at Trowbridge, about a year or so after I had heard him at Devizes. There was but one minister in the town who would lend him a pulpit, and he was a Unitarian. I took the opportunity to go and hear him. The meeting was crowded to excess. Mr. Gadsby read the text, "Lord, teach us to pray." (Luke xi. 1.) Such a sermon I never before heard. He showed us, first, what was not prayer. He said that a man might have a fine flow of words (what men generally call a fine gift in prayer); he might please the ears of an audience, and please his own self, and fill a house, &c., and there might not be one particle of prayer in it. "First," he said, "they pray for both houses of Parliament; (mind," said he, "I don't say anything against praying for Parliament;) then they go to India, and then to America; and if you are pretty much used to them, you know whereabouts they are, to a tee." Then he went on to show what real prayer was; that it consisted in secret sighs and groans, and secret desires, &c. I received such encouragement that I went on my way rejoicing.

The next time I heard him preach, was when he came down into the country, somewhere about 1815. He preached at Hilperton Marsh, near Trowbridge. (This was before John Warburton's chapel was built.) I persuaded many of my friends to go and hear him; for I was somewhat as the woman of Samaria. I said to them, "Come, see and hear a man who will tell you the truth of God." Some went to hear him, for my sayings. When we came to the chapel, it was with difficulty that we could reach the door, because of the crowd. When he had ascended the pulpit and began to speak, he seemed quite shut up, and said, "I am like a man going into a lumber-room to find a piece of timber for his use. He takes up one piece, and that won't do; he takes up another, and that won't do; he takes up the third, and measures it, but that will not do. Now," said he, "since I came into this pulpit, two or three texts have come to my mind, and none of them will do. And if any of you who are come to hear me receive any comfort or instruction, you need not go and thank William Gadsby for it." I now began to be very uneasy, not so much for myself, because I had heard him with such pleasure before, but on account of my friends that were come so far to hear him. But he took his text, which was, "Mighty to save." He began to speak, and the gales of the Spirit blew upon him; and he spoke as a man taught of God, as one having authority, and not as our young school-boy parsons do.

After this, John Warburton's chapel was built, and then Mr.

ment was not made fertile and fruitful in God's method and way of dealing. Consequently, the sweets of what God had done were destroyed, for I now find that "to the hungry soul every bitter thing is sweet." And again, I know this is always enough to be eternally thankful for in our souls, had we righteous judgment enough to discern it. But, whether we see it or not, it really is so.

But we are said to grow in grace and in the knowledge of Christ. (2 Peter iii. 18.) Yes; in this way I maintain the soul does thus grow. First, how God saved him, individually and manifestively, and he then grew in the knowledge of God's covenant way, method, and manner of saving the church collectively. When by God's daily teaching our judgment gets fruitful, so that we are in some measure enabled to judge righteous judgment upon what God has done for our souls, (and this will make us value what he has done in us and for us;)—when we are brought here in a feeling way and manner, the Lord is sure to get every grain of praise and glory, from our inmost souls, of our salvation. Again, Solomon says, "Get wisdom; and with all thy getting get understanding" (or knowledge). (Prov. iv. 7.) In that verse, you will see, he says wisdom is the principal thing. Yes, having got Christ formed in our hearts, the hope of glory, "who is made unto us wisdom," the understanding is sure to get more and more enlightened, as the effect; and all knowledge that is not from this source is not worth having. Now, my dear friend, I have shown you in some measure that Christ is my only hope, and how he became so; for I speak to the honour and praise of his blessed name, I have no other hope under heaven, nor indeed do I want any other, for I am perfectly satisfied when I have his sensible favour in my soul. "O Naphtali, satisfied with favour." (Deut. xxxiii. 23.) Now the next thing we get ("with all thy getting") is to cut us up to all hope of any thing in and of ourselves. Here the judgment gets informed again, so much so that we are brought to hope against hope; for let the soul look to any thing that it has done or can do, it will find there is not a spark of ground for hope to rest upon. But by the grace of hope that God the Holy Ghost has implanted, the soul, being brought in a measure to rest on the faithfulness of a covenant God, will and does hope against hope and the things of the flesh; so that the judgment says, "That which is flesh is flesh still, and that which is spirit is spirit;" and it learns to abhor and hate with perfect hatred the former, and to love, praise, and highly value the latter, and to ascribe its own fruit to its own root; and never expects to be saved in whole or part by the flesh, but really does hope and expect to be saved by the Giver of the spirit. Here, my dear friend, we put things where God has put them, and we detest those who would rob our dear Jesus of his glory; and to keep them where the word of life and truth kept them, and to really love those who are begotten of him, (you are a witness of that,) and call them what the Lord has called them, the salt of the earth. Now, my dear friend, whereunto the Lord hath enabled me to attain, I hope to mind the same things, and have spoken of the same things, and have stopped where the Lord has stopped with me; for it is better to keep behind the Lord than to go before in any one thing. Should these things suit

you, you will please pay your debt off, (that is, send me another letter.) There is no person living to whom I feel more pleasure in writing than to you; therefore, as you can write, "owe no man any thing," and the sooner you pay the less interest you will have to put down. Therefore, the first opportunity, I hope you will write. Now, may the Lord keep us chaste to his truth, chaste to the manner he hath dealt with us, and chaste to how we received him.

Walworth, November 17, 1826.

NATHL. MARRINER.

AM I HIS OR AM I NOT?

Messrs. Editors,—Having at different times seen "Inquiries" in your periodical, I take the liberty of laying before you a few questions, and if you, or some of your valuable correspondents, should think them worthy of a few remarks by way of answer, I shall be very glad. I desire nothing but what you or they can prove from your own experience, and should the blessed Spirit see fit to apply the same with power to my heart, I shall be satisfied; but unless that is done, I know that I shall have to remain as I am, in a labyrinth of mystery, wondering where the scene will end.

It being my lot to have God-fearing parents, and being settled by Providence under a master who held the doctrines set forth in the *Gospel Standard*, by hearing religious conversation, attending the preached word, and reading religious works, I soon procured a great knowledge of the doctrines of the gospel, and (as I thought) was a bold defender of the same. But one evening, when reading the first part of Mr. Warburton's life, I plainly saw that there was a way (and the right way too) to which I was a perfect stranger. I rose from my seat and fell upon my knees, and cried unto God to lead me in the right and true way, in the same way that he had led his servant, Mr. W. I merely name this as an introductory remark. My experience for the twelve months after that circumstance is not worth notice. But after that time I found a something beginning to rise up in my heart, convincing me that all the doctrines I had learnt and stocked myself with were no more use to me (with respect to eternal realities) than a bunch of straw; and assuring me that if I did not know Christ for myself, I must eternally and awfully perish. This impression was not very powerful or weighty in my mind, but it *was* there, and is to this day. I am quite satisfied that without this knowledge there is no salvation; this causes a feeling of destitution; so that, let me go where I may, I cannot rid myself of it, or get away from it. I can compare it to nothing but the tide; it ebbs and flows continually. Sometimes the sentence of death appears to be stamped upon everything of time and sense, and also on me; I look around me, and all appears to be "vanity and vexation of spirit;" and when I am in this state, eternity presents itself to my imagination, accompanied with the certainty of death, the shortness of time, and, worst of all, my unfitness to die. These exercises cause me to cry, and groan, and wrestle with God, (as far as I am able,) that he would, if it be his blessed will,

condescend to implant his fear in my heart, bring me to know my lost and ruined state, show me what I am in his holy and pure eyes, and lead me to Christ for life and salvation; for I feel satisfied that if I do not know these things for myself, I must eternally perish. I am pressed down daily with a heavy weight of guilt, so that I can seldom call on God as I desire; for no sooner do I attempt it, than guilt stops me in a moment, and something rises up within me, saying that it is of no use my attempting to call on God, for he will not hear me. Here I am compelled to mourn over my destitution, and I go about groaning, sighing, and inwardly and secretly crying unto the Lord to appear for me. Here I differ very widely from God's people in general; they appear to have quite a sufficient knowledge and experience of the depravity of their hearts, and of the vileness of their nature; but I seldom hear them complain of guilt lying heavy on their souls, and being a mighty barrier between them and God. If I could hear them bringing these things out, I think I should be somewhat encouraged. But there are moments in which this feeling of guilt is somewhat removed from my mind, and I enjoy a little liberty and access to God; and when this is the case, a sight and sense of the goodness and mercy of God accompany it, and in such a sweet degree, that I cannot find words to give full vent to my feelings. And at these seasons I feel a something within that would gladly leave all the damnable drudgeries of sin; and, were I in possession of ten thousand worlds, I could sacrifice and leave the whole, could I satisfactorily feel Christ to be my all in all. But these feelings are very short in their duration; and I soon again fall a prey to the killing power of guilt. These feelings reduce me to that state, in my experience, that I do not know what course to take for the best. I am often ensnared, bewildered, benumbed, and overcome by the deceitful workings of a base and wicked heart; I am often light, vain, and trifling; I often fall into mischief; and the more I strive against it, (when I feel a *will* to strive against it,) the more it rages. Nay, there are seasons when I appear to be as dead and lifeless in my experience as the stones in the road; yet, notwithstanding all the heavy weight of guilt, and all my deadness, heaviness, hardness, and destitution, I have a something within, underneath everything, that feels it all; and this something will not let me rest, either day or night; but forces and compels me to cry unto God. Yet I cannot prevail.

Thus I go on, day after day, groaning, crying, sighing, and wrestling with God as far as I am enabled; and day after day, sometimes, I am (through the heavy weight of guilt) confined to nothing but groans and sighs, which I cannot find words to express, or to write an adequate statement of; and, I say again, I know not what to do for the best. If I look before me, I see an approaching eternity, the certainty of death, and the wrath of Infinite Justice; if I look behind me, I see a world of trespasses and sins that I have committed, but cannot select one mark, evidence, or landmark, that I can satisfactorily look upon as the work of the Holy Spirit, as preparatory to the salvation of my never-dying soul; and if I look on

either side, I see enemies of all kinds, sin working, ruling, reigning, and, as a mighty conqueror, swaying its sceptre in all my words, in all my thoughts, and in all my proceedings, let them be of what nature they may, but not in outward and open profanity. Bless God for this!

Some call me deluded; some say I am falsely opinionated; and others say that it is all my own fault that I do not advance any further; "And," say they, "Why don't you believe? If you should be lost, it will be from your own neglect." Here I am often puzzled; for I feel myself to be in that state that I could as soon make a world as I can believe.

Thus I have given you, as far my ability has enabled me, a statement of my daily experience; and now I would ask you a few questions.

Can you discover in it any feature of the image of God in the soul? Can you discern any mark of a life begun that will never end? Is my faith of the operation of God? I can believe that God is able to do for me all that I desire; but the question is, will he do it? I can believe also that the church of God is as safe as if she were now in glory. But what faith is this? Is it the faith of devils? for it is said that they "believe and tremble." From whence do the cries that I have put up to God arise? Do they arise from mere natural convictions, which every ungodly man feels, more or less? Do they arise from the suggestions of Satan, or do they arise from the life of God implanted in my heart? Here lies the grand mystery. This is the pivot upon which my everlasting destiny must turn. And notwithstanding all that men say to me, or what professors brand me with, I am still compelled to cry unto God. Not all the world can satisfy me. Nothing short of the personal, mighty, and saving power of God the Holy Ghost realised in my heart will or can give me relief and satisfy me. I feel that I must go to God, as well as I can, and if I perish, which I fear I shall, I shall perish whilst crying and groaning at his feet. But I must now close. What I have said is out of the abundance of my heart, which I now commit into the hands of God, hoping, if you can discern any appearance of the life of God in it, that he will bless the same to your hearts, and that he will enable you to furnish a reply of a right nature. But if you, according to your own experience, cannot answer me in the affirmative, I hope you will honestly give me a negative:

London.

J. L.

[Were we or any of our correspondents to assure J. L. that we fully believed the work of grace was begun on his soul, it would not satisfy him. He would still want a clearer and better testimony—that which the Lord, and none but the Lord, can give. It is the mercy of God's quickened family that they cannot rest in the opinion and testimony of man; and we are sure it is anything but a mark of grace when they can stretch themselves on this bed too short, and wrap themselves up in this covering too narrow. It is God's purpose to cut off every arm of flesh from them; and by stripping and emptying them, to bring them helpless and hopeless before his throne. We cannot, therefore, imitate those books and ministers who are perpetually coddling up souls under anxious concern, and trying to comfort them by telling them what *they* think of them. Will such a plaister heal a real wound? We trow not. They would do them more good, and act in a more scriptural way, did they seek to lead sin-

afflicted souls to pour out their hearts at the throne of mercy, and point out Jesus as the Friend of sinners, than giving them *their* opinion of the soundness of their religion.

Were we, then, to say that we liked many things in the above letter, and have every reason to believe it is the Spirit's work, we should only do what we have just condemned. You need a better testimony than ours, J. L., and when the Lord shines into your soul, you will then neither need ours nor any other man's. The Lord keep you at his feet till he mercifully grants it. Should any of our experimental correspondents feel disposed to take up the subject, and return J. L. an answer, we shall be glad to insert it.—Eds.]

CAN THE VOICE OF CONSCIENCE BE DISTINGUISHED FROM THE SUGGESTIONS OF SATAN?

Messrs. Editors,—Believing that your publication is for the use and edification of poor sinners, as such I venture to write you a few lines, begging, if the Lord shall enable you, your consideration of the following question; namely, "How the voice of conscience, which speaks within, and the voice of Satan, are to be distinguished." I want the feelings and effects produced in and upon the soul by each, to be clearly traced out. I am aware this is an ignorant question; and, not having heard any of God's people speak of it, I am half afraid of mentioning it, lest it should be a black mark against me for not being able, at times, to discern the difference; for when I get a little comfort, it is soon taken from me by such a suggestion as this: "Do not flatter yourself that anything which you have felt or received was from God; it was only a delusion of the devil, whereby he hoped to hush you up in a state of carnal security; and, for that purpose, he gave you a false peace of mind, and assured you of your interest in Christ, in imitation of the Spirit's work and of that peace in believing which God's people enjoy." How, in a case like this, am I to know whether it is conscience bearing an honest testimony that I am altogether wronged and deceived, or a device of Satan, by which he intends, if possible, to destroy that little spark of faith and hope which appeared, to prevent me from sinking? If it be the former, I would desire to attend to its dictates; but, if the latter, I trust it would drive me to prayer for more grace, that I might fight against such unbelieving thoughts, so dishonouring to God and destructive to my own peace of mind. I am constantly in fear, lest I should take to myself what does not belong to, and is not intended for me; for I am aware there is a great difference between what God bestows upon his own people, and what ungodly professors take to themselves. There is nothing I dread so much—for there can be nothing so awful—as self-deception in the concerns of an immortal soul; and, at times, I greatly fear that my faith will prove presumption, and that the heart-trouble I have experienced on account of sin is only that sorrow of heart, the portion of the ungodly, and the forerunner of everlasting sorrow: "Give them sorrow of heart;" "To the sinner he giveth travail, to gather and to heap up."

I trust the Lord will speedily disperse these clouds of unbelief which so press me down on every side, and that he will enable me to cast myself, sinful as I am, into the hands of the dear Redeemer,

and to hang on the precious promises held forth in his gospel to weary, heavy-laden sinners. If I am travelling in the narrow way, having entered by the door, Jesus Christ, surely I must come under Bunyan's character of

February, 1844.

"MUCH AFRAID."

[We are not sufficient casuists in heavenly divinity to trace out the distinction "Much Afraid" requires; but we think that we may say this, that the suggestions mentioned bear, to our minds, much more the appearance of coming from Satan than from a conscience made tender in God's fear. If they baffle and confuse you, stop your mouth in prayer, and represent God as a hard Judge, they come from Satan. If they quicken your soul to cry and groan, lead you to honesty and uprightness before God, and, cutting you off from an arm of flesh, bring you to Jesus as "mighty to save," they have marks of springing from life within. But, friend "Much Afraid," these things are some of the trials and temptations that God's children pass through on their way to the kingdom; some of the waves and billows on which the spiritual mariners are tossed up and down before they reach the desired haven. And if "Much Afraid" has, as we trust, the good pilot aboard, he will not let the ship strike on the rocks of presumption or despair, but will bring it safe into the harbour of endless bliss.]—Eds.

SLANDER REFUTED.

Messrs. Editors,—It has been told me that I am the preacher hinted at, under the head "Inquiry," in the *Gospel Standard* for April last; but who "Erasmus" is I know not, nor whether my professed friend or foe; neither do I care much, knowing that what is laid to my charge, viz., "that regeneration never took place upon either soul or body," never entered into my mind at any time, nor ever dropped from my lips. It is a wilful perversion of what I did say, on purpose to stab my public character.

I was preaching, from Rom. vi. 6: "Knowing this, that our old man is crucified with him, that the body of sin might be destroyed, that henceforth we should not serve sin." The reason why I took this text was, I had been three days and nights so much plagued and cast-down in my mind with indwelling sin, that I was almost suffocated. I sighed, and groaned, and cried to God from my heart from dire necessity, but received no answer. Then I was afraid to cry to the dear Lord, lest I should offend him. But give vent I must; and I said, "O Lord, O Lord! bring a portion of thy word that will support my mind, and produce in me patience till thou shalt see meet to deliver me." And, blessed be his precious name, he brought to my mind that suitable, well-adapted text, Rom. vi. 6; and my soul felt ease, peace, patience, and soul-support, from seeing, by a given, in-wrought faith, that my old man was crucified with Christ. I made this my introduction to my preaching; and blessed be God for the liberty that he afforded a poor worm that always goes trembling into that solemn place, the pulpit. The divisions were as follows:—1st, the subject of this experimental knowledge; 2nd, the knowledge of the object, viz., "our old man;" and, 3rd, the result, "that henceforth we should not serve sin."

In describing the subject, I began with the 20th verse of the pre-

ceding chapter, the law's entrance that the offence might abound feelingly in the conscience, so as to make the subject a real sound convict to the law, and stop his mouth, and bring him in guilty before God, and show him feelingly his need of Jesus Christ and his free-grace salvation, or else he will be lost for ever. But the Lord be thanked, "that as sin hath reigned unto death, even so might grace reign through righteousness unto eternal life by Jesus Christ our Lord."

2ndly. The object known, viz., "Our old man crucified with Jesus." Upon this I said I should make the following remarks or distinction, which I hoped would be useful to them: "That our old man was neither the body nor the soul, but a plague to both; and that the new man was neither the body nor the soul, but affected both, when they were under its influence, through the efficiency of the Holy Ghost." I said I should endeavour to prove it thus: "Adam, in his pristine purity, had both body and soul, but no old man; whilst unregenerate man had a body and a soul, but no new man;" which I thought I had thus demonstrated. I then quoted the first verse of the fourth hymn, in Rippon's selection, but I read it in my own way as follows:

"What jarring natures dwell within;
The grace of God, indwelling sin;
Nor this can reign, nor that prevail,
Though each, by turns, my soul assail."

I added, "Those who do not like my reading of it, can take it as it is." The whole hymn maintains and confirms the statement I have made, and the 7th chapter of the Epistle to the Romans contain the daily experience of every spiritual Shulamite. Thanks be to God for the 7th chapter of Romans.

Now, Sirs, I see the subtlety of the Erasmus's perversion. He has taken two of my words, "body and soul," that I used, and added to them what I never said. Well, "Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake." (Matt. v. 10, 11.) "Good theology and sound divinity" sounds well in my ears, and I love them in my heart. They are phrases that I shall never turn my back upon. I have been a filler-up of gaps for above twenty years, and was never before charged with a fundamental error. I have supplied at times at that sound minister's chapel, the late Mr. Gadsby, and never did I receive more encouragement from any man than I did from him; for which I bless God, and also for having received the like from Mr. Kershaw, the pastor of Hope Chapel, Rochdale, where I was preaching on the 21st of April. This exoneration of myself from the falsehood laid to my charge springs from the desire of some of my friends in the latter place, who pressed me to it, or else I should not have attempted it; for I never wrote anything for publication in my life before; nor did it once cross my mind that I ever should, as I am not fit; and I fear you will have something to do to make it out.

I will now write a few words about myself which I cannot but do with thankfulness to the Lord.

I was baptized at Lockwood in 1806; and about a year before that time, at the same place, the Lord the Spirit met with me, and arrested me at the bar of my conscience. The words that dropped from the preacher's lips were, "Sinners, you know nothing about these things; but if you die without a saving acquaintance with them, you'll be damned;" and he abruptly took his seat. As Nathan said to David, the Holy Spirit said to me, "Thou art the man." I never before made any kind of profession of religion, but was a proficient in the service of the devil, and without any spiritual light. I was a ringleader in mischief in the village where I dwelt, and was as ignorant of God, Christ, the Spirit, the law, the gospel, or the word of God, as an Egyptian mummy. So that with the heart God began with me, and made me feel the guilt of sin, and to see its exceeding sinfulness; that sin was a transgression of the law that is holy, just, and good, yea, and deserved damnation. And by the same stroke I was made to feel my own inability to do anything spiritually good. Damnation seemed to be my due and desert. My convictions were deep and powerful; and I was afraid that I should go headlong to hell. But the dear Lord blessed the doctrine of free justification by Christ's righteousness to my wounded soul by the same preacher through whom I received my wound; and it has been a prominent feature in my gap-filling, blessed be the name of the Lord.

Your early insertion of this in the *Gospel Standard* will much oblige

Lockwood, May 9, 1844.

CHARLES LODGE.

[We find that we unwittingly committed an error in inserting the letter of „Erasmus, Lockwood," which we now find to be a gross and unfounded calumny. In justice to the misrepresented and injured party, we insert his letter as above; and as we believe Charles Lodge to be an honest, God-fearing man, and an experimental preacher, we here express our regret at having been so imposed upon by Erasmus's artful letter. If, instead of his deceitful and unfounded insinuations, Erasmus had told us who the preacher was, it would have been but common honesty; and we are sure we too much respect and esteem Charles Lodge to have inserted any thing to disparage or injure him. We are sorry it took place, and we trust that this explanation will fully satisfy him.—Eds.]

"WHEREFORE DOTTH A LIVING MAN COMPLAIN?"

My unknown Friend,—I am old and worn out, and am unable to write. You are chastened, which is the common lot of children. You are searched and tried, which is the case of all the churches, and of every of them. God has taught you your lost and undone estate, and he has appointed his dear Son to save the lost. You are quickened, and have an appetite for the Bread of Life and for the righteousness of Christ, and such are pronounced blest, and God's blessing is eternal life. "Wherefore then doth a living soul complain for the punishment of sin?" Have you not procured these things for yourself? Has not your back called for strokes? Hear the rod, then, and Him that hath appointed it, for it has a voice in it, which is, "All that I love I rebuke and chasten," and if you are without chastisement, of which all are partakers, then are ye a bastard and not a child of God.

I should like to know how you came to know anything of me, and what is the cause of your living in so dark a corner of the world as Medhurst, where there is no food for a starving soul. I have preached at Medhurst, but never found anything there but sin and death. Farewell.

Hermes Hill, Pentonville, Islington.

W. HUNTINGTON.

PS. If God has opened your eyes to see through the preachers of the day, it is a favour to you. "They that fear God shall come forth of them all." Be thankful for so great a benefit, for I do not believe that there is one spiritual minister in London, nor do I know but three in the nation.* Presumption, not faith, the letter, and not the spirit, is the ministry of our times, and such may fill us with bitterness, set us down at ease, keep us in bondage, and that is all. Read, confess, pray, watch, and wait; these are what God requires of us under the rod, and I have not one doubt but ere long you will see that Just One in all his glory, in all his beauty, and with all his fulness, and as all in all to thee. So I write, and so you will believe.

* Conscious as we are of the scarcity of ministers of the Spirit, we think the good man was here mistaken in his judgment.—Eds.

OBITUARY.

Died, at South Chard, near Chard, Somerset, on Nov. 21, 1843, William Thomas Money, aged 29 years, nine years the beloved pastor of the Particular Baptist church in that village. He was one of the Lord's persecuted and despised, but faithful and true servants, preaching, without the fear of man, a full, free, and finished salvation by Jesus Christ; holding the truth in its purity, and preaching the doctrines clearly and experimentally. So that he was "a workman that needed not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth."

His disease was of so painful a nature as, during a period of six months, almost entirely to preclude any conversation with him, although, when spoken to, it was evident that he was founded on the Rock of ages; and, as he said, his feet were immovably cemented on this Rock by everlasting love. He was so convinced of his total destitution, that he felt himself to be a brand plucked out of the fire; and an impressive comparison which he made to one of his members, during his affliction, will not soon be forgotten. Leaning upon a stick, he feebly extended it, and said that it once grew out of a tree, rough and unpolished; and so, he said, was he as rough, as wicked, and as vile a sinner as ever was dug out of the quarry of nature; and then again, with great feebleness, holding the stick out, said, "It has been in the hands of the polisher; all its knots are removed; it is beautiful;" and then pausing a moment, he said, "So am I; every iniquity cancelled; all sin atoned for, and removed; no salvation to work out; no preparation for death; nothing to do but die; peace made, salvation secured, and heaven certain; beautifully polished, and made meet and useful for the Master's service." Speaking to another, he said that the truths which God had enabled him feebly to preach were his only support and comfort; and taking the friend

by the hand, said, "God bless thee, and give thee, in thy last moments, the same comfort that I now experience in the anticipation of death." A dear friend, a day or two before his death, observing him shake his head several times, inquired what he had upon his mind; to which he replied that he was feasting his sight upon the streaming cross of Calvary. She said, "Then you have no fears or doubts as to your safety." "O, no," he replied, "none whatever. The only fear I have, is how my poor body will be at the last moment;" and that was mercifully removed, as he was released from his suffering without a sigh or groan.

An extract or two from his diary may not be deemed an intrusion, and will serve to establish him as one of the Lord's tried ones. He says, "Since I have been settled in the country, I have enjoyed much comfort in my Lord's service, who has borne testimony to the word in many instances, in the calling-in of many, and the building-up of many in the faith." However, I have not been free from the enemy's powers; he has often assailed my soul with hellish malice, and has too often gained the victory over me. The world, too, has often interrupted my joys; whilst the flesh, with its opposition to the Spirit, has caused many hours of anxious watching. The distress of seeking souls lies near my heart; and some of the people I have been enabled to pray much for. The heights and depths of God's love, the immutability of his counsels, and the infallibility of his promises, have formed a large portion of my meditations for the last six months, and have been the joy of my heart under many heavy trials, sweetening the cup of bitters; and here am I. And what shall I say? Why, 'having obtained help of God, I continue unto this day,' witnessing to both small and great of the Lord Jesus Christ as the only way for poor sinners to be saved." After a Lord's day evening, he writes, "I have had my mind stayed on the covenant love of God. I went to bed greatly fatigued in body, but more so in mind, in looking back on the labours of the day, on the importance of the work I have been engaged in. However, on the whole, I trust I can say I have not shunned to declare the truth as it is in Jesus; for I had a little of the living oil poured into my soul, and had my enjoyment in being fully persuaded, from the inward testimony of the Holy Ghost, that my name was in the book of life." Again he writes, after baptizing nine persons, "I trust my soul was filled with love in looking through the day and seeing the Lord's hand had been with me. I had very near access to the throne of my heavenly Father, had a taste of heaven several times, felt the arms of a covenant God around me, and seemed like one waiting for the chariot to fetch me away. During the week, I visited the new members. Some think they shall never doubt more. I know they will, or they won't be like me; but this they will find when they get farther in the wilderness."

I could extract scores which are very precious, but this will be the last. Perhaps, at some future period, I may send more, with letters written to a dear friend. He says, "I preached this evening from the 5th verse of the 34th Psalm. The devil was so close to my side that I felt the hardest work from raving out some of my own natural temper; but, thanks be to my Lord, he did not permit Satan's de-

signs to succeed. The old man did so boil within me; and Satan would have broken over bounds, (for he is filled with hellish rage,) but the Lord, by his grace, perfected strength in my weakness. And thus, whilst I have felt black, polluted, defiled, weak, and less than nothing, I have been enabled to see my Father's everlasting, electing love of me in the person of his Son, my Jesus' redeeming grace and everlasting fulness of all grace blessings for my use, and the Holy Ghost's efficient power in applying everything that Christ is to me, giving me to glory in my needs, that the power of Christ may rest upon me."

He had fixed on Mr. B. to improve his death, by preaching from Zech iii. 2: "Is not this a brand plucked out of the fire?" but, being in London, it was done by Mr. G., to a crowded congregation.

Thus we, as a church, are left destitute, and the language of David is very suitable to us, "Help, Lord, for the godly man ceaseth, for the faithful fail from among the children of men." He has left a widow with five destitute children.

I am, yours in the bonds of the gospel,

Chard, 13th Dec., 1843.

AN EYE-WITNESS.

[Though we have inserted the above obituary, the name of the minister whose death it records had not previously reached our ears as an experimental preacher of the truth as it is in Jesus. We should like, therefore, to know a little more of his experience before and after he was called to the ministry; for there are too many who are confident of their state, and freely use the words, "My Lord," and "My Jesus," without a solid foundation in their conscience by the work and witness of the Holy Ghost.

We do not indeed mean to insinuate that W. T. Money was one of these vain-confident ones, as we think there is a sweetness and savour in some of his expressions with which we have felt a union; but as "An Eye-Witness" has offered to send us some of his diary and letters, we have thought it as well to point out what we should wish most to see.—EDS.]

EDITORS' REVIEW.

Universal History, on Scripture Principles, designed for the use of Children. Parts I. and II.—London, S. Bagster, 1842—1843.

Few among the quickened family of God care to read any book but the Bible, and such spiritual books as may fall in their way as are consistent with the doctrine and experience of the Bible. There are not many "great readers" among the peculiar people whom God has made wise unto salvation. Hard toil is the portion of the large majority; and even those who have time and taste for reading have in most cases neither money to purchase, nor inclination to peruse any books but those which are upon the things of eternity. Works of science or history, languages or geography, and all the *alogies* and *ologies* which alternately tease and amuse, perplex and interest the learned and reading world, are all an unexplored ocean to God's exercised family. And it is their mercy that it is so. Let the learned lose their way in the labyrinths and mazes of human science; or let them learn all that can be known of twinkling stars and glittering planets, of bright flowers and hidden mosses, of stratified rocks and rare fossils; let them search into all the geography of the

globe, acquaint themselves with all the literature and languages of East and West, and turn over the page of history till the hand falters and the eye grows dim,—and what do they reap as the fruit of all their toil and trouble? Not a grain of true happiness here, and a whole eternity of misery hereafter. If a child of God be bitten with this lust of knowledge, and, in spite of the workings of a tender conscience, be left to pursue it eagerly, he will sooner or later find that it will harden his heart, deaden his soul, make the things of God unsavoury, and open a wide door for infidelity and the temptations of the devil. All knowledge but spiritual knowledge is useless, as far as regards eternity; and where a man's business or calling do not lead him that way, to pursue the knowledge of things temporal, perishing, and earthly, to the neglect of things eternal, heavenly, and saving, is to leave the Fountain of living waters and hew out a cistern, a broken cistern, that can hold no water.

Books, too, on worldly subjects are for the most part deeply tainted with open or secret infidelity; and where free from that evil and its usual accompaniment, profaneness, are universally written on wrong principles. Their writers, not knowing the truth as it is in Jesus, and being destitute of the Holy Spirit's saving illumination, view every thing through a wrong medium, and by the light of that wisdom which is from beneath, and is earthly, sensual, and devilish.

But the question occurs, "Are our children to be left without education?" Grace, we know, we cannot give them; but are we to leave them to all the rudeness and barbarism of ignorance?" Because we cannot plant the rose of Sharon, nor cause "calamus and cinnamon, with all trees of frankincense, myrrh, and aloes, with all the chief spices," (Song iv. 14,) to spring up in their souls, shall we leave them to be overrun like the field of the sluggard, and to be "all grown over, with thorns and nettles to cover the face thereof?" (Prov. xxiv. 31.)

Sure we are that the human mind must be occupied with something; and better far is it to see our sons and daughters occupying themselves at home with some instructive book, where circumstances admit, than to have the painful spectacle before our eyes of the cigar in the mouth of the one, and the novel in the hands of the other, or behold the former imitating the sons of Belial in their debasing lusts, and the latter copying the daughters of Canaan in their frivolous amusements. Could books of history, or biography, or travels, or the lighter sciences, be found free from profaneness, worldliness, and infidelity, were we able, amid the groaning shelves of modern literature, to find works written upon scriptural principles, we should hail it as a mercy for God-fearing parents. But at present where shall we find such?*

We are glad, therefore, to see a little work like the present, which can be safely and comfortably put into the hands of children by

* There are, indeed, a few really interesting and valuable works upon natural history published by the Religious Tract Society, but they are rather interspersed with religious remarks and "pious observations" than based upon sound scriptural principles.

God-fearing parents. We understand it is written by a lady professing vital godliness.

We have read both, or the greater part of both, volumes with much interest and pleasure, and must say it is exceedingly well done. It is not a servile copy of what other school authors have compiled from historians, but bears in every page marks of being an original work. The authoress has not taken Mavor's or Keightley's compilation, and stuck in a few scriptures or pious remarks, like plums on the outside of a pudding, but has taken all the materials, suet, and flour, and plums, and made the pudding herself with her own hands. And a very good and sweet pudding it is. The flour is not mingled with the arsenic of infidelity, the sugar is not adulterated with the filth of licentiousness, the suet is not tainted with the flyblows of profanity, and the currants have been thoroughly washed and cleaned from the dirt and stones of earthly wisdom. As our fair authoress can doubtless sometimes go into the kitchen and make a pudding, as well as sit in her study and write a book, we trust that she and our readers will excuse the homeliness of our figure.

The first part or volume contains the history of the world from the creation to the first appearance of Christ. The second part brings the history down to the establishment of christianity under Constantine.

Our extracts are from the second part, not because it is better written than the first, but because we think the circumstances related will prove more interesting to our readers.

The Lord gave (Deut. xxviii. 49—57) some solemn predictions of the miseries and calamities that would befall the Jews as the penalty of their sins and disobedience. Our extract, which we think very well written, giving a description of the miseries of the siege of Jerusalem by Titus will show how strictly and literally these divine denunciations were fulfilled:

"After the trench was completed, all hope was cut off from without, and the supplies within the city were wholly unequal to meet the wants of the people. Some still crept out by night to seek for herbs in the ravines within the trench; but they were constantly seized by the Roman guards, and crucified within sight of the walls. Sometimes as many as five hundred were writhing on crosses when the morning dawned; and the soldiers added mockery to their cruelties, by placing the bodies in the most strange and ridiculous attitudes. These executions, however, prevented such frequent desertion to the Romans; for the Zealots brought to the walls such as were disposed to escape, that they might see these examples of Roman cruelty. Titus had, moreover, sent back some of the deserters with their hands cut off, to desire their fellow-citizens not to force him to destroy their city and temples. But only loud curses of his name and his father's met the Cæsar's ear, as he went round to look at the works of the besiegers.

"The horrors of famine daily increased in Jerusalem; and the extremity of want destroyed every natural feeling. Wives snatched the last morsel from their husbands, children from their aged parents, mothers from their children; and it is said that mothers would even take their own milk from the mouths of their pining babes. In the meantime, the rebel soldiers forced open the houses in search of food; and if they found none, tortured the owners, supposing there was some concealment; those who looked strong and well were condemned as guilty of hiding corn; those who looked pale and half-starved were spared. As the robbers were always prowling about as beasts of prey, even those who

had food ate it in terror. Some, who had sold all they had for a measure of wheat or barley, devoured it in secret, underground, or snatched the bread from the embers before it was half baked. If any house were closed, the plunderers suspected the inmates had a meal; and, bursting in, they tore the food from their mouths. Old men were scourged and dragged about by the hair till they gave up the morsel for which they struggled desperately; and children, as they clung to their food, were dashed against the pavement. Jehu and Simon, friends only in crime, united together in most horrid cruelties against their fellow-citizens; and their soldiers were very often without the excuse of want, but plundered others only to save their own stores for a time of greater need.

"After the Romans had completed the trench, the anguish of despair was added to their hunger. Men fought with their nearest friends for a miserable morsel; and even the dead were searched, in hopes of finding some scraps concealed about them. Chopped hay, shoots of trees, and the most loathsome food, sold at an enormous price; and some ravenously gnawed their leather belts, or the covering of their shields. Women, children, and old men, as the weakest, first perished. Men beheld their dearest relations die, without shedding a tear; and the bodies were left unburied, either from indifference, or from the want of strength for the work, as there were instances of persons dying in the act of burying their friends; and some crept into the cemeteries, in order to die there. The soldiers at first ordered the dead to be buried at the public expense, dreading a pestilence from the corruption of the atmosphere; but as the numbers increased, they were thrown over the walls into the ravines below, or shut up in the deserted houses.

"It is said even Titus groaned as he went his rounds and saw the multitudes of corpses rotting in the sun, and called upon the gods to witness that he was not the cause of the misery of this city. This he said in ignorance: but we know that in one sense it was true; for it was caused by those wretched, Christ-rejecting people who had exclaimed, 'His blood be upon us and upon our children.' And, after the resurrection, those who would not believe in Christ as having been made a curse (Gal. iii. 13) for them, justly came under the curse of the law. The threatened yoke of iron was just put round their necks in the time of the Roman governors already mentioned; and a nation was now come against them from afar, with the eagle for their ensign, whose language they could not understand; for Josephus was obliged to be the mouthpiece of the Romans, and an interpreter for Titus. 'They were a nation of fierce countenance, who did not regard the person of the old, nor show favour to the young; they ate the fruits of the land and the increase of their flocks; and they besieged them in all their gates, till their high and fenced walls came down, wherein they trusted throughout the whole land.' (Deut. xxviii. 47—52.)

"But a story that reached the Roman camp at this season exceeded all that had been heard before, and struck even the heathens with horror. A rich and noble lady, who had come into Jerusalem with all her wealth before the siege began, had been frequently plundered; but though she tried to provoke the robbers by her curses, no sword was raised against her. They came day after day; for the very robbers began to stagger, through weakness, and, in the madness of hunger, searched the same houses again and again.

"This noble lady had often been deprived of her food; and at last, having nothing to eat, and no milk for the infant at her breast, she killed it in the wildest fit of despair, and, having cooked it, ate one-half and laid aside the other. The smell of the food soon attracted the robbers; and when they forced open the door and commanded her to give it up, she uncovered the remains of her child with the indifference of a maniac, and bitterly remarked she had taken care to keep some for her good friends. Even these savage-hearted men looked at her with astonishment; but she added, with a shrill, unearthly voice, 'Eat, for I have eaten; be not more delicate than a woman, more tender than a mother; or, if you are too religious to touch such food, leave me the rest, as I have eaten half already.' (See Deut. xxviii. 56, 57.)"

Our next extract will be upon a different subject, and will show what are the views of the authoress on church matters:

"In the second century, the light held forth by the church was still fainter, though it was more widely diffused. Instead of looking simply to Christ as the light, and thus living in the light of his countenance, Christians began to look to each other, or even to those who were 'without,' and consequently lived in a kind of twilight. At every step we may learn it is vain to reverence any antiquity short of the scriptures, and that the doctrines and practices of the ancient churches are of no value when they differ from the revealed will of God. It is well to be led to 'cease from man,' and to depend singly on the teaching of the Spirit in searching the written word.

"If we lean to our own understanding, being wise in our own conceit, we must go astray; but if we lean wholly on the Lord, taking his word as 'a lamp to our feet,' we shall surely be kept from wandering. That one Spirit will always teach the same things, and the written word is unchangeable, therefore it could only be from want of submission to the Teacher of the church that such a variety of doctrines and practices was introduced into it. From the same cause, subjects of difference remain such from age to age, a melancholy proof of human pride and infirmity.

"The difference, and even contrast, between the Jewish and Christian dispensations has been already pointed out; but, partly through ignorance, partly by intention, they were soon confounded; and this confusion led to all the serious mistakes that followed. Soon after the destruction of Jerusalem, an idea arose that there should be the same distinction between those who ministered in the church and their brethren, as between the Jewish priests and people—that the bishop answered to the high priest, the presbyters to the priests, and the deacons to the Levites. We know that the family of Aaron was set apart for the priesthood, and that of Levi for the service of the priests, but there was no similar arrangement in the constitution of the church, and if those who were put into the ministry answered to any ministers under the old dispensation, it would have been to the prophets. This name is indeed applied to them, whereas that of priests is never used, except in speaking of the whole church. (Rev. i. 6.) The prophets were not chosen because of family descent, and their calling (like that of Paul) was not of men, neither by man. Without any previous preparation of their own, they were qualified by the Lord for the work, and sent forth to speak his word, whether from the plough, as Elisha, from among the priests, as Ezekiel, or from the midst of the herdsmen, as Hosea. In the new dispensation we see the same exercise in the sovereignty of the Spirit, 'dividing to every man severally as he will,' and who could say to him, 'What doest thou?' or try to confine his operations to any class or succession of men. Matthew was called from the receipt of custom, Peter, Andrew, James, and John from their fishing nets, and they that were scattered abroad in the first persecution went everywhere preaching the gospel. The eloquent Apollos, who was so mighty in the scriptures, was not directed even to the apostles for instruction or permission to preach, but Aquila the tent maker, and his wife, were sufficient to expound to him the way of God more perfectly, and 'he mightily convinced the Jews and that publicly.' Finally, in the last epistle, (3 John,) we find it is most commendable to help forward those who go forth for Christ's name's sake, taking nothing of the Gentiles.

"But we have now to trace the history of the church under its two new divisions of clergy and laity, or priests and people, a distinction that gained for the clergy great honour and profit, but led to the most injurious consequences. In the first place it interfered with, or obscured, the standing of the children of God, as one in Christ, and as having the same access to God by him through the Spirit. (Eph. ii. 18.) In the second place, it put Christian ministry out of its right place, making it lordship instead of service. And, lastly, it led to endless assumptions on the part of those who usurped the name, rights, and privileges of priests. After this distinction was recognised, believers could no longer meet together as a family around the table of their common Lord, waiting upon the Spirit to enable any, whom he would, to pray, or to speak to the rest for edification, in exhortation, or to their comfort. But it must be remembered that the churches soon ceased to be gatherings of saints; and so many unregenerate persons were numbered with them that the same

power could not be expected. We have observed that there is nothing that men are sooner weary of than dependence on an invisible guide, and it was, therefore, a great relief to the natural mind to adopt certain settled forms, and to make a certain class of men the stated leaders in the public assemblies. Worship, in its true and direct spiritual meaning, is, the acknowledgment of what God has done for the soul, and consists in adoration of him in the way in which he has revealed himself. The carnal Jews, (Ps. i. 7—15,) and the Gentiles, (Acts xvii. 25,) thought of God as one who needed to be reconciled, and who required something at their hands, and therefore sought to obtain his favour by multiplied sacrifices and services; but the Lord, when instructing the awakened sinner, (John iv.) said, 'The true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth, for the Father seeketh such to worship him.'

Though not prepared to fall in with all the views advocated in this instructive and interesting work—we allude chiefly to those upon unfulfilled prophecy, and we think there is also a savour of some of the sentiments held by the Plymouth Brethren—we are bound to say that we are much pleased with its general tone and spirit. It is quite original, and bears the impress of much spiritual thought and experimental feeling. The light of scripture and the mind of Christ, as revealed by the Spirit in a tender conscience, are carried by the authoress to expose error and elucidate truth in a very convincing and instructive manner, particularly in the Second Part, where the gradual corruptions in the visible church are traced out.

An extract of this nature will show how the subject is handled:

"The church of Christ remains essentially the same, whatever may be done under that name on earth, or whatever form it may take in the world. And it is very necessary, while considering the falling away or apostasy of that which we call the church, to keep distinctly in view the scriptures concerning the church as it is in the purpose of God, and as it will be presented to the whole universe at the Lord's glorious appearing. After the inspired record of the failures of the churches on earth, (Rev. ii. and iii.) the believing reader rejoices at the description of the church in heaven. (iv. and v.) That the elders and living creatures (lit. Greek) represent the redeemed church, is clear from verses 9 and 10 compared with other parts of Scripture; and however wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked, these redeemed ones might appear on earth,—however tempted by their own lusts, by the world, or by the devices of Satan, they are here seen as having overcome and escaped all. They are on thrones, (seats—Greek, *thronoi*.) clothed in white raiment, crowned, full of eyes, having every one of them harps, and golden vials full of odours, perpetually giving glory where glory is due, and worshipping for ever God and the Lamb. The church is the body of Christ, 'the fulness of Him that filleth all in all' (Eph. i. 23.) And in the end he will 'present it unto himself, a glorious church, not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing.' (v. 29.) The security for this is the unfailing Head of the church. It is as impossible for one member of Christ to perish as it is for death or Satan to touch his glorious body, now at the right hand of God.

"I would therefore guard you, my dear young friends, from confounding the church, of which we are about now to speak, with the church spoken of in the New Testament; and the term is only used, after its original signification is gone, because there is no other that would be generally intelligible. It must also be remembered that we have now to speak of churches, not as gatherings of believers, but as stone buildings. If you were suddenly led out of the broad light of the noontide sun, down several flights of steps, and through subterraneous passages, into a cavern of pitchy darkness, and I asked you how you should get into that light again, you would naturally answer, 'I must retrace my steps. I must creep through all those dark passages, led by such glimmerings of light as I can find, and ascend those steps, and I shall find the sun shining as bright as ever.' And supposing another person said you might get

light by means of a multitude of lamps in the place where you were, you would smile at the idea of setting up anything as preferable to the light of the sun. Now this has been our experience in tracing the history of the church. We have gradually withdrawn from the light, and descended as it were, so easily, step by step after step, winding through so many artfully contrived passages that we are surprised at the darkness. The departure from the word of God was so gradual that persons seemed scarcely to miss the light from their path, or were contented with other guides. We may now be told there are a multitude of writings which will serve as guides through the darkness, or at least fill up or explain what is wanting in the written word; but we smile as we should at the idea of the lamps, either in the place of the sun, or as helps to make it give a better light. And our smiles are turned into sighs when we find erring men, who were perhaps less instructed in the truth than many children are now, set up and trusted to, under the venerable name of 'The Fathers.' The term 'fathers' can only be scripturally applied by converted persons to those who have been the means of their spiritual birth, by instructing them in the gospel. (See 1 Cor. iv. 15.) And the Lord said to his disciples, 'Call no man your father upon earth, (that is, in the sense of a teacher,) for one is your Father which is in heaven.' (Matt. xxiii. 9.) By 'the fathers' are to be understood certain teachers who lived in the first few centuries after the apostles, and whose writings still remain, as if to prove to the candid and intelligent reader how vast a difference there is between the laboured compositions of these learned men who were moved by the Holy Ghost, or those of Paul, whose eloquence and learning were not suffered to hinder the full flow of the living waters. But some, who would not generally depend on the fathers as the depositaries of truth, say that we at least owe to them the settlement of our received scriptures; for they arranged the books of our New Testament as they at present stand, and separated the inspired from the uninspired. To this it may be simply replied, that any spiritually-minded person, who has so tasted of the word of God as to find it sweeter than honey and the honeycomb, could do the same, and he would not mistake the words which man's wisdom teacheth for the words which the Holy Ghost teacheth. In the present day there is a false revelation, (that of Mormon in America,) and at many periods there have been false gospels and false epistles, as well as an attempt to add to the books of the Old Testament such as were not inspired: but the children of God know the difference between bread and a stone, between fish and a serpent; in other words, 'He that is spiritual discerneth all things.' (1 Cor. ii. 15.) There is many a source of fresh springing water, the streams whereof may be very foul, by flowing through earthy channels; but by going higher up, even to the source itself, we shall find the water in its natural purity. It is so with the Scriptures. They may be ever so much perverted by human interpretations; but as soon as one who is taught of the Spirit goes back to the simple truth, he will find it untainted, and as clear as when first given by the Holy Spirit."

We hope the work will receive sufficient circulation to encourage the compiler in her intention to complete it in two more parts. There are many grown up children who would find the perusal of it interesting, instructive, and profitable.

POETRY.

THE SOUL'S CONCERN.

"For what shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" (Mark viii. 36, 37.)

"For what is a man advantaged, if he gain the whole world, and lose himself, or be a cast-away." (Luke ix. 25.)

These solemn words lie heavy on my soul,
And often in my thoughts they come and toll;
Yes, and I wish them more and more to be,
Through God's great goodness, weighty still to me.

Let sinners, dead in sin, be careless still.
 As God works in me, may it be my will
 To feel more deep concern about my soul,
 Till Jesus makes my wounded conscience whole.
 My earnest prayer, my heart's desire fulfil,
 If, Lord, it be consistent with thy will,
 That I my soul's real worth may rightly know,
 And more and more concern'd about it grow.

Whoever may be left to sleep in sin,
 Or lose their souls some earthly trash to win;
 Let "God in Christ" be set before my eyes;
 Be it my whole concern to gain this prize.

This "high and heavenly calling," O, my soul,
 Keep thou in view. May it thy lusts control.
 Lord, after thee my soul would follow hard;
 Uphold me still, and grant the rich reward.
 O, blessed prize! if I should this obtain,
 Whate'er my loss, 'twill be eternal gain.
 Cost what it may; if I my life must lose
 To save my soul—Lord, let me not refuse.

"Glory to God!" who did in mercy turn
 My worthless heart, to feel such deep concern
 About my precious, never-dying soul,
 And in my mind these weighty thoughts to roll.
 Lord, grant that I, through fear, may not get slack,
 Or bear to think of being frightened back.
 Whatever dangers may beset the way,
 Still, "pressing forward," keep me, Lord, I pray.

Let nothing hinder this my soul's pursuit,
 To gain the tree of life, and eat the fruit.
 However clouded be the way I take,
 Lord, urge me onward, for thy mercy's sake.

The way of life alone is to the wise.
 Upon this way, Lord, fix and keep my eyes.
 And thus departing from the hell beneath,
 Escape the dreadful snares of sin and death.

O! may the path I'm in much brighter shine!
 Dear Saviour, do thy precious ear incline
 My supplication and my voice to hear,
 And in thy glory to my soul appear.

Lord, bring me forth out of the miry clay!
 And to my soul, "I'm thy salvation," say:
 My mourning into dancing for me turn,
 And make thy love within my heart to burn.
 Put off my sackcloth, make me glad for joy;
 Let songs of praise my glory, Lord, employ.
 When my captivity is turned, then I
 Shall lose the "fear of death," and long to die.

O that my soul the joyful sound could hear!
 A full deliverance from all doubt and fear.
 Good news, glad tidings this indeed would be!
 That blessed day my soul oft longs to see.

Thy time is best. Lord, help me still to wait
 At mercy's door, and watch at wisdom's gate.
 Make me a never-ceasing beggar, Lord,
 And some relief to one in want afford.

GLEANNING.

CONCERNING THE REDEEMING EFFICACY OF THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

The truth of which is, as a proper satisfaction was made to God by Christ, so that proper satisfaction (or atonement and full sacrifice) was an infallible and particular one for all the sins of the elect. The responsibility of my Surety is founded upon his Deity, as the Son of God; and the qualification of his sacrifice to pay my debt is founded upon his covenant as Mediator. My growing consolation ariseth from a sight of the Spirit's work in my soul, a discerning faith that Christ's satisfaction was made for me; therefore I believe, through grace, it was made for me before I came to Christ. I am experimentally encouraged. It was for me; to procure my heart to come to Christ; to encourage my heart to come to Christ and take up my pardon with him as my own; and then to come to Christ for more confirming evidences of it, by more faith. And may the Lord be pleased to give me gospel faith, discerning faith upon satisfaction made, and made for me, for my sins already; and though I cannot bring my heart to come, yet the satisfaction that Christ hath made for my sins can, and doth bring me to come to the glory of God by Christ. I must see the prevalence of the sacrifice made and the propriety of the sacrifice settled in the Lord's covenant to be for me, if ever I come to Christ to receive consolation from him; for I look to what I see, the positive proper satisfaction made by Christ for me and for all my sins, before I had a heart to come, as the satisfaction of Christ made to God was for me, in order to procure a believing heart to come, even when I had no heart to come to rest my soul on Christ, because I have the discoveries already which were procured by the same satisfaction, as I saw his righteousness and blood were for me in particular. My heart never spiritually set out upon a *may-be*; it was otherwise. I did not come to Christ upon any persuasive *ifs*, but I came upon positive drawings to the object God-man, in clear and distinct discoveries of his Person, righteousness, and grace to my soul. I felt his power after I beheld his fulness. I saw it to be for me, before I had a heart and courage to take it up: again he drew me to himself; he won me to his righteousness, melted my heart, and overcame me with his beauty, in the very discoveries of himself to me. The motions of my steps had never been, if the views and joy of my soul, in looking unto Jesus, never had preceded. If discoveries had not taken off uncertainties, I am sure there had been no effectual influence on my will, to bow me and incline my heart to Christ. The certainty of it in my views made me run. I got more ground now in a thought than I used to get in a whole set of motives and directions; for gospel faith is no blind faith, no roundabout faith; if I see my object certain, it draws my heart to him. I cannot often see his smiles, but I must be changed in the whole frame of all I see by them. The sweetness of love, in the certainty of the object, overcomes. He shows himself, and I come by the same grace. I see, but he always reveals his love and displays his arm in the light of God's countenance before I move forward. The light shines and takes mine eyes before I approach the same object; and then I am made at length to roll myself on Christ, to rely and cleave, to trust and repose my whole confidence in him my Lord and my God.—*Hussey*.

THE
GOSPEL STANDARD,
OR,
FEEBLE CHRISTIAN'S SUPPORT.

"Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled."—Matt. v. 6.

"Who hath saved us, and called us with an holy calling, not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began."—2 Tim. i. 9.

"The election hath obtained it, and the rest were blinded."—Rom. xi. 7.

"If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest.—And they went down both into the water, both Philip and the eunuch; and he baptized him.—In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."—Acts viii. 37, 38; Matt. xxviii. 19.

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AN ORIGINAL LETTER FROM JAMES OSBOURN.

Dear Sir,—Grace and peace be with you.

From the word of God I find that there is such a thing as for people to be "unknown, and yet well known." Perhaps this may be said of us. It appears, however, that you have heard of me by the hearing of the ear, and know me as an author; and from hearing what some who know me personally have said of me, and from reading my writings, it may be that you are ready to think that you really know me. "Unknown, and yet well known." I also, from reading a letter or two from your hand, conclude that I know you in Christ the Lord; and as a believer in the Saviour of sinners, I now address you, and take upon me to say that if we have been inwardly taught of the Spirit of God, we are one spirit with him and in union one with another, as the whole family of saints is kept together in peace and love by the Spirit; and hence we read of the "unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace." And this blessed Spirit stamps a general likeness on all believers in Christ, teaches them essentially alike, presents the same objects to their view, inclines their feet to the same paths, creates in them the same desires, builds them up in the same truths, feeds them with the same bread and water, comforts them with the same word of promise, bears the same testimony in their hearts, is to all of them an earnest of the future inheritance, and seals them all to the day of redemption. They also are all loved alike, without any difference, by the same glorious Person; they all have their standing in Christ alike, are alike secured, and alike defended and watched over; and their patrimony above is alike, for it is said, "Fear not, little flock, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." And hence they

are one lump, one body, one bread, and one church; and Christ is "Head over all things to this church, which is his body, the fulness of Him that filleth all in all." From Christ their Head they all alike receive grace for grace; and all new covenant mercies come to them all gratuitously, which mercies are all deposited in Christ, who is the fountain and source of all good, and their great covenant Head. And to this his dear church, Christ is a foundation, a refuge, a rock, a Saviour, and a God.

Now, if you and I, my brother, are interested in these things, and have been brought to know, and feel, and enjoy more or less of them in our souls, I am as sure as I now draw the breath of life that "we are of the circumcision, who worship God in the spirit, rejoice in Christ Jesus, and have no confidence in the flesh." And thus, although we are unknown, yet we are well known. But if our religion consists only in outside show, a name to live among men, in bare speculative notions, in merely knowing the truth in the letter, in an undue attachment to some man or to some religious party, in a blazing zeal, in a vehement prejudice in favour of a certain order of things without scripture authority, I am as sure as I am of my own personal existence, that we are just where Adam left us, namely, dead in trespasses and sins.

You know, Sir, that we are God's creatures, and that it is with God, and not with men, that we have to do in all matters relating to our eternal salvation; and that our future destiny is not to be decided by men, (supposing them even to be good men,) or by what they may think and say of us, but by what God's thoughts towards us are, whether they are thoughts of peace or not; as also what our thoughts of God are, and what *experimental* knowledge we have of the Lord of Hosts.

"On this point, much with us depends."

As I have been brought to see and feel the vast weight and importance of this matter, it is a point of no kind of moment with me what men, good men or bad men, think and say of me on the score of religion. In fact, this thing is to me of *less* consequence, if possible, than whether I shall live to be a hundred years old or only fourscore. When God smiles upon me, and blesses my soul with joy and peace in believing, all is well, let saints and sinners say what they please about me; but if God hides his face from me, and leaves me to the buffetings of Satan, and at an uncertainty how things of a spiritual nature stand with me, the reproaches of men go hard with me, and I appear like "a sparrow alone upon the house top." I well know what such sore trials are; and so I also know what it is to be blessed and marvellously indulged of the Lord. And from what he hath done for my soul, I am induced to believe that he will yet do more for me, hereafter completely deliver me from all the dregs of corruption yet remaining in my heart; and from every vestige and fragment of pride and self-conceit, and from all and every lineament of infidelity, and introduce me at last into that happy abode where the weary are at rest. And the same things I hope will be done for him to whom I am now writing.

It is to me at times a most pleasing reflection that I shall by and by not only be delivered "from this body of sin and death," but that this "vile body" will be changed into the likeness of Christ's "glorious body," and then be for ever with the Lord. And these are my present prospects, nor can the devil *now* put me to shame "in this confident boasting;" but perhaps he will by the time this letter reaches England, for I am like a reed shaken with the wind when under a cloud; and I evidently find that my attempts to resist Satan in my own strength will

"No more avail than breath against the wind,
Blown stifling back on him that breathes it forth."—MILTON.

I am free to confess that it requires the arm of God to support and keep me from falling in an evil day. And while many are looking to themselves, and more or less resting on and admiring their own performances, I am obliged wholly to look out of self, and to renounce all confidence in the flesh, and relinquish all hopes of being saved by the deeds of the law, and of being heard and answered, blessed and indulged, smiled upon and beloved, on account of any merit, worth, or worthiness, performed by or found in me. If other persons have whereof to glory in themselves before God, I have not, nor do I ever expect to have. These things were, I trust, "purged from me by the Spirit of judgment and by the Spirit of burning," when God as "a swift witness came near to me to judgment," and sat before me as "a Refiner and Purifier of silver." And I am persuaded that the man who hears God's voice in his holy law, and receives the spiritual contents of that law in his conscience, will be afraid, and will tremble; his lips will quiver, rottenness will enter into his bones, his beauty will consume away like a moth, and he will cry out in his affliction with David, and say, "O Lord, thine arrows stick fast in me, and thine hand presseth me sore. There is no soundness in my flesh, because of thine anger; neither is there any rest in my bones, because of my sin; for mine iniquities are gone over my head; as a heavy burden, they are too heavy for me. My wounds stink, and are corrupt, because of my foolishness. I am troubled; I am bowed down greatly. I go mourning all the day long; for my loins are filled with a loathsome disease, and there is no soundness in my flesh. I am feeble and sore broken. I have roared by reason of the disquietness of my heart." And by the time this process is over, the man will not be able to find anything in himself whereof he may glory before God, but will be ready with Paul to say, "In me, that is, in my flesh, dwelleth no good thing."

This, my dear Sir, is the point, the grand culminating point to which men must come before they will feel disposed to give up all confidence in the flesh, and before they will be able to see the beauty, the worth, the charms and glories that there are in our blessed Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. And when men are brought here, the gospel is opened up to their view, and they are enabled to realize their interest in the same; Christ becomes their boast, their glory, their song, their theme, and their all. And, as God has brought me here, "of whom," as David says, "should I be afraid?" and why

should I put myself to any trouble in order to gain the applause of fellow-mortals, whose breath is in their nostrils, and whose praise is like the morning cloud and the early dew that pass away?

I am ready to acknowledge (and God knows that I lie not) that I have found more real peace, comfort, and divine consolation, in the space of one hour, communing with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ, in my closet, at midnight, than ever I have found, or ever expect to find in the approbation and applause of saints or angels. And to this day I can say of communion and fellowship with Father, Son, and Spirit, what David once said of the sword of the great Goliath, of Gath, "There is none like that; give it me." (1 Sam. xxi. 9.) In the exercise of prayer, when spiritually performed, there is a yielding of all up to God, and a bowing down of the soul before the Majesty of heaven, and a creeping *into the bosom* of the Saviour of sinners, and drinking a large quantum of divinity at one draught. At this blessed employment my worthless soul has spent many a happy hour, both by day and by night, and when none but God and myself have been privy to this most mysterious intercourse.

And to the present moment no person knows so much of these secret matters between God and my soul as does my highly esteemed and greatly beloved George Arrowsmith, of New York city, with whom you as well as I correspond. To him I have communicated many of the dealings of God with my soul, and have found a pleasure in so doing. We also have more than once visited those secret places in the fields and woods where the God of Jacob, thirteen and fourteen years ago, seemed to rend the heavens in order to visit my soul, and to communicate such things to me as I shall never be able fairly and fully to divulge while here on earth. And the name of the place I call "Patmos" to this day.

I meet with but very *little* of this kind of religion among men in my travelling about this vast continent; and what you see of it in the old country is not for me to say; but, if I may judge of this matter by what I see and hear from those I meet with who have within these few years arrived in this country from among you, I cannot persuade myself that you are so far above us as to make it worth my while to visit the place of my nativity with a view of seeing more of the works of the Lord in that land, and of his wonders among the people. We here, however, have but little more than the sepulchre, the napkin, and the linen clothes. The substance is gone, and we are amusing ourselves with the shell, the shadow, a great noise, an outside show, another gospel, lip-service, a false light, and a blind zeal.

When I say that I meet with but *little* real religion among the sons of men as I travel from state to state, it implies that I meet with some that love and fear God; which implication is true, and as such I wish you to receive it. Blessed be God, that he hath not left the earth without a witness! but, amidst the dreadful corruptions of our times, and the great dearth which is come upon us, and among the vast swarms of carnal preachers and graceless professors, the Lord reserves a few to himself, who are lovers of divine truth, and con-

tenders for the same. It appears plain, from scripture and experience, that the Lord will seek out his own sheep, and pardon those whom he reserves; and as he pardons them, so he will carefully watch over them; and as he watches over them, so he at last will save them with an everlasting salvation. And these, whoever they are, or wherever they are, constitute the spiritual Israel of God; and they are called a remnant, a seed, a tenth, a nation, a chosen generation, and a royal priesthood.

But there is a large company of professors of religion in the world who pertain to another tribe, and are defined by an inspired penman thus: "Hypocritical mockers, time-servers, men-pleasers, will-worshippers, vain janglers, disputers about the law, having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof;" and from all such we are told to turn away.

I, Sir, have a fair opportunity of seeing the various movements and positions which these carnal Israelites take, travelling so extensively as I do. My circle of acquaintance also is vastly large, and my correspondents very numerous; all which tends to increase my knowledge of this lamentable subject. And from the observations which I have made on men and things, and from the information which I have received from different quarters of the world, together with what I can gather from the word of God concerning the present state of the church, I clearly see, and certainly know, and now positively declare the same to you, that corruptions of a frightful kind, and darkness to an alarming degree, have crept in, and are still creeping in and increasing upon us; and that the present great outcry, noise, and bustle, which are made about religion, about the prosperity of Zion, about the great spread of the gospel, and the increase of spiritual light, *I believe in my soul* are a mere Satanic cheat; and when I consider what sort of preaching passes for the gospel, and what kind of preachers pass for ministers of the Lord, and what sort of professors pass for Christians, and what kind of religion passes for the religion of Jesus Christ, I am as much confirmed in this belief as I am in my own personal existence. And were I to lay before you, as I could, a minute detail of these things, you perhaps would cry out, and say, "Is this the city that men call The perfection of beauty, The joy of the whole earth?" (Lam. ii. 15.)

(To be continued.)

LUMBER LANE.

My dear Friend,—I should be sorry if my delay in replying to your letter should seem on my part a mark of neglect or of coldness. Most of my hindrances in answering the letters of my friends arise not from them, but from myself. But were I to enumerate all the obstacles that daily and well nigh hourly occur from that moving mass of carnality and helplessness which I carry about with me, and under the load of which I often groan, being burdened, my letter would be all preface, and, like some sermons that I have heard, consist almost wholly of introduction.

It seems scarcely possible for me to tell you how unlike I am every thing I wish to be, and how like to everything which I wish not to be. I would be spiritually minded, would read the word of God with delight, would approach the mercy-seat with freedom of access, would look back upon the past without sorrow, and to the future without apprehension. I would never throughout the day forget, "Thou, God, seest me;" I would not occupy nor interest my mind in anything earthly, sensual, or devilish; I would be continually fixing my eyes on the cross of Immanuel, and be living upon his grace as freely, sensibly, lovingly, and savingly revealed. This is *what I would wish to be*. And as to *what I would wish not to be*: I would not be a miserable idolater, roving and roaming after some dunghill god, nor a wild ass of the desert snuffing up the wind, nor a peevish rebel, nor a sullen self-seeker, nor a suspecting infidel. If not all these in open, daring, unchecked practice, I am it all in inward bent and wretched feeling: A friend of mine brought me word the other day that some of the Bedfordshire Calvinists had spread a report that I was turned Baxterian or Fullerite. Had I no other preservative, I think my daily and almost hourly sense of my miserable helplessness and thorough impotency to raise up my soul to one act of faith, hope, or love would keep me from assenting to Andrew Fuller's lies. Nothing suits my soul but sovereign, omnipotent, and superabounding grace. I am no common sinner, and must therefore have no common grace. No texts have been much sweeter to my soul than Jer. xx. 7, "Thou art stronger than I, and hast prevailed;" and Rom. v. 20, 21, "Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound," &c. In truth, I find religion to be a very different thing from what I once thought it. There was a time when, in all apparent sincerity, I was looking to my spirituality and heavenly-mindedness as evidences of my standing, instead of being a poor-needy suppliant and starving petitioner for a word or a smile from the Lord himself. It seemed more as if my spirituality were to take me to Christ, than that my miserable poverty and nakedness were qualifications to bring Christ down to me. But all these idols having tumbled into ruins, I am now in that state that Immanuel, the God-Man Mediator, must have all the glory, by stooping down to save, bless, and teach an undone wretch, who has neither spirituality, nor piety, nor religion, nor anything holy or heavenly in himself, and whose chief desire, when able to breathe it forth, is to be but the passive clay in the hands of the Divine Potter, and sensibly to feel the almighty, though gentle, fingers moulding him into a vessel of honour meet for the Master's use.

You speak of "going down Lumber Lane." I, alas! seem to live in it. When we go down a lane we may hope to get to the bottom of it; but I seem to have my house there; and besides all the mud in winter and all the dust in summer, there are tall thick hedges made of thorns, which shut out the sun. But I am glad to have that in me which hates Lumber Lane, and longs after green pastures, still waters, and the warm sun.—Yours affectionately,

Stamford, March 24, 1842

J. C. P.

MEN OF ONE BOOK AND OF ONE SPIRIT.

May the blessing of the Lord God of Israel be manifestly enjoyed by my dear brother Gadsby. Many thanks to you for your kind and affectionate letter! As I have nothing but what the Lord hath given me, and as I have many mercies of which I am not worthy, it is only of the Lord that I have withal to give, and it is only of the Lord that I have given. The praise, therefore, be all the Lord's.

As men of *one book*, and that book having God for its Author, although penned by men, we cannot be otherwise than of *one spirit*. Blessed be the name of the Lord, "we know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren." This book is not a dead letter, although it be sealed. The written word, like the uncreated Word, the Light of the World, shineth in darkness, but the darkness comprehendeth it not. But when He who caused the light to shine out of darkness shines into the heart of him that reads it with the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ, then the reader has spiritual light, the eye of faith to read, and the heart of faith to receive the truth therein revealed. God is faithful, and he hath promised that his word shall not return unto him void, but it shall prosper whereunto he hath sent it, and shall do all his *pleasure*. *Prosperity* and *pleasure* are good and comfortable words, and may the holy Author bless his own book to that end.

Accept my humble thanks, my dear brother, for your kind invitation. In this day, when Sabellians, and Arians, and others professing to be bought with blood, are denying the previous eternity of our Lord Jesus Christ, by setting up the pre-existence of a begun-to-be Jesus Christ, in opposition to the Christ of God, (Luke ix. 20,) I am thankful to be remembered by one who is not ashamed to preach the one true Christ, in defiance of all the powers of darkness, and all the enemies of our Lord. Neither dare I call a lie harmless, when the Lord's children are distinguished as "children that will not lie," from the seed of the serpent, who lie, and love lies.

My beloved brother, let us sing together the 103rd Psalm; and may the enjoyment of the truth therein recorded be so engraven in our hearts by the testimony of the Holy Ghost, that we may sing with melody in our hearts unto the Lord. I feel grateful to you for your kind remembrance of a poor worm, and bless the Lord for putting it into the hearts of so many of his beloved people to pray for such an unworthy creature as I feel myself to be. I have for months past felt myself to be the chief of sinners, and do continually esteem others better than myself; so that I am distressed when any of the dear Lord's people appear to pay me any respect; for I would they gave all the honour to Him who only is worthy to wear the crown. You may think it strange, but it is nevertheless true, that I do not think myself worthy to wipe the dust off your shoes; and yet, if you were to speak or write against the Lord Jesus, that eternal Life with the Father, (but which you never do, for I have delighted to hear you exalt him,) I should use you as sharply as the two-edged sword did J. S—, for daring to treat God's testimony with such contempt.

I would just say, in conclusion, that I feel it a great kindness that you should take so much notice of, or show so much regard to, so vile a worm as I am. If the vessels in the tabernacle had not been of *brass*, sanctified by blood, there would not be any hope that such base metal as I am by reason of sin could ever be used in the Lord's service. But, blessed be the Lord, such vessels, having nothing to glory in, are chosen to glory in the Lord. I assure you that I want Jesus every moment, to be my sanctification as well as my righteousness; and although I am sure that you are the Lord's, yet I cannot think that you are so base or so vile as myself.

Praying that the Lord the Spirit may direct our hearts into the love of God the Father, and the patient waiting for his Son Jesus Christ, I remain, my dear and highly-esteemed brother,

Yours in the best bond,

Bath, May, 1840.

F. S.



A PELICAN IN THE WILDERNESS.

Dear Brother in the faith of our Lord Jesus Christ,—I have dropped these few lines just to say that you must not be surprised if I do not comply with your request to send my experience for a few weeks longer. Since your letter came to hand I have received a paper from an enemy to the truth, requesting an answer, and as Sunday is the only day upon which I have any time to write on spiritual subjects, I cannot get on as fast as I would. I also wish to say a little in answer to your questions here, that it may not take up room in my paper on the above-mentioned subject, when I send it. Be assured, dear friend, (for I believe that I can call you so, from your faithfulness to me and experimental truth,) that I can truly say you are not too particular for me. I think I have been too much censured for not being able to acquiesce in mere letter religion, and for contending for experimental truth, to be offended at one whose faithfulness betokens sworn-allegiance to the cause which I trust I have been led to espouse. The reading of your letter proved a sip by the way to me. You ask me how I and my friends spend our Lord's days. With one of them I have not been acquainted more than three months, as he has lately come from B— to reside at J—, and that may not last long, as he seems desirous of living where he can attend a gospel ministry. He is a superannuated excise officer, and came here with his son to help him while establishing himself in a school. On Lord's Days we read our bible, the *Standard*, or any books that we think are written by God's sent servants. God-fearing men sometimes go to see one another, and sometimes I go and read for them. You mention my not attending a place of worship. How is it possible? I know not of one within twenty miles of this spot. Our hearts would be gladdened with the least probability of such a thing coming to pass. Near us we have nothing but places of presumptuous mockery, and sure I am that they will be found so at that day when things will be called by their proper names. I find that the gospel ministers who go about to different places, go where

there is a gospel ministry, and so give an apple where there is an orchard. I have felt at times as if I did not know what to do with myself on Lord's Days. I see truth fallen in the streets, and error riding in triumph, the whole city given to idolatry, and working all manner of abomination in their high places, so that the very appearance of a man of truth in the streets on that day is considered a nuisance and a crime, and is loathed by them as such. You have, ever since your new birth, had the high privilege of putting your feet under your Master's table, and know not the feelings of those whom it has pleased God to deny a present share of that unspeakable gift. There are professors of religion at almost every door now-a-days, and the Lord's Day is their fair-day, in which they riot and sport themselves with their own deceivings; while the burdened soul has to go many a mile, and creep into the corner of a chapel, to hear whether the minister has a message for him, or can tell him where he is, and what is the matter with him; to see if his covenant God will manifest himself once more as a merciful Father, and as having taken away all his iniquities, that the poor soul may weep in his loving bosom, and all his accusers be silenced. O precious visits! but how soon over! Such souls, my friend, do not want the every-day cry of, "You never attend a place of worship," sounding in their ears, nor the Church of England beadle-men to force them to church whenever they can get an opportunity.

You ask me, in what way we make it manifest to the world that we are as lights in a dark place; "For," say you, "the word of God declares, 'No man lighteth a candle, and putteth it under a bushel, but on a candlestick, that it may give light to them that are in the house;' or how shall the worldly professor or profane man know that you have been with Jesus, and have another spirit in you?" I am rather surprised at this question. Have you never read, "The light shineth in darkness, and the darkness comprehended it not?" Jesus never manifested himself to the world; (John xvii. 6;) consequently they knew him not; nor did they know his Father, (John xvii. 25,) nor the Spirit, for they could not receive him. (John xiv. 17.) They always judge by outside appearances, and so cannot judge right. If a man will make a flaring profession, say nothing offensive to their practices, find fault with no one's religion, in a word, think well of everybody and speak ill of nobody, the world will say that he is the man who has the light and the spirit of Christ in him. I have been a witness to it, and I believe that if the world, professing and profane, were to sit in judgment over all who are engaged in the cause of Jesus, they would unanimously declare them to be a set of mad, harsh, narrow-minded, bigoted, censorious, bad-spirited men, and declare that they had a devil, or something as bad, and were not fit to live. The religion of Jesus Christ does not consist in having three prayer meetings in the chapel, and four in the street, in one week. Jesus saith, "When thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and shut the door." He more than once cautioned them against a great outside show. I do not wish to be understood to say anything against real prayer meetings, or the number of them. I pray

before my family twice a day, and thank God for the provision which he spreads on my table. That is all the external profession which the world, or professors, can know of me, as they can neither see me in the closet nor hear my private breathings.

Jutbury, 1841.

W. L.

THE FLAMING SWORD THAT GUARDS THE TREE OF LIFE.

My dear Friend,—I was truly glad to receive a line from you ; but I see and feel myself to be such a blind fool that I know not how to answer it. At this time, what little sense I thought I possessed appears to be gone, so you must have it as it is ; for I feel that I have no power to command wisdom, nor yet strength, or light, or life. But I must tell you a little of what I felt to-day, and if I could have written at the time I think my pen would have run well, for I felt my heart drawn out sweetly towards you. I learn from your letter that your path has been a dark one for some time, but that the light of life hath once more shined into your heart, and given you to feel that there is still life in your soul, and drawn out your heart toward the dear Jesus, and given you a desire to know more of him, to feel the cleansing efficacy of his precious blood, and to be covered with his spotless righteousness. You have been feelingly taught that those who are passing through death from day to day are the only persons who know anything of the secret. Ah, my dear friend, there are but few, very few, who are experimentally taught what it is to die daily ; and no one can know anything about the life of Christ but those who are taught to feel that they are spiritually dead in themselves : “ For ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God.” Then, my dear friend, when we can neither see nor feel that we have any life in ourselves, it is hid from our sight and feelings, but still our life is in safe hands, because it is with Christ in God. It is hid from the devil, and he cannot touch it, let him rave and roar as he may ; and although he will sometimes challenge us, as he did poor Job, saying, “ Life for life, and skin for skin,” and tell us that a man will give all that he hath for his life, yet he cannot touch the poor soul's life, for Christ is our life, “ and when Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall we also appear with him in glory.” So that, my dear friend, there can be none, either on earth or in heaven, who know anything experimentally about the righteousness of Christ, but those whom the blessed Spirit has stripped naked. The righteousness of Christ was no more to me than the queen's crown is now, until the Lord put me into the fire and burned off my filthy rags, and made me stand naked before him, trembling from head to foot, and I could see nothing but God the Father in his justice, with a drawn sword in his hand, and feeling a burden of sin and guilt on my conscience. I do not for a moment wonder that poor Adam tried to hide himself from the Lord, for I believe that at times I should have been glad to creep into hell, if I had thought that I could hide myself from the piercing eye of the Almighty ; but my poor soul,

like David, was taught that if I made my bed in hell, the wrath and justice of God would be there also. And sure I am that there are thousands of professors who were never brought where poor Adam was, viz., to see themselves naked, and to feel that, living and dying in that state, they must be eternally damned. Until the soul is brought to see and feel that he stands naked before God, he will never be driven out of his earthly paradise of good works; and until this takes place, his soul will never seek after the tree of life. No man will ever leave this earthly paradise until he is driven out by force, for the Lord God "drove out the man, and he placed at the east of the garden of Eden cherubims, and a flaming sword which turned every way, to keep the way of the tree of life." And as this flaming sword turneth every way, it is impossible for those who climb over the wall to get to the tree of life. O my dear friend, why was it that the dear Lord put us into the fire, and into the furnace, and into the wine press? Why, because he loved us. Therefore he brought his sovereign grace into our hearts, made such a distinguishing display of his mercy in our poor souls, broke up the mystery of iniquity within, and made us sick of self and all that springs from it. As for good works, I have none; for "who can bring a clean thing out of an unclean? not one." Then if there is anything good in me, the Lord must work it in me; and if anything good comes from me, the Lord must work it out by his own power.

That the God of Jacob may bless you, keep you, and hold you up in the hour of temptation, is the prayer of, yours in tribulation,

Pewsey, January, 1844.

T. G.

SOUL TRAVAIL.

My dear Friend in the Truth,—I have little to say, as it respects my own soul, but that I painfully feel I am a vile, miserable, helpless sinner. Sometimes I trust I am blest with a little strength and hope from God's word, but much oftener, of late, doubting and fearing, oppressed and struggling with the awful workings of a vile ungodly heart and nature. O, how have I felt my carnal mind, the law of sin which is in my members, to be at enmity with God, "not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be!" Nor can I make it so; no; nor can I myself subdue it. And when I feel the law of sin so powerfully working and fermenting in my vile nature, and find that I have so little heavenly-mindedness, so little of the same mind that was in the blessed Jesus, so few of the holy fruits of the blessed Spirit of God, together with the shallowness of my religion generally, I greatly fear at times that I shall prove nothing but a deceived and deceiving hypocrite. And O how it sinks the soul to have these fears and suspicions! and, in this state, to go on speaking in the Lord's name! I find a cry in my heart for the Lord to search me and try me, to make me honest and sincere, but I feel I have no power to make myself so, and I feel so much secret deceit in my heart that I hardly know whether or not I can be sincere in this. I wish to feel godly sorrow and contrition for the evil workings of

my heart, but I cannot at all times feel as much as I could wish. I believe I can say with Job, "Behold, I am vile;" and I love these words in Isaiah, for I feel them, and can say them from my heart: "We are all as an unclean thing, and all our righteousnesses are as filthy rags; and we all do fade as a leaf; and our iniquities, like the wind, have taken us away." (Isa. lxi. 6.) Faith echoes in my heart to the truth of this scripture. And I feel the spirit of sin in my fallen nature oppress and overrun me just as it is expressed in this verse, "Them that afflict thee; which have said to thy soul, Bow down that we may go over; and thou hast laid thy body as the ground, and as the street to them that went over." (Isa. li. 23.) O that the Lord would fulfil the following blessed words in my heart, then would I lift up my head without shame: "And it shall come to pass in that day, that his burden shall be taken away from off thy shoulders, and his yoke from off thy neck; and the yoke shall be destroyed because of the anointing." (Isa. x. 27.) This is just what I want. I feel it just now to be a little precious. But I find the Lord of Hosts, the God of Israel, to be a God that hideth himself; as it is written, "I will wait upon the Lord that hideth his face from the house of Jacob, and I will look for him." (Isa. viii. 17.) Yes, "He holdeth back the face of his throne, and spreadeth his cloud upon it." (Job xxvi. 9.) Then we grope for the wall like the blind, and we grope as if we had no eyes. Then He brings us into darkness and not into light, and returns to his place till we acknowledge our offences, and accept the punishment of our sin, for he knows that in our affliction we shall seek him early. No flesh shall glory in his presence. The Lord will humble us; but O, at times it is painful work. But what a mercy it is that he will stoop to notice us at all! Why does he not let loose his terrible hand and sweep us to hell at a stroke, without a moment's warning? Truly, "What is man, that thou art mindful of him; or the son of man, that thou visitest him?" It must be because he changes not, and because his compassions fail not. But, my dear friend, while I have been writing to you out of a tried and an afflicted heart, these blessed words have unexpectedly caught my eye in turning over the leaves of my Bible, and they have melted my heart, and caused my eyes to flow with tears: "For your shame ye shall have double; and for confusion they shall rejoice in their portion; therefore in their land they shall possess the double; everlasting joy shall be unto them." (Isa. lxi. 7.) In spite of all my fears, sin, and misery, these blessed words have forced their way into my heart, and I feel them so adapted and suitable to my present feelings and case, that, while I can scarcely claim them, yet they are sweet, and fit my heart so well that they have caused me to pour out my soul in prayer, and to talk and commune with the gracious Lord. Shame and confusion were just now the feelings of my soul. And O, to think that the dear and gracious Lord says, "For shame ye shall have double; and for confusion they shall rejoice in their portion." I feel the whole chapter very blessed, and sweet, and dear to my soul, My poor soul is drawn out towards the ever-blessed Jesus. O that the dear Jesus were in my heart as I

wish! But I am a vile monster of iniquity. You little know what a compound of iniquity I am. Though, through mercy, I have been graciously kept outwardly, yet, alas! the plague of my heart none but God knows, and none but a long-suffering God could bear with me. O the riches of his long-suffering mercy! Well, I do trust I love him and long after him, and thirst after a full satisfaction of the joys of his salvation, and sigh to be delivered from this body of sin and death by Jesus Christ the Lord. (Rom. vii. 24.) Do you think I can have these feelings, and be nothing after all?

That the Lord may be with you, and bless you in your soul, is the prayer of your poor friend in the truth,

Preston, Jan. 27th, 1842.

J. M'K.

THE VOICE OF MY BELOVED.

My beloved Sisters will rejoice to hear the praises of their dear Lord shown forth; they will rejoice to hear that the God of love and truth has been making his children receivers of his exceeding great and precious promises, and of the sweetest manifestations of his grace and love towards them. Indeed, my mind is so stored and laden with all the Lord's goodness, that I know not how to make mention of it; but I feel constrained to write to those who have prayed for us, that by them thanksgivings may abound to the glory and praise of God. Yes, you must praise our God, because one word has not failed of all the good things which he spake concerning us; you must praise him, because he has not only kept us steadfast by his power, but has caused us to triumph in Christ!

I will now tell you of that which I know will interest you, of our favoured visit to B—

On Thursday, when we reached that place, we found —; and I can briefly say that every circumstance was so sweetly ordered by the Lord, that every hour was crowned with lovingkindness and tender mercies. The inward experience of the soul is that which most testifies of the goodness of the Lord; and this both my beloved A— and I had to say was of the most blessed kind. Whilst I leave it to her to speak the praises of her Lord, I would tell you, for his glory's sake, what he filled my earthen vessel with. Very near communion and fervent desires had been given me, and strong reflections on being made conformable to the death of my Lord, and of being planted in the likeness of his resurrection; but on Friday morning I was athirst for a message from Jesus, a message of affection, testifying, by his Spirit, his love for my soul. After waiting on him a little while, the words, "the Bride, the Lamb's wife," were applied to my soul with great power; and with repetition did the words reprove me for my anxiety after an assurance of his love, at the same time filling me with joy unspeakable, and full of glory. I was led after a while to remember how Joseph had dealt with Benjamin, saying to his servant, "Put my cup, the silver cup, in the sack's mouth;" "and the cup was found in Benjamin's sack;" and thus my soul knew Jesus had dealt with me. And then, though I

no longer needed a message from my Beloved, I waited upon him to give me one for my soul's joy; and the blessing of Benjamin was put into my mind by the Spirit,—“the beloved of the Lord.” No words can describe the felicity of my soul by this bountiful supply of love and blessing from my precious Jesus.

I doubt not, you remember how my soul was restless after this very experience about two months since. For one week I was quite importunate with the Lord about it, that I might *realize* my soul as “the espoused” of Jesus; and the Spirit did enable me to apprehend it in a blessed manner. But the strong witness of it seemed to be reserved for Friday, when I found the fulfilment of that assertion: “Thine eyes, they *have* overcome me!” It was blessed to my soul to find myself following Jesus in the ordinance of baptism, not as an adopted child; but as his own bride; it quite changed the character of the ordinance in my sight, and made me so full of joy to be permitted to do anything Jesus had done, that my heart gloried in the Lord.

It is because you are sisters to Jesus, my beloved, as well as sisters to me in him, that I tell you all about his love and kindness to my soul. You are necessarily interested in hearing of his praises; and I trust that it will make you both love him and rejoice in him more and more: My earnest expectation and my hope is, that he will be magnified in each of us; that with the mouth confession may be made of him, his praises shown forth, his love commended, and with consistency of life as well, our body, soul, and spirit being devoted to him, and him only. May it be thus with us: “I live, yet *not I*, but *Christ liveth in me*.”

To dearest M— I give unfeigned thanks for having led me to reconsider the subject of baptism, a question which has not arisen in my mind for twelve months past, and has now so blessedly been fulfilled! I bless the Lord for his rich and free grace, and commend you both to his boundless love.

F. S:

“BLESSED IS THE MAN WHO TRUSTETH IN
THE LORD.”

My dear Friend in our glorious Head,—Yours I received, and should have written sooner, but was expecting to see you at Wallingford. I am glad to hear of your welfare in divine things. Sure I am that the Lord's teachings all tend to abase man and exalt Christ. And how much soever old nature may kick against this, the Lord will go on with his own work, in his own way, and bring his own people to be feelingly nothing in self, and all in Christ, so that with Paul they will say, “God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of the Lord Jesus Christ, by which the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world.” And sure I am that the real believer must, sooner or later, be crucified both to the *religious* as well as to the *profane* part of the world; for a worldly or fleshly religion is as much opposed to the honour of Christ as profanity. Blessed is that man whose God is the Lord, and who is brought, by the divine

teachings of God the Holy Ghost, to go out of self, and cling to, twine round, hang upon, trust in, and live on the Lord Jesus Christ. Come what will, it shall be well with such a soul.

Give my love to all friends, both at Wallingford and elsewhere. That the Lord may be with you and bless you, is the prayer of yours in the Lord,

May 12, 1832.

W. GADSBY.

A LETTER FROM THE LATE MR. MARRINER.

Beloved in the Lord,—I hope that you and all the friends are well, and your souls abounding in hope, through faith in the blood of the Lamb. In this dark day, every beam of comfort, every encouraging intimation, every confirming testimony, and every sense of covenant mercy, is worth ten thousand worlds, and deserves our warmest gratitude. But this is the Lord's work also.

About two months ago, the Lord blessed my soul in such a way as I never felt before. I had such an overcoming sense of my worthless soul's eternal justification, such an assurance of my acceptance in the Beloved, as broke me all to atoms. My soul was as humble as a babe at his feet. I kept refusing it; but the Lord caused it to keep springing up, till I was lost in wonder at his condescension. My soul bowed in sweet adoration; my inmost soul blessed his precious name; and I sank down and wept under a sense that my sins, "which are many," were all put away by the sacrifice of himself. This visit killed me to everything but himself; and for three weeks it left a little savour on my spirit, enough to satisfy me that matters were right between him and my soul. O what a mercy!

Since that time, I have sensibly found a darkness growing upon me. With all the heart I could feel, I begged the Lord to keep me from it; and I can truly feel that the dear Lord does not suffer me to sink under unatoned guilt, nor a fear of hell and death, nor under a fear of wrathful condemnation. My greatest distress arises from a keen sense of the Fatherly displeasure of Him whom my soul adores; and I can truly appeal to him, as the Searcher of hearts, (even if I were sure that there was no hell,) that he has given me such a sense of his goodness, that, if it were his will, I never would sin any more. But, however desirable this may be, I find, by painful experience, that I grow into a deeper sight and sense of my own vileness and baseness. And sure I am, if I were left of God, that there is not an evil but what I should greedily run into. Often, in thought and feeling, I am a companion for none but the basest wretch out of hell; and this I will say, however harsh it may sound in the ears of many, that I am brought to two settled points in my own soul. The one is, that my fallen nature is determined to damn my soul; and the other, that the dear Lord is determined that it shall not. I am often astonished at his kind interference, even in my daily walk. Sometimes he has deterred me when upon the very threshold of such things as would bring a public scandal, and destroy the peace of my own soul to the day of my death; sometimes he keeps an opportunity out of the

way when I have an inclination; at other times, when I have an opportunity, he is pleased to destroy my inclination. And although I have been kept, in some measure, from outward sin since the Lord took me in hand, yet I tell you, even trembling, that such have been the means carried on between God and my own soul, to bring me off from it, that they have been fearful in the extreme. I have told the Lord, under a sense of what I am, that I ought to be doubly damned, because I have sinned against his known goodness. But, however, under God's hand, it has wrought a little of the spirit of the Corinthians in my soul: "What carefulness it wrought in you, yea, what clearing of yourselves, yea, what indignation, yea, what fear, yea, what vehement desire, yea, what zeal, yea, what revenge!" (2 Cor. vii. 11.)

I bless his dear name. He saves for his great name's sake. I often admire David, even in the greatest of his distress. He says, "For thy great mercy's sake, for thy lovingkindness sake, for thy righteousness sake." This is all we can plead at our best or worst estate; and I bless and adore his name for a free, full, everlasting, and suitable salvation; and I rest my sinking soul alone on his finished work. This is my daily stay and hourly rejoicing, that he hath put it out of my power to damn my soul.

I conclude under a sense that he has redeemed my soul from hell, mine eyes from tears, and my feet from falling. All honour, all glory, all praise, and all power be to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, Israel's One God, and my worthless soul's everlasting portion. Amen.

Yours in love,

Oxford, Nov. 13th, 1830.

N. MARRINER.

[We have felt so much sweetness and savour, and have seen such a sincerity and reality in well nigh every line of Marriner's letters, that we must express our thankfulness to the friends who have favoured us with them; and if there be any more in their possession still unpublished, we shall feel obliged by the loan of them for insertion. They are what letters on spiritual subjects should be—simple, original, full of life and feeling, free from all affectation, without either feigned humility or presumptuous vain confidence, and breathed forth from a heart made tender in God's fear, and softened into contrition by the powerful operations of God the Spirit.—Eds.]

AWAKENED TO SEE THE DEPTH OF THE FALL.

Dear Friend,—I have often thought of writing to you since I received your kind letter, but my mind is almost always in such a state of confusion that I know scarcely where to begin or what to say.

You have made a distinction, in your letter, between the poor in spirit and the spiritually poor;* and I fear that I belong to the latter, and have nothing of the former. I believe that the poor in spirit *are blessed*, because they have some tokens of the divine favour, and are sometimes enabled to rejoice, because they have an evidence of all their sins being forgiven. But, my dear

* Is not this a distinction without a difference? But we are very moles compared with some of the "eagle-eyed divines," who can split hairs which we cannot see without a magnifying glass.—Eds.

friend, I have lived more than fifty years in this world, and have not yet learned these things, except in the letter. I have, for many years past, learned that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, but fear now that it was only in the letter; and now I want him revealed to my poor soul savingly. I have been so burdened, inwardly, for nearly six years, with darkness, grief, and fears of every kind, that my soul is distressed and cast down; and I have, during that time, often thought and felt in my mind that it was impossible that I could be saved. I find that I was born blind to every spiritual good, and that I am utterly an outcast, and have no power to recover myself; and my cry has often been, "Save, Lord, or I perish!" I am often a wonder to myself that the Lord should spare such as I am thus far; and when I look at what I am and have been, I cry for deliverance and salvation, but find it not. I want to feel my soul set at liberty. The Lord has said, "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." I want a great many things, but I will not tire you with them. * * *

I thank you for your kind letter of the 12th October last; and although I have never since acknowledged it, yet I have often thought of you, and have begun to write, but I am held fast in affliction, not in body, (I desire to thank God for that,) but "in darkness and in the shadow of death, bound in affliction and iron." (Ps. cvii. 10.) I am dumb, and can neither write nor speak; dumb before the Lord at a throne of grace, and cannot cry, "Abba, Father!" and dumb before the children of God. I hear them tell of the wonders which he has done in their deliverance from death, and what he has done for their souls, and I am dumb still. I am dumb before the world; and I am also dumb in my own family. Although I have assembled with them, morning and evening, for nearly twenty-five years, to read his holy word, yet I fear that I never knew Jesus as my Redeemer. I never had a clear manifestation of the pardon of my sins; I never could see Jesus on the cross for me; I never had such a clear token of his love and an interest in his salvation as I now feel I stand in need of. But I feel as if I had always been under the law and in bondage; and for many years was satisfied with my state. My head was full of the doctrines of the gospel, without a saving, experimental feeling of their power by the Spirit of the Lord. This is the sad state I was in for many years, being blinded and deluded by a deceived heart, the world, and the devil.

I often read the promises quoted in your kind letter, but feel that I want help to take them to my soul's comfort and support. I believe they are set forth for sinners, and for those that in their feelings are lost, and yet I cannot take them to myself. O, my dear friend, my state of mind for the last six years has been miserable indeed. Jeremiah's words in Lam. iii. 7, 8, express my wretched condition: "He hath hedged me about, that I cannot get out; he hath made my chain heavy. Also when I cry and about, he shutteth out my prayer." But, then, before he ends that long chapter of spiritual complaints, he says in the 57th verse, "Thou drewest near in the day that I called upon thee; thou saidst, Fear not." Now, my dear

friend, here I am at a stand, and cannot follow the prophet, and weep and cry because I cannot. This "*Fear not*" from the Lord would remove my complaints, "would break the gates of brass, and cut the bars of iron in sunder," and let the oppressed go free.

But I do not know why I should tire you with a long history of my troubles, which I fear, after all, are only the troubles of the carnal man; for I see nothing else in myself but marks of reprobation, and not evidences of grace. The Editors of the *Gospel Standard*, in their address to the readers, at the beginning of the year, (see January No.) said, "We should greatly err if we admitted nothing but the groans of the wounded. The shouts of victory make sweet music in our ears; and we love to record in our pages the manifestations of mercy. We are well satisfied that, to a living soul, *deliverances* are the only sure and satisfactory evidences." Now, this is what I want, and, as they express it, "*a revealed Jesus, a manifested Saviour.*"

Now, dear friend, do you think that a wretched old sinner, full of evil within, and full of confusion, guilt, blindness of heart, hardness, unbelief, ignorance, and a long catalogue of evil besides, who has lived fifty-one years an inward pharisee, can ever hope to have an interest in that salvation which is of the Lord?

Pray for yours in distress,

B— M—, 27th Dec., 1842.

J. G.

THE CANDLESTICK REMOVED.

Dear Sir,—As an individual of our church, I certainly feel obliged to you for the fatherly care and kindness that you express for our welfare. Whether we shall be permitted to remain one of those favoured spots where the dispensation of grace of God, through Jesus Christ, will continue, or whether Ichabod will be written on our walls, seems to some of us very uncertain. It is not an uncommon thing, when a favoured servant of Christ, who has laboured for many years usefully and acceptably, is removed by death, for his place to be filled by another of a widely different character. The spirit of Elijah does not always fall on the succeeding prophet. Sometimes the candlestick is entirely removed, or the people suffered to fall into a cold, dead, and lukewarm state, under a lifeless ministry; for indeed, in this day of gospel degeneracy, there are but few men who are able clearly to teach the distinction between a covenant of grace and a covenant of works; hence the perpetual mixing and confounding of the two together. The distinction of the flesh and of the spirit, and the working of the two natures in one and the same person, seem to be but little known, and less insisted upon. There are many preachers of the present day who preach the truth doctrinally, but without any life or power, and fail in comforting or feeding the poor inquiring and afflicted sinner in the different stages of his experience, as well as in building up and supporting the believer under his heaviest trials and difficulties.

I find that the eyes of what is called the religious world (or of that

part of it, rather, whose opinion is of any consequence) are upon us, as far as we are known, to see what steps we shall take, and their opinions upon certain points seem all to agree. That we may have wisdom given us from above to direct us, is my sincere wish, and I know it is yours. A thick, impenetrable cloud seems at present to hang over us. Whether the God of Jacob will continue to us his former favours, or whether we shall be left and deserted of him, time alone seems to be able to develope; still we hope for the best. We have for some time been praying and waiting for God to send us a pastor after his own heart; and if, without any manifestation of his will or sign of his approbation, we are determined to wait no longer, but choose a pastor after our own hearts, he knows how to chastise us for our presumption, and to scourge us for our folly. The children of Israel were tired of living under a theocracy, under the immediate government of God; they desired a king, that they might be like the other nations around them, that they might be led out to battle by him, and have an earthly visible protector at all times. A king was granted, and sorely in after ages did they groan under the caprice and tyranny of the monarchical power. God did indeed give them a king in his anger, and send them a ruler in his sore displeasure. Now whether their case and ours are somewhat similar, must be left for others to determine. However these things may be, whether we shall be built up as a church, or whether we shall be scattered, is to us uncertain; yet one thing is certain, and when faith is in lively exercise, and we can with submission lie at the footstool of Jehovah, it is a consolatory thought to know it, God has set his King upon his holy hill of Zion. The Ruler of the church is the Elder Brother of the family, and if he could love us well enough, while we were yet in our sins, to die for us, surely we may with safety trust our concerns in his hands, whether spiritual, temporal, or eternal. But we are very fond of wishing to have our own desires granted, and sometimes feel discontented and peevish with our blessings, because they are not sent in our own way, or do not come in the path we had marked out.

I am sure we have your good wishes and prayers for our welfare. The time is now extremely short when something must be determined upon, and until that time arrives we must wait with patience.

I remain, dear Sir, in the best of bonds, yours sincerely,

H—, August 1, 1842.

S. N.

HE HATH DETERMINED THE BOUNDS OF THEIR HABITATION.

My dear Friends and Sisters in our Lord Jesus,—I was truly sorry to hear from —, who was with us on Lord's day, how distressed you were in your minds, but more particularly as it regards your situation in that dark and benighted place, L—, and that you have had no answer from your heavenly Father to your many groans and tears, either for your removal or that the sound of salvation may be sent to you. Neither does there appear a cloud rising

out of the sea, as the prophet's servant saw, to support your minds, or increase your hope of deliverance. This being the case, no doubt your minds are harassed, and you are tempted to refrain from praying before Him upon whom you have hitherto called day and night.

I can sympathize with you in this trial. Yet we must not stop here. Let us go down by the footsteps of the flock; let us inquire in his holy temple. It appears, then, that no new thing has happened unto you; for it is the way the fathers trod. Shall I go back through the history of the living family to mention characters and events? Shall I mention Lot, whose righteous soul was daily vexed; or speak of Joseph, who was immured within a prison, and God, to all outward appearance, had forgotten him for ever? Shall I tell of Elijah, who wished that God would take away his life, for that in Israel there was none left but he, and his enemies sought his life to take it away? Shall we dwell on the memory of those who wandered about in sheepskins and goatskins, of whom the world was not worthy; and of those who, in more modern times, had to steal away at night, and go for miles to hear salvation preached, and who in the day-time dared not mention Him whom their souls loved? But, above and beyond all these, look at the Lord of life and glory; view the feelings of his soul; think of the anguish his dear bosom felt when he exclaimed, "O faithless generation, how long shall I suffer you?" He poured forth strong cries; he wrestled hard with God; and when our holy and blessed God saw that he was made perfect through suffering, he was then fit to be the Captain of our salvation.

I hope, my dear friends, you will not think that I am speaking thus in any way to disparage the dignity, glory, and honour of the blessed Lord. I am wishing to show that he was made like unto his brethren, that we who have fled unto him for refuge may have strong consolation; for is it not left on record, "He was heard in that he feared?"

I know, my tried sisters, that often your desires are going out after him and the knowledge of his love, and to be conformed to his image; yet, when your prayers are not answered, and your faith is being tried, and you cannot see your wishes granted, you indulge in sorrow and give way to fear. But, believe me, if you were not tried about your prayers not being answered, there would be no evidence of life in you. Look around you, I beseech you, and see how easy many appear, and how easily their consciences are quieted. When they have run the round of their duties, they are satisfied. They are not looking out for answers; they are not anxious to know if they have asked aright, or if they have asked amiss; they are not troubling themselves as to whether they have honoured the Son in asking for his sake, with a feeling sense that if they are answered, it cannot be for their merits, but must be for Jesus' sake alone; they are not brought down to his feet, with all their fine words and compliments taken away, and obliged to do as you, and I, and all the rest of God's praying children do, to feelingly cry, "Lord, all my desire is before thee, and my groaning is not hid from thee." It is in this way that the Lord makes his people conformed to the image of his Son; it is in this way that he hides pride

from men, and makes them feel that he is a Sovereign. He will do with his children and their requests what seems good to him, and will enable them to rest upon his words, viz., "What ye know not now, ye shall know hereafter."

When we are thus fully proved and manifested to be pure metal, and to be in possession of true, living faith, we sink at his dear feet, crying, "Good is the will of the Lord concerning me," and, with a heart full of love, look up in his face, and thankfully say,

"What thy will ordains is best."

Then "we acknowledge him in all our ways, and the Lord directeth our paths."

But let us see if there is any redeeming quality left in you, that you may bless the Lord in your low estate. Are you not sisters in the kingdom and patience of your dear Lord? Is he not precious to you both? Are not your sorrows mutual, and your hopes and desires mutually shared and borne with? Are not the labours of your hands sufficient for your wants? And, let me ask, does not your Beloved sometimes come skipping over the hills and mountains? Is not your meditation of him then sweet? And does he not sometimes give you a token for good? I beseech you to call to your remembrance the days that are past; for did he not tell you, when he set your soul at liberty, that he would "be your Guide, even unto death?" And be assured that God has put you where you are for some wise purpose, and for some good to yourselves, or to some one there. The Husbandman knows the best soil, the best aspect, and the best shade for the trees of his own right-hand planting. Who knows but that some one is to be set at liberty through your means? Who knows but that some sick neighbour may be visited, and, by and through you, a blessing given to his soul? And I should (if allowed to advise) wish you to see if any sick person would like to be visited; for God may make you a blessing to them. You must not live unto yourselves, nor die unto yourselves; for you are the Lord's.

O that the Holy Spirit may keep you in prayer and heart-felt desires after the Lord! O that he may enable you to enter into the blessedness of waiting on him! I commend you both to the care of our heavenly Father in all things, trusting that he will open your eyes to see when the cloud moves, and give you grace to do as the children of God did, as related Num. ix. 17—23. Then you will find that he will lead you in a right way to "a city of habitation." That God may bless you with a patient spirit and continuance in well-doing, is the desire of—Yours in Christ Jesus,

December, 1842.

J. H.

THE HORSELEECH'S TWO DAUGHTERS.

"The horseleech hath two daughters, crying, Give, give."—Prov. xxx. 15.

The following thoughts on the above passage have been sweet to my own soul; and I have sent them for insertion in the *Gospel Standard*, if you think them agreeable to the word of inspired truth; if not, commit them to the flames.

The Lord says, "I have used similitudes," and under the similitude of the leech, sin was represented to my mind, nor do I know anything in nature more fit to represent it. Does the leech stick close, and suck the blood from the part of which it lays hold? What has sin done? It has ruined all the human race, the elect as well as the rest. But the elect, when quickened by God the Holy Ghost, are made sensibly to feel that sin has cast them into thorough ruin, and brought them into so wretched a condition that nothing but a full, free, and complete salvation, manifested to their souls by the Holy Spirit, can deliver them from going down into the pit; and when, after manifested mercy, they are tempted to sin against God, they are again brought to feel and mourn their desolation and misery, and to cry with David, "My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God."

My mind was then led solemnly, and with some melting of soul, to view what sin had done to the Son of God and Friend of sinners, when in Gethsemane's garden he sweat as it were great drops of blood, and in that day when the fountain was opened in his wounded side, on the cross of Calvary, which made him cry out in the agony of his soul, "I thirst," and, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" Why was all this, but to answer the demands of the horse leech's two daughters, which I believe to be, a broken Law and offended Justice, the offspring of sin, and which will not be put off with anything short of full satisfaction? I do at times rejoice in my soul that Jesus hath, by his life and obedience, completely satisfied the first, for "he hath magnified the law and made it honourable," and that, by his sufferings and death, he hath fully satisfied the second, so that law and justice have no more claims upon those for whom Christ lived and died than if they had never sinned, for the Father "hath made him to be sin for us who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him;" "He hath made an end of sin, and made reconciliation for iniquity." Solomon says, "He that is surety for a stranger shall smart for it," and this did Jesus, when the sins of his spouse were laid upon him. Hart justly observes:

"Deep in his breast our crimes were cut;
He undertook our desperate debt.
Such loads of guilt were on him put,
He could but just sustain the weight."

And again,

"What he endured no tongue can tell,
To save our souls from death and hell."

Thrice blessed are the people who have an interest in this precious sacrifice for sin! On such the second death has no power. "Say ye unto the righteous, It shall be well with him;" but woe unto the wicked, it shall be ill with him, for "they are a people of no understanding; therefore he that formed them will show them no favour." The horse leech's two daughters will eternally be crying unto them, "Give, give," nor will all their torments ever satisfy the just claims of broken law and offended justice. "These shall go away into everlasting punishment," where "they shall curse their King

and their God, and look upward;" while the righteous shall be eternally employed in singing the praises of Jehovah, Father, Word, and Spirit, as the God of their salvation, and as the Planner, Executor, and Revealer of it to the souls of those who were loved from all eternity.

That you and I may enjoy the blessedness of it in our souls, and that the Lord may bless and encourage you in your work and labour of love, and that you may ever contend for the power of godliness, and not say, "A confederacy, to all who say, A confederacy," is the prayer of one who feels himself to be,

A FOOLISH THING.

**"THE RACE IS NOT TO THE SWIFT, NOR THE
BATTLE TO THE STRONG."**

My dear Friend and Brother in our dear Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ,—Peace be with you and yours.

We received your kind present, and thank you kindly for it. We are sorry to hear that you have been ill; but we are born to trouble. I have been very ill myself, and obliged to lie by for several days; and my old woman is very poorly at this time. But we must be brought low before we are lifted up. "Many are the afflictions of the righteous, but the Lord delivereth them out of them all." A poor, weak, sickly body and the abominable corruptions of our hearts, an unwearied, tempting devil and an ungodly world, will more or less afflict us whilst we are on the earth; but the time is hastening on when the inhabitant of this earthly house shall quit its abode, and be in full possession of that house "not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." Then the latter part of the promise will have its full accomplishment,—*"The Lord delivereth them out of them all;"* then, my dear friend, there will be a perfect and everlasting deliverance from all sin; sorrow and sighing shall be for ever done away, and He enjoyed who is now the health of our countenance and our God. Therefore, let us be content. He took us from the belly; he bore us from the womb; and to our old age, and to our hoary hairs, he will carry us. He has made us; he will bear us; and he will deliver us out of all our troubles. This is his faithful promise to all his family. A few more struggles in this sea of sufferings, and we shall reach our port, and safely land on the shore of eternal glory.

Look back on the way our faithful God has brought us, and you will have to say, to the honour of his blessed Majesty, "Not one good word of our gracious God has failed us up until now." O may our kind, merciful, and ever-loving Saviour give to us a grateful heart to praise him and to glorify his name for such unspeakable mercies as these! that, instead of murmuring, fretting, and rebelling, as we are too apt to do, we may love, adore, and praise our gracious God, and show forth the praises of Him that hath called us out of darkness into marvellous light, who, in times past, were not a people, but are now the people of God; who had not obtained mercy, but

now have obtained mercy, as a free-grace gift. Blessed be our God, we are brought to see that the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, nor the bread of life to men of skill; for it is the lame that is to take the prey, and the weak to say, "I am strong;" and fools are made truly wise to salvation. The poor, the halt, the maimed, and the blind, are the only guests that are to be brought to the gospel feast; and I believe you know, my friend, that it requires no small degree of power to bring us to this; at least, I found it so. A Saviour is only precious to the lost; to the wounded he is a Physician, and to the condemned he is a Righteousness.

My fingers are cold, and my paper calls for a conclusion.

Now, what shall I say to my dear friends this Christmas? May self be laid low in the dust! Then we shall see the matchless glory of our Lord Jesus Christ; for he giveth grace to the humble. Never does his all-sufficiency appear to us more clearly than when all refuges fail, and all our worldly expectations are cut off; when there is no eye to pity, no hand to help. Then we are fit to behold the King in his beauty. So prays your friend and brother in our dear Lord Jesus,

Oxford, 25th Dec., 1815.

T. THOMS.

[The writer of the above letter was a hearer, and we believe, a member in Mr. Huntington's connection. His experience, and a remarkable one it is, is to be found in Vol. ii. of "Living Testimonies," Letter 39. The signature there is T. S.; but it seems to have been a mistake for T.—s, as his name was Thoms. The friend to whom the letter was written, and who has favoured us with the loan of it, knew him well, and much esteemed and loved him as a gracious, tried, and experimental Christian.—Eds.]

THOUGHTS ON ASKING AMISS.

"Hitherto have ye asked nothing in my name: ask, and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full."—John xvi, 24.

It may be said to every sinner, till brought to this spot, as the Lord said to the Samaritan woman, "Ye worship ye know not what." And why did he say so to her? Because she had more of a notion of worship than the power and spirit of worship at that time, like us all, till we are brought to the place of stopping of months, and to have our eyes opened, and to see how deluded we may be, in a measure, through the deceitfulness of our hearts and the temptations of Satan, and yet be God's children. I well remember in what a presumptuous way I was myself deluded, many years back, by taking that for religion and true worship to which the Lord gave no ear, nor vouchsafed any answer of peace. We often ask, as the apostle James says, that we may consume it upon our lusts, in some shape or other. O the deceitfulness of the carnal heart! It is said to be "desperately wicked." What can we have worse to grapple with when our eyes are open, and we have life and understanding to know it to be so? But the dead in sin feel not so, and are not plagued nor troubled. Here the children of grace who feel these things obtain some hope. It is a proof that they are alive; for, as Hart says,

"Who can feel that's dead?"

But how do sinners ask amiss? "If we are in pain of body, or are suffering under losses, crosses, or trouble of any kind, can there be anything wrong," says the soul, "in asking for relief or comfort?" Yes; there may be wrong motives and wrong desires in wishing for it, or desiring to obtain it in a wrong way; for there are many false ways of receiving comfort. We are all subject to run to creatures in trouble, to get ease, and as often get disappointed. We often labour hard to get comfort from ourselves by searching for something that cannot be found, and, if found, will not bear us up; for we have all a false and flimsy righteousness of our own, which will not stand the day of trial. As Hart says,

"Righteousness within thee rooted
May appear to take thy part;
But let righteousness imputed
Be the breastplate of thy heart."

Satan has invented many doors for us to knock at, where he knows that we shall get nothing but disappointment; but the Lord has only one, and that is Christ, the Door, the Truth, and the Way. He knows well that our wants are many, and has bidden us all, when we want anything, to ask for it in his name, as our great Advocate with the Father; and if we go contrary to this with our petitions to the King, we shall be disappointed, till we are taught better.

I remember asking the Lord many things, such as to pardon my sins, and to do many other things for me; but I got no answer. And why? I went to him as a sinner, almost burdened to death, and ready to faint, till at last I felt afraid to ask the Lord to pardon me as a sinner, considered so in myself. But, after all, I was constrained to cry mightily unto God to have mercy upon me for Christ's sake. And then an answer was not far off. "Lord," said my soul, "hast not thou said that thou wilt hear for *his* sake? O Lord, do hear, I pray thee, for *his* sake. I know well, O Lord, that thou canst not hear for *my* sake. I am such a desperate sinner, it does not appear possible. I have acted a far worse part than Judas did, my sins are so many and of a far worse nature. I have sinned against love received, and have counted the Saviour's blood and sufferings as scarcely anything at all. I never can forgive myself." But now he appeared in a way that he never did before. He is such an Advocate as I never thought would plead the cause of such a wretch as I, who am a worse sinner than those who have never heard his name. What a Friend did I find, who pleaded my cause to the great King!—a Friend, and a Brother too, who did not forget me, though I forgot him, and treated him unkindly. I hate myself, and am ashamed of such treatment. Still he tells us all to ask and to receive, that our joy may be full; which is a proof that he cares for us. He means what he says; for there is no unrighteousness in him. But we must ask it all in his name; for it would be accounted a presumption to approach an earthly monarch without doing it in the way which was appointed and approved of by such monarch; and how much more should it be considered how we are to approach the King of kings!

Jesus, then, is the Way, the good old Way, God's Way, and must

be the sinner's Way. The disciples of John the Baptist all came to Jesus after John was beheaded; and it must be so. God will not give his glory to any other than Jesus, whether we be offended or not. All the glory must be hung on that Nail; and, for that purpose, every man's work must be tried. But all Israel shall be saved with an everlasting salvation; for "God is faithful, that cannot lie."

Essex.

A SCRIBBLER.

OBITUARY.

My dear Friend and Brother in Christ Jesus,—You will no doubt recollect, when you were last at C—, you had some considerable conversation with our dear aged sister Mrs. Cathery, and felt a close union of spirit with her. It pleased the Lord, in his infinite goodness and mercy, to release her from this vale of tears last Tuesday week, the 9th of April, after about six or seven weeks' illness. She was first seized with a slight attack of paralysis, which deprived her of speech for a day or two only, after which she sunk very rapidly, and was confined to her bed. Mrs. L— and I visited her almost every day, and had some sweet conversation with her from time to time; but as I was seized with a violent attack of the gout, I was deprived of seeing her for nearly a month, not being able to leave my room. I shall therefore confine myself, in these few remarks, to the last three or four days of visiting her. By giving you a few brief outlines of the conversation which passed between us, you will be able to gather therefrom the state of her mind during her illness, which was truly pleasing and gratifying both to us and those around her.

On visiting her one day, I found her mind very dark; she complained of being very uncomfortable, and greatly exercised, fearing that after all she should not land safe in eternal glory. She said her "hope seemed to be gone, death stared her in the face, and she had no certainty of life in Christ Jesus." I replied, "We have much need of patience, that, after we have done the will of God, we may receive the promise, 'for yet a little while, and he that shall come will come, and will not tarry' one moment beyond the appointed time." "But," she said, "I want it now; now is the time; past experience will not do for present troubles." I said, "Certainly not; but we cannot hasten the Lord's work; we must, after all, wait his time." After much more conversation, I engaged in prayer, and left her.

The next day I found her mind somewhat more composed, and resigned to the will of the Lord, and I felt sweet freedom at a throne of grace on her behalf; but the day following, as soon as we entered the room, she said, "O how glad I am to see you both again! how kind it is of you in visiting me so often! The Lord has done great things for me." She then immediately entered upon spiritual things, and spoke most sweetly and blessedly of her experience, and of her then present enjoyments. She said, "Christ Jesus is the Alpha and the Omega, the beginning and the ending, which is, and which

was, and which is to come, the Almighty." She also spoke of his being the Author and Finisher of faith; of his being God's salvation, and her salvation. "He has," she said, "given me faith to believe in him, faith to receive his precious atonement, and faith to embrace him as my salvation. There is a faith of reliance and a faith of assurance, but that which I now possess is the *joy* of faith and the *joy* of salvation. I have peace with God, through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." "Come, my dear friend," she continued, "do sing with me,

'Salvation, O the joyful sound!
What pleasure to our ears!
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears,
Glory, honour,'" &c.

As soon as I recovered my breath, being, as you know, rather asthmatic, I commenced singing the above, and, to my great surprise, she joined me in singing, and continued until the whole was sung; and I must say, I have not heard her sing so loudly or so sweetly for many years. She repeated every word as clearly and as distinctly as if she had been in perfect health. Our friend Mrs. D— entered the room as we were singing, and as soon as she saw her, she took her by the hand, and said, "What, are you come to see a poor dying saint, who is just going to leave this poor, miserable, dying, and perishing world? I am quite ready; I am only waiting to receive the summons, the messenger, death, to welcome me home. Why are his chariot wheels so long in coming? why drag they so heavily?" I then read the 71st Psalm, which she appeared to enjoy much, as she would frequently stop me whilst reading, to make several remarks, which were truly sweet and weighty. After I had engaged in prayer, she said, "You are come just at a seasonable time; the Lord is with us again, as he hath been many times before. O how sweet and precious is the real communion and fellowship of saints, and to feel that oneness of soul which we shall all ere long enjoy in that upper and better world, where we shall sing the high praises of God and the Lamb, and that ever and ever, in much stronger accents, and in a more noble strain of voice than we can possibly do whilst here!" She begged of us to present her Christian love to several of her dear friends, whom she named, and to assure them that she did not forget them in these her dying moments, after which she spoke of the happy prospect that was set before her of meeting many of her dear Christian friends now in glory, with whom, when on earth, she had taken sweet counsel; but above all, she should see Jesus, whom her soul loved, and be for ever with Him who had done all things well. "What pains did he take," she said; "what sorrows did he wade through, what griefs did he suffer, what wrath did he endure, and what a glorious righteousness and endless salvation has he wrought out and brought in for us poor ungodly sinners! O! I shall sing much louder by and by, when I get rid of this poor body of sin and death, and so will you too." Being somewhat exhausted, and her tongue parched, she asked for a little jelly. As

soon as she received it, she said, "O what a mercy and favour granted to me, a poor worm of the earth! I have every thing of a temporal nature given me as soon as I ask for it; but, O! how was it with my dear Redeemer? They would not so much as give him a drop of cold water to cool his tongue, when he cried out, 'I thirst,' but gave him vinegar mingled with gall to drink, even in his greatest agonies and bitterest sufferings. Blessed be his precious name!" She further said, "I wish to see none but the Lord's own dear family; they are the excellent of the earth to me, in whom is all my delight." But the whole bent of her mind seemed to be on Christ alone. "O!" she said, "Christ is become my salvation; he has redeemed my soul by shedding his most precious blood to atone for all my sins. I am quite ready and willing to go. All is right between God and my soul; there is no intervening cloud; all is peace." I replied, "Then you have the substance of this text, and that in the sweet enjoyment of it: 'The work of righteousness shall be peace, and the effect of righteousness quietness and assurance for ever.'" She said, "Yes, I have; I have peace with God through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." In speaking of the grace of faith, she said, "O what a precious gift is faith! without it, it is impossible to please God." In answer to which, I said, "And what is to be the end of faith? Let us observe what the Holy Ghost says by the mouth of his servant Peter: 'Whom, having not seen, ye love; in whom, though now ye see him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory:'—now mark—receiving the end of your faith, even the salvation of your souls.' Most blessed! And do we not now at times receive the same? is not our salvation sure? is not faith the substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen? Most assuredly it is. Therefore, the last act of faith *is*, and *will be*, to resign both soul and body into the hands of our dear and loving Saviour, as we read of Stephen and others: 'And they stoned Stephen, calling upon God, and saying, Lord Jesus, receive my Spirit.' The same is said of Jesus: 'And after he had cried with a loud voice, he said, Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit.' Thus will it be with every one of the Lord's redeemed family. 'Now,' saith Paul, 'abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.' And why so? Because, in that upper and better world, we shall neither want faith nor hope; for faith will then be turned into sight, and hope into full fruition; but charity, or love, shall ever last. As the poet says,

"No other change shall that sustain,
Save only to increase."

In conclusion, I reminded her of the last dying words of our dear and loving Lord: "It is finished." She said, "Yes, finished, indeed! O! what is there contained in those sweet and precious words! More than ever can be described by men or angels; yea, more than we shall ever be able to get to the bottom of to all eternity. It is easy to repeat them with our lips; but this alone will not do; we must have the experience of them, and sweet enjoyment of them in our souls; it is then it does us good, and not till then." She then

raised herself up in bed, and embraced her dear and aged companion, Mrs. S— (with whom she has lived upwards of fifty years in the strongest ties of love and Christian friendship, and who is now in her 95th year). They wept over each other for some time. She blessed her in the name of the Lord, and prayed that her end might be like hers, and said the same of us all. Afterwards, she addressed herself to Mrs. L—, and said, "My dear Mrs. L—, I have one favour to ask of you before you leave, which I am sure you will not refuse me, as my dying request,—that you will allow me to take my last affectionate farewell of your dear husband, as well as yourself, by embracing you both with a kiss of love;" which being done, we took our leave of her by saying, "'When thou passest through the valley of the shadow of death, thou mayest fear no evil.' Remember, it is but the *shadow* of death; the *sting*, or substance, is gone; it is for ever quenched in the precious blood of Christ. 'O death! where is thy sting? O grave! where is thy victory?' The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law; but thanks be to God which giveth *us* the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.' The Lord has promised that he will be with you, and his rod and staff shall both comfort you. Then, if Jesus, the great High Priest of our profession, is with you, and should only put his feet into the water at the river Jordan, (death,) you will go over dryshod. He will lead you up to the Ancient of Days; and God, even our God, will wipe away all tears for ever from your eyes. Beloved, farewell, till we shall meet again to part no more for ever. Amen."

She was not able, from this time up to the day of her death, to converse with any one. Thus our dear sister Cathery fell asleep in Jesus, in the 81st year of her age.

Believe me to remain your sincere friend and brother in Christ Jesus,

Chichester, April 20, 1844.

J. L.

[Mrs. Cathery, the subject of the above Memoir, was called, we believe, under Jenkins, Huntington's friend, or if not called under him, was one of his attached hearers. She was also a hearer of, and much attached to Mr. Brook, and was a Christian not only much tried in grace, but also at one period of her life much exercised in providence, having had to wade through many deep trials of a temporal nature. But her end was peace, and she is safely landed in endless rest.—EDS.]

A FEW WORDS TO OUR INQUIRING CORRESPONDENTS.

Some of our correspondents may perhaps wonder why we do not insert their inquiries. The truth is, that sometimes they are overlooked by us in the pressure of other matter; sometimes they touch upon subjects which we do not consider profitable to introduce; sometimes they are too difficult for us to answer satisfactorily; sometimes they are on topics on which we have no light nor knowledge; and sometimes to answer them would drag us into long and useless controversies.

Our object from the beginning has been to avoid and discourage

controversy; and though we have sometimes thought that a simple answer to an inquiry might be profitable, where a doubt or difficulty arose which we or some of our correspondents might solve, yet were we to open our pages to every question that might be asked in the knotty field of divinity, we should not only manifest our own arrogance and folly in attempting replies, but should set a door wide open for perpetual jangling.

If two friends differ on a point, or a minister advance something strange or new, "Let us ask the opinion of the *Standard*," is sometimes said and acted upon. But we may be as ignorant as our correspondents upon the disputed point, or though we may have an opinion, it may be merely floating in our judgment, and not have been sealed upon our conscience.

And if it be said, "Why not, at any rate, insert the question, that some correspondent better taught than yourselves may answer it?" we may reply, "This we have repeatedly done, and when answers have come they have almost always been what we could not insert. Those perhaps who were best qualified to answer them would not do so; and those who perhaps thought themselves very 'Masters of Arts,' and 'Doctors of Divinity,' in their replies, have shown such want of ability or want of clearness, such ignorance of the very point in dispute, or such manifest deficiency of divine teaching upon it, that we have preferred to leave the inquiry unanswered, in all its original darkness, rather than insert answers which would only more puzzle the reader than clear up his difficulties."

We are not Solomons nor Ahitophels, and therefore do not profess to be able to answer whatsoever questions may be asked us; but where we can throw any light on a disputed point, we shall not mind furnishing a few words of reply to an inquirer; at the same time wishing our inquiring correspondents to bear in mind that as we cannot undertake to insert every inquiry that may be sent us, so we cannot promise always to furnish a reply to such as we may insert.

We hope, however, to insert and answer some "Inquiries" in our next number.—Eds.

POETRY.

"FEAR NOT; I AM WITH THEE."

Ye tempted, sin-burden'd, self-hopeless, and poor,
Who're crying and knocking at Jesus, the Door,
Now hoping, then doubting, then knocking again,
May God keep you knocking; you sha'n't knock in vain.

"Fear not," said the Master, who very well knew
The troubles and dangers which we must pass through;
"Fear not, I am with thee, thy God to the end."
O may we, my brethren, on Jesus depend!

"Fear not, I am with thee."—Then foes are at hand;
Ah! yes, for the Canaanites dwell in the land;
And, sorely perplexed, we oftentimes say,
"We must be deceived; this can't be the way."

The world and the devil us stoutly oppose,
And, lurking within us, lie thousands of foes;
Within and without us all seem to agree,
And born of the Spirit we think we can't be.

Our inbred corruptions, in battle array,
Rise up and oppose us; we're filled with dismay.
But, led by the Spirit, to Jesus we cry.

"Fear not," Jesus answers, "Fear not, I am nigh;
"Fear not, although all things against thee appear;
Fear not, though the devil may fill thee with fear;
Fear not," saith Jehovah, "I'll bring thee through all;
Fear not, I am with thee, thy all and in all."

These "Fear nots" encourage us weaklings to fight:
We fear not the devil with Jesus in sight;
But when he hides from us the light of his face,
We're plagued with the devil and Ishmael's race.

One word of Jehovah's, spoke home to the heart,
Makes sins, hell, and devils, like lightning depart.
Look back, then, my brother; God help thee to see
The time when Jehovah appear'd thus for thee.

It may be thou'rt tempted thy God to deny;
The devil may tell thee the Bible's a lie;
But God will deliver when faith has been tried:
"Fear not," saith the Saviour, "since for you I died;

"Fear not, though the devil his fiery darts send;
Fear not, I am with thee, thy Shield, to defend;
Fear not, although weakness itself thou may'st be;
Fear not, I am with thee, thy strength is in me;

"Fear not, though thou feel'st thyself sinful and poor;
Fear not, I have loved thee, it soon will be o'er;
Fear not, though defiled within and without;
Fear not," saith the Bridegroom, "thou'rt holy throughout.

"Fear not, then, ye mourners, who still, in the night,
Are longing, and panting, and crying for light;
Fear not, though benighted, you soon shall get home,
Through much tribulation, where sin cannot come.

"Fear not, ye perplexed, who're looking to me;
Fear not, ye oppressed, I will set you free;
Fear not, ye despised, ye are my delight;
Fear not, though in darkness, it soon shall be light;

"Fear not when departing from this world of woe;
Fear not, for my presence shall home with you go,
Where, freed from all sorrow, eternally blest,
For ever done fighting, in peace you shall rest."

Kent, March 6th, 1844.

A HELPLESS SINNER.

SOVEREIGN GRACE.

O what a joyful day I found,	O blessed morn! O heavenly day!
When sov'reign grace did me surround,	When guilt and death quite fled away,
And all my guilt I felt depart,	And I could sit at Jesus' feet,
Thro' Christ my bleeding Surety's heart!	To sing his love with praises sweet.

Then was the law's loud thunder o'er,	He bore me on the wings of love,
And I my Saviour could adore,	And set my heart on things above;
That e'er he stood in my law-place,	Nor could this world my mind employ,
And show'd me his dear lovely face.	For I was fill'd with heavenly joy.

Lord, let me oft think on that day,
When bondage-fears fled all away,
And I was held in thine embrace,
To sing of free and sov'reign grace.

Thy glory then I did behold,
Which far exceeds all India's gold,
To see my name upon thy heart,
Which death nor hell shall ever part.

But when my Jesus hid his face,
And I seem'd wither'd like the grass,
Then unbelief began to say,
"You ne'er can be in the right way."

Then sin and Satan sank me low,
And I no marks of grace could show,
But, like a barren wilderness,
That fill'd my soul with deep distress.

The clouds had veil'd my Saviour's face,
Nor could I his sweet beauties trace;
But view'd myself a mass of sin,
And felt its deadly plague within.

My love and joy had taken flight,
And I seem'd left in gloomy night,
To pine just like a barren heath,
And walk amid the shades of death.

I often thought I ne'er should rise,
Nor gain at last the heavenly prize:
Such was the state I then was in,
Sunk down in unbelief and sin.

How Satan then my soul did mock:
"You're none of Christ's own ransom'd
flock,
But, like a thief get o'er the wall,
At length have found a dismal fall."

For near two years I walk'd in night,
And often thought I'd ne'er been right;
Sometimes about to give up all,
And on the Lord no more to call.

Through regions of the dead I went,
And many a dart from hell was sent;
I thought I'd quite mistook the way,
And ne'er should see a better day.

B—, December, 1842.

Crosses and losses, too, I found;
And Satan's agents mock'd around,
To see me fall'n, in sad dismay,
Bound up in tribulation's way.

I look'd around, some friend to find,
But men oft change and are unkind;
In dreary paths we walk alone,
Like bears to roar, or doves to moan.

But blessed be that heav'nly Dove,
That came with words of peace and love,
And brake my bonds, and set me free,
To glory in the sacred Three.

The Three in One, and One in Three,
Engaged in cov'nant oath I see,
That all the royal chosen seed
By faith upon the Lamb should feed.

This faith, which purifies the heart,
Rests not on human power nor art,
But looks to Jesus, God's dear Son,
Who fought the fight, and vict'ry won.

All duty-faith, and creature power,
Will fall, like Babel's lofty tower,
When, harass'd by the powers of hell,
The soul's in unbelief a dark cell.

But Christ unlocks the prison door,
And we are raised up as before,
To hope in grace and mercy free,
Through Him who died on Calvary's tree.

He then gives faith to rise and trace
Our interest in electing grace;
How we were loved in Christ our Head,
Before the starry skies were spread.

Christ shed his blood to wash us clean,
Faith sees it rise above all sin;
We feel the healing streams abound,
And power and truth to shield around.

The church, as one with Christ her King,
Shall his great glory sweetly sing;
Be brought to him in robes divine,
And in his likeness ever shine.

J. K.

GLEANNING.

He who alone gives life to us gave up his life for us. This giving imports the voluntariness and freeness of the action. He gave himself freely. He did not *sell* himself, but *gave* himself, and that willingly and entirely, without constraint. No violence could have pulled him from the bosom of the father; but he came leaping upon the mountains; he came singing, and saying, "Lo, I come! I delight to do thy will, O my God!" There was no necessity lying upon him but the necessity of love, and of a loving agreement with his Father. Greater is the work of redemption than that of creation; there he was the Giver, but here he is the Gift.—*Erskine*.

THE
GOSPEL STANDARD,
OR,
FEEBLE CHRISTIAN'S SUPPORT.

"Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled."—Matt. v. 6.

"Who hath saved us, and called us with an holy calling, not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began."—2 Tim. i. 9.

"The election hath obtained it, and the rest were blinded."—Rom. xi. 7.

"If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest.—And they went down both into the water, both Philip and the eunuch; and he baptized him.—In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."—Acts viii. 37, 38; Matt. xxviii. 19.

No. 104. AUGUST, 1844. Vol. X.

AN ORIGINAL LETTER FROM JAMES OSBOURN.

(Concluded from page 197.)

Ever since I have been in the ministry, I have more or less testified against the spurious religion of our times, and, by the help of God, still testify against it, and will to my dying day; for I believe this testimony to be part of the ministry which the Lord has been pleased to commit to my charge, and which testimony I consider to be of vast importance in the day in which we live—a day in which the *soul* of religion is rarely taken into view, or thought of, or talked about, or sought after; and yet, at the same time, men are so far from being inactive, that they are all alive to such things as come within the reach of human power, such as missionary concerns, tract societies, Sunday schools, &c. &c. These things, and many others of a similar nature, constitute all the religion that thousands of florid professors possess or know anything about in this day of general profession. And as these things, to make the best of them, only go to compose the shell of religion, being merely superficial matters; so we conclude, and so indeed we find it to be, that the religion of our times is a superficial religion. It is admirably adapted to the pride of blind mortals, who are proud and lifted up with the shell of religion; and we may say of them as was said of some of old, "They rejoice in a thing of nought." (Amos vi. 13.) The pulpit, however, exhibits a worse picture yet; for there precious truth is exposed to contempt, *another gospel* brought to view in lieu of the gospel of Christ, men taught to build their hopes of salvation on the sand, carnal professors nurtured and buoyed up in a false peace, Christ mocked with lip service, and the souls of men completely deceived in

matters of the highest importance; and, hence, what is called a *place of worship*, is often "a den of thieves."

And shall we not, then, be safe in concluding that the state of things in the temple at Jerusalem, at the time that the Saviour entered it with a scourge of small cords, is a pretty fit representation of the corrupt state of things in religion at the present period? And as it was necessary then for our Lord to drive many things out of the temple with a scourge, surely our Saviour will by and by find it necessary also to take his fan in his hand, and thoroughly to purge the floor on which we stand. Perhaps the fan or scourge made use of to purge, purify, and cleanse the church, will be hot persecution from the antichristian party, which party is now mixing in outward things with the true church, the Lord's hidden ones, or, as the Scriptures say, "They cleave to them with flatteries." (Dan. xi. 34.) As the antichristian party, (or, which is the same thing, false professors,) in cleaving to and mixing with the Lord's hidden ones, act in a fawning and hypocritical manner, there is but just here and there a saint that suspects whom he is surrounded by. I have seen much of this fawning and hypocritical conduct since I have been in the ministry; and, from what I have seen, and do still see, of these abominations under a garb of religion, I am disposed to think that if the perilous times of which Paul speaks are not at hand, we may conclude that they never will come; for the very prominent traits which Paul gives us to understand shall characterize the last days and perilous times, are now before our eyes. Among these traits, are a departure from the faith, a giving heed to seducing spirits and doctrines of devils, not enduring sound doctrine, heaping up teachers having itching ears, turning away from the truth, and turning unto fables. All these things now exist among us, and are the chief traits of the religion of this day; and not a few who once seemed to hold the truth are now departed from the same, and are giving heed to doctrine which is repugnant to the word of God, and satisfying themselves with a mere form of religion, paying no regard to, and knowing nothing about the power of divine grace, or the gospel, in the love and power of it; all which things Paul places under the head of the "mystery of iniquity," which began to work in his day, and which now powerfully works among us with signs and wonders and with all deceivableness of unrighteousness. And work these things will, until the iniquity of the mystical Amorites is full; and when this is the case, antichrist (or the Amorites in a mystery) will be ripe for ruin, and God's judgments ready for execution, and the time will be at hand when the church will be delivered from her present Sardis state. At this time, God will appear in his glory; and it shall go well with his church, for the Lord will be as the dew of the morning unto her, and she shall spring up as among the grass, and her leaf shall be green, and shall not cease from yielding fruit. "When the Lord shall build up Zion, he shall appear in his glory." (Ps. cii. 16.) But this will not be yet; for while "the mystery of iniquity" is working, Zion will have to contend with the antichristian party, (or the tribe of Ishmaelites of the present age,) who will be sure to deride

and scoff at all the legal heirs of promise. So it was of old, and so it will be for some time yet to come.

But what is so vastly mysterious to many true Israelites, is, that these scoffers and mockers of the heirs of promise, and deriders of "the truth as it is in Jesus," should assume a religious form, and carry on a war against God and truth, under a show of what is called piety and ardent zeal for the welfare of the church of God on earth. But thus it is; and it will be found, in the end, that the principal opponents of Zion and of divine truth, in the love and power of it, are men under a garb of religion, and who appear to be doing much in the cause of God, while there is a secret enmity in their hearts against those very things which go to constitute real religion. "If the light that is in them be darkness, how great is that darkness!" (Matt. vi. 23.)

These are serious things, Sir, and they are facts; but whether your mind is in a state to receive them or not, I am not prepared to say. This much, however, I do know, and this much I can say, namely, there are but few people of God, even among the saints of God, that see and understand anything about the signs of the times; and the few that do know about these things, know but very little; whereas, the Lord knows all about these serious and important points, all about his church and the state she is now in, when and by what means she will be delivered from her present dark and corrupt state, and what her appearance will be when brought forth; for he "declares the end from the beginning, and from ancient times the things that are not yet done, saying, My counsel shall stand, and I will do all my pleasure."

It is our consolation that the Lord, with all his adorable perfections and everything that is near and dear to him, stands responsible for the preservation and eternal salvation of his church, for whose best interest, while here on earth, everything in providence must become subservient. Happy, therefore, and greatly blessed, is that man who has been, by an act of grace, brought to Zion weeping, and led into her courts with supplications, as no teaching is equal to the inward teaching of God the Spirit, nor any wisdom like that which cometh down from God the Father, nor any gift half so important as the gift of eternal life, which life is in God the Son; nor is any light in this world to be compared to that divine light that shines into the soul when it is delivered from the power of darkness, and translated into the kingdom of Christ, the Lord of life and glory.

And now for a few best wishes, and I shall have done. I wish that the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, may dwell richly in your heart; I wish that you may be enabled to say, "And truly my fellowship is with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ;" I wish you may be blessed with the gospel preached in the spirit, life, love, and power of it, and that, under the same, you may "spring up as among the grass, as willows by the water courses;" I wish you may walk worthy of the Lord, and in all things adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour; I wish you would write to me, if you think me worthy of writing to; I wish you and I, and my

much-beloved G— A—, and a few more dear Christian friends that I could hunt up, could spend an afternoon together in my never-to-be-forgotten Patmos; I wish you would remember me before God; and I wish you may “stand fast in the Lord, my dearly-beloved.” Amen.

Baltimore, 1827.

JAMES OSBOURN.

PS. As I find that I cannot comprise my communications to you in a single letter, I will proceed to lay a few more things before you, which things you may view as fragments.

1. I meet with many difficulties in the divine life; but I know that this is nothing new or strange, as it is a thorny road that leads to a better world than this; and through the thorns strewed on this road every spiritual Israelite has to pass; some, however, are much harder put to it than others.

2. My conflicts of mind, at times, are so extremely piercing and cutting, that my soul is greatly bowed down within me; and Satan tries hard to take every possible advantage of me that he can, in order to sink me in eternal despair, and to plunder my mind of everything that is good and desirable.

3. At times, I am violently tempted to give up that marked regard for truth and the good old way which I have all along maintained, and to fall in with the popular religion of the day and with the general mode of preaching, as such a course, says the tempter, would be much to my advantage, ease, peace, and comfort. I find this to be very trying indeed; so much so, that I cannot describe my feelings, nor can a person enter into them without being in circumstances like or similar to mine. I bless God, however, that I have not been suffered as yet to yield to this vile temptation, but have been enabled, in the midst of opposition, frowns, scoffs, and scorn, to abide by the truth as it is in Jesus, and to oppose a false religion, a false confidence, a false faith, a false peace, and a fallacious hope. And, indeed, my zeal for divine truth, and opposition to error, greatly increase upon me, notwithstanding my great temptation to the contrary.

4. I almost generally am much aided in the pulpit, so that I neither fear the horse nor his rider; but when I am out of the pulpit and alone, I often suffer a sort of a martyrdom in my mind, which compels me to cry aloud to God in secret. I do not say that I always suffer thus; for, at times, it is far otherwise with me.

5. Hardness of heart also, and a want of love to God and of a going out of soul after him, are things which, at times, trouble me most amazingly indeed; and I think, “Surely the true ministers of Christ cannot, and do not, feel as I do.” I suffer much from this quarter.

6. I stand pretty much alone in the ministry; and yet I am not alone, I trust; for the Lord is with my spirit, and his name is most sweet, yea, Christ the Lord is altogether lovely.

7. I am 200 miles from sister F—, and have not seen her since her return from L—; but, by a letter which I have lately received from G— A—, I find she is under great indisposition of body, and strongly impressed with an idea that she is not long for this world.

She is a most gracious woman, and has a large fund of spiritual knowledge and a rich store of experience, is very watchful of God's dealings with her in providence and grace, and ranks with the first grade of female Christians. My friend G— A— improves mightily in divine things, bless God for it, for his improvement is from that quarter, I believe.

8. I once heard Mr. Huntington preach in Mr. Blaker's barn, at Bolney, from Phil. i. 6, and have frequently heard him in the old Providence Chapel; but I was young in years at that time, and younger still in the divine life. I have also been at Cricklewood House. I am acquainted slightly with Sunbury, where Mr. H. was brought forth. I was once in company with Ann Webb, and I asked if she was the person that Mr. H. called his eldest daughter in the faith, and she said, "Yes." This was at Woking, where Mr. H. used to preach. I twice heard Mr. Jenkins preach in his meeting-house at Lewes. The last two sermons I heard Mr. Huntington preach were in Providence Chapel, a few days before I left England, June, 1805, from Ps. lxxv. 1; 1 Cor. xv. 8. My own native country, and the county of Surry, is still dear to me, as there I spent my juvenile days, and there I first enjoyed my God, though I sadly departed from him after my arrival in this country. But the happy days I enjoyed in my Patmos were when the Lord delivered me from a dreadful backsliding state.

"O to grace how great a debtor!"

9. Methinks it is unnecessary for me to make any apology for troubling you with this long letter, since it must be admitted that my trouble in writing it will exceed your trouble in reading it through. I, however, would prevent your being at any expense of postage for it, if I knew how; but as I do not, you must try and bear with it; and, in company with this letter, accept of my love.

J. O.

**SERMON BY THE LATE MR. GADSBY, PREACHED
AT THE BAPTIST CHAPEL, BEDWORTH, ON WEDNESDAY
EVENING, AUGUST 24TH, 1842.**

I am about to read a portion of God's word, which I thought I could find very easily; indeed, I thought it was in the 40th chapter of the prophecies of Isaiah; but I cannot find it; so I must leave you to find it when you get home. I am entirely unable to preach. If the Lord is not pleased to make me a little better, I shall be very short. The passage of Scripture I thought to read, runs thus: "Come, my people, enter thou into thy chambers, and shut thy doors about thee; hide thyself, as it were, for a little moment, until the indignation be overpast." (Isa. xxvi. 20.)

Through the kind providence of God, I have enjoyed better health since I was here last than I have done for some years. But to-day a bad cold has laid hold of me, and quite upset my mortal frame. Should it be the will of God that it should end in my death, O how blessed to look forward, under the sweet teaching of God the Spirit, to this hiding-place: "Come, my people, enter thou into thy chambers,

and shut thy doors about thee; hide thyself, as it were, for a little moment, until the indignation be overpast!"

We may notice from these words,

I. The Lord has a special people dedicated to himself; and that people shall show forth his praise.

II. These people are hid from the indignation of the Lord.

We notice, 1st, that the one undivided Jehovah has a special property in these people. The Father says they are *his* portion. The Son says this is *his* spouse; he loved and redeemed her, "that he might present to himself a glorious church, not having spot or wrinkle." The blessed Spirit has separated them from the world; he lays a sovereign claim to them, constantly keeping his eye on the sovereign purpose of God. Wherever they are, when God's time is come to call them by grace, the Holy Ghost will quicken the dead soul, communicate divine life, and bring them to a saving acquaintance with Christ. All things were made for Christ, and his church; hence it is said, "For all things are yours, whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, or the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come, all are yours; and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's." Nothing shall alter the security of the people of God. The blessed Three-One God lays a claim to this people, by ways and means suited to his own purpose of grace; hence the Father, when speaking of them, says, "They shall be willing in the day of thy power." "I will bring the blind by a way that they knew not; I will lead them in paths that they have not known."

Proud man gets schemes and plans for himself; but God opposes all his schemes, and solemnly declares he will bring down the loftiness and greatness of man, "and the Lord alone shall be exalted in that day." What proud, pompous work it is for poor dying worms to puff up their minds with the empty vanity, that if God do his part, they will do theirs! Why, I am an old man, nearly 70 years of age, and I have no more hope of being saved on such ground as that than I have of pulling the Almighty from his throne. I have tried *doing my part* many times; it has invariably undone me, and brought me feelingly and sensibly to ruin. This the Lord is determined to do—to bring down the loftiness of man, and the greatness of man, that the Lord alone may be exalted in that day. You have no scriptural proof of being one of God's people if you do not know something of this,—of God cutting up all your vows, all your promises, all your prayers, all your repentance, and all your holiness, laying you low, and making you, in your own feelings, as wretched as the devil,—if the Lord never bring you here, you will never go to heaven, with all your pretiness. You may foster up your mind with your self-pretiness, and your own strength; but our God "giveth power to the faint, and to them that have no might he increaseth strength;" besides, it is written, "The lame take the prey."

Thus God the Father, in his discriminating power, has a distinct, separate people from the rest of mankind, and has solemnly said, "These people have I formed for myself; they shall show forth my

praise." When this truth comes with power to the conscience, how cutting it is! It brings the poor sinner, in his feelings before God, to lie on a level with Manasseh, Magdalene, or with bloody, persecuting Saul; cuts up all his fine ideas, and makes him ashamed of himself; so that he is obliged to cry, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" "But," say you, "you do not suppose they are the people of God that are thus crying?" Yes; this is the solemn method that God takes to distinguish them from the self-righteous world. All their loftiness is brought down, and they are bowed before God.

This people is the property of Christ; for he espoused their cause before all worlds. He has betrothed them to himself: "He hath betrothed them to himself for ever, in righteousness, and in judgment, and in lovingkindness, and in mercies, and in faithfulness." He has also entered into such an engagement, that when he viewed the elect of God in their sins and blood, his heart was fixed upon them; he engaged to redeem them, to wash them from all their filthiness, and to present them before God unblameable in love; hence Paul says, "Husbands, love your wives, even as Christ also loved the church, and gave himself for it, that he might sanctify and cleanse it with the washing of water by the word, that he might present it to himself a glorious church, not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing; but that it should be holy, and without blemish." But who besides the Son of God would have engaged to accomplish this work for such sinners? He saw the end from the beginning; he saw their hard heartedness, their impenitence, their blindness, and their determination to insult their Lord. Had the Lord allowed them to go on in their own way, not a soul would have been saved, but all would have gone to hell; no, not one of them would have left their idols, but after them they would have gone. Therefore, the Lord Jesus Christ engaged to espouse their cause, to satisfy the claims of justice, to honour the Father, to redeem them from all iniquity, and to make them, by the power of his Spirit, a holy people, zealous of good works. Has there any power come to your conscience to separate you from the world, and to separate you from yourself? It appears far easier to be separated from the world than to be separated from self. What! say you; separated from pious self! holy self! patient, meek self! Must these have no place in the matter? No. You must, by the power of God, be separated from all, be enabled to give up all, and be brought to feel your awfully guilty state before God. The blessed Spirit makes manifest his sovereign claim to the Lord's people, by thus quickening their dead souls, enlightening their dark understandings, and cutting them off from all creature holiness. It is very painful work. Sometimes the Lord's people, when first brought to know something of their ruined condition, have many pleasing ideas about them, and think they can do well. But I can tell you that you will find the contrary to be the case if you belong to God. "O, you are an Antinomian," say some, "and want us to live a life of licentiousness; we can do many things for God." God the Spirit lays a sovereign claim to his people, and brings them feelingly to know that if they were

damned this moment, they cannot put a finger to the work, they cannot help themselves; for "The Lord giveth power to the faint, and to them that have no might he increaseth strength." Has the Lord brought you here? Perhaps some poor soul says, "But I cannot conceive this to be a proof that I am one of the Lord's people; for I am told that if I am one of the Lord's chosen ones, I should be very zealous in doing my part, by helping the blessed Spirit in saving my soul." Well, have you tried to do anything? "Yes," say you, "I have." What have you done? What have your doings produced? Have they not brought guilt, confusion, and bondage? Have you not been obliged in the end to say, "Lord, save me, or I perish?" "Yes," say you, "I have." Bless the Lord for it. It is the Spirit's testimony that he does not design you to be your own eternal ruin; therefore he stops you from all self hope, and will eventually reveal Christ in you the hope of glory, and make you sensibly feel that salvation is of the Lord.

My dear brethren, if you are the people of God manifestly, you know something of this; if the Lord has called you by his grace, and made manifest that you are one of his people, he has brought you to feel something of what we have been talking about—to bow at his footstool, to be willing to be nothing so that you may be one of his, and constrained feelingly to cry to God to make bare his arm to save your soul with an everlasting salvation. Do I hear some poor soul say, "That is where I am, really and feelingly?" Are you? Then you are one of the Lord's people. "Really," say you, "I cannot believe it, I am so dark, in bondage to the fear of death, and so gloomy." He "will bring the blind by a way that they knew not;" he leads them "in paths that they have not known; he makes darkness light before them, and crooked things straight: These things he does unto them, and will not forsake them." Though heaven and earth are made for the honour of his blessed Majesty, nothing is so dear to the Father, so dear to the Son, so dear to the Spirit, and nothing occupies the mind of God so much (if I may be allowed so to speak) as this people. This people "shall be saved in the Lord with an everlasting salvation." Blessed people! they know the joyful sound.

Now, before we proceed, do you know anything of this? Have you ever been rooted up in your feelings? Have you ever been brought to stand before God, loathsome and guilty in your own feelings, giving the Lord leave to send you to hell, and being in such a state that you could not possibly help yourselves? By and by, he speaks to you as he speaks to his people in this prophecy, where his blessed Majesty says, "Thy tacklings are loosed; they could not well strengthen their mast, they could not spread the sail. Then is the prey of a great spoil divided." Who ran away with it? These poor mariners, who were all in confusion and disorder, could neither spread the sail, nor put the tacklings in order, nor strengthen the mast. Thus the Lord brings them to know they are his people, and shall show forth his praise. "This people have I formed for myself, they shall show forth my praise." "Come, my people, enter thou

into thy chambers, and shut thy doors about thee; hide thyself, as it were, for a little moment, until the indignation be overpast." What is this indignation? The Lord going forth, cutting up and cutting down the pride of man. He has made up his mind that no flesh should glory in his presence. All who expect to go to heaven singing the wonders they have done for God will be sent to hell, if they die in that state. The Lord brings all his people to know that there is neither might, power, nor help in themselves. The indignation of the Lord must be endured. The revelation of God's wrath against sin is contained in his law. What a deal of pains are taken by men to keep the law! How often they say, "Lord have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law!" If ever the Lord leads you to feel his indignation, he makes you feel that, do what you will, the law curses you. All your own obediences, vows, and promises will only bring upon you the curse of God in a broken law. The voice of the law is, "Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things that are written in the book of the law, to do them;" "He who offendeth in one point is guilty of all." Now, sinner, where are you? There is not a soul here but what, on law grounds, is justly and righteously damned. Rather than God could repeal his law, says one, he would sooner damn the whole world; "For we have all sinned and come short of the glory of God." When the Lord reveals his law, in its spirituality and purity, to the conscience of a sinner, it is the day of God's indignation. The law condemns the sinner, and he feels obliged to acknowledge the condemnation. This is where the Lord brings most of his people, even after they are called by divine grace, viz., into severe trials, crosses, and difficulties of mind. I remember that when the Lord was first pleased to reveal his love to my poor soul, I was very happy, and thought I should be so all the days of my life; I expected no other. But, by and by, sin revived and I died; the Lord revealed a measure of his indignation in my conscience, as a wretched backslider against his solemn Majesty, and as one that had broken his law. Have you felt this? Perhaps some of you may say, "Sometimes I do wrong, and when such is the case, I begin to think about it, simply believe that God loves me, do my duty, and all is set right again." If you can live in that religion, you are living to be damned, and you will find it so at the great day of God. The Lord will reveal his indignation against all your righteousness, and you will be brought to know, sooner or later, that you are as an unclean thing, and all your righteousnesses are as filthy rags. When this is the case, you will find that unless you have a better religion than nature can produce, you will sink into hopeless despair. Do you know anything of this? Have you ever had your pious vows and promises, even your amen promises, though made when you called God to witness them, broken to pieces? and have you ever been cut up root and branch, and been without help and without hope? "No," say you, "and I hope I never shall." You might as well say you hope you shall not go to heaven. If the Lord means to take you to heaven he will root up all these, for his solemn indignation will be against all your right-

teousness, and you will know the truth of that declaration, "We are all as an unclean thing, and all our righteousnesses are as filthy rags." When this day of indignation comes on, the poor sinner trembles before God, and wonders where the scene will end. Say some, "I think I know a little of that; I know what it is to be plagued with unbelief, and groan by reason of a tempting devil, or the hidings of God's countenance; to feel also the naughtiness of my nature, and the plague of my heart, and sometimes to feel as if I had nothing but my plague to cry about, nothing but my plague to bring?" "But then," say you, "surely you would not suppose there was any hope for such a sinner as that!" Yes, there is. God says to such a poor soul, "Come, my people, enter thou into thy chamber, and shut thy doors about thee." What! this poor sinner! this loathsome sinner!

"A sinner is a sacred thing,
The Holy Ghost hath made him so."

If thou art brought to feel thou art such a sinner as the Lord says thou art, and brought to confess that feeling, thou art a vessel of mercy; God will save thee in the Lord with an everlasting salvation. "Come, my people, enter thou into thy chamber, and shut thy doors about thee."

(To be continued.)

A PRISON-LETTER OF RUTHERFORD'S.

How many sweet, sweet, soft kisses, many perfumed and well-smelled kisses and embracements have I received from my royal Master! He and I have had much love together. I have, for the present, a sick decaying life, with much pain, and much love-sickness for Christ. O! what would I give to have a bed made for my wearied soul in his bosom! I cannot tell you what sweet pain and delightful torments are in Christ's love. I often shall envy time that holds us asunder. I profess to you that I have no rest, I have no ease, until I am over head and ears in love's ocean. If Christ's love, that fountain of delight, were laid open to me as I could wish, O how would I drink! and drink abundantly! O how drunken would my soul be. I half call his absence cruel; and the mask, or veil, on Christ's face, a cruel covering, that hideth such a fair face from a sick soul. I dare not challenge him, but his absence is as heavy as a mountain of iron upon my heart. O when shall we meet? O! how long is it to the dawning of the morning? O sweet Lord Jesus, take wide steps! O, my Lord, come over the mountains at one stride! O, my Beloved, fly like a roe, or a young hart, upon the mountains of separation! O that he would fold the heavens together like an old cloak, and shovel time and days out of the way, and make ready the Lamb's wife for her husband! Since he looked upon me, my heart is not my own; he hath taken it away with him to heaven. O that heaven, and the heaven of heavens were paper, and the sea ink, and the multitude of mountains pens of brass, and I were able to write that paper, within and without, full

of the praises of my fairest, my dearest, my loveliest, my sweetest, my matchless, my most sinless and marvellous well-beloved! Woe is me! I cannot set him forth to men and angels. Others have free tongues to sing love songs to his incomparable excellency; what then can I, a poor prisoner, do to exalt him? or what course can I take to extol my lofty and lovely Jesus? I am put to my wit's end to know how to get his name more greatly blessed. Are there any who would help me in this? How can those who behold his lovely face ever take their eyes off him? Look up to him and love him! O love and live! O! if I should cause you to die of love to Jesus, I would charge you, by the salvation of your souls, to hang about Christ's neck, and take your fill of his love.

My dearest in the Lord, stand fast in Christ, keep the faith, contend for Christ, wrestle for him. I write to thee, poor mourning and broken-hearted believer, whoever thou mayest be, of the free salvation; of Christ's sweet balm for thy wounds, Christ's kisses for thy watery cheeks, Christ's blood of atonement for thy guilty soul, Christ's heaven for thy poor soul, though once turned out of paradise. O that people were wise! O that people would seek for Christ, and never rest, till they find him! O how my soul would mourn in secret if I thought that all my years of pained head, and sore breast, and pained back, and grieved heart, and private and public prayer to God, should all be for nothing among the people! I would not exchange my bonds for the fleeting joys of the whole world, for it has pleased God to make me, who am a poor sinner, a daily guest in his banqueting house, with that royal princely one, Christ Jesus. How sweet must he be, when that black and burdensome tree, his own cross, is perfumed with joy and gladness! O for help to lift him up with praises on his royal throne! He hath pained me with his love, and my pain increaseth for want of real possession. I know that the sun will be overclouded and eclipsed, and that I shall again be made to walk in darkness, but Christ must be welcome to come and go as he pleaseth; yet he is more welcome to come than to go, and I hope he pitieth and pardoneth me, in casting apples to me at such a fainting time as this is. Holy and blessed be his name, it was not my flattering of Christ that drew a kiss from his sweet mouth, but he thought good to send me as a spy into the wilderness of suffering, to see the land and try the food; and I cannot make a lie of Christ's cross; I can report nothing but good of him and it, lest others faint. I hope, when a change cometh, to cast anchor at midnight upon the Rock which he hath taught me to know in the daylight. I must say my lesson without a book, and believe in the dark. I am sure it is sin to make light of Christ's good provision, and not to partake, when he saith, "Eat, O friends! drink, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved!" If he bear me on his shoulders, and carry me in his arms over this water, I hope his grace will set down both my feet on dry ground, when the way is better. I desire that he may receive the fruit of praises for thus dandling me on his knee. Christ giveth me a measure pressed down, heaped up, and running over; and, believe me, his love pain-

eth me more than poison or balaishment. I seek no more than a vent to my love. I am smothered and ready to burst for want of vent. Woe, woe is me! that I have not ten lives for that one Lord Jesus! and that love faileth and dieth up in losing him; and that I find no way to spend my love desires, and the yolk of my heart, upon that fairest and dearest one. I am sore behind with my narrow heart. O how ebb a soul have I to take in Christ's love! Millions of worlds could not contain one thousandth part of his love! O that I could join in among the throng of angels, and seraphim, and glorified saints, and could raise a new song of love to Christ, before all the world. I am pained with wondering at new-opened treasures in Christ. A kiss of Christ blown over his shoulder, the parings and crumbs of glory that fall under his table in heaven, a shower, like a thin May mist, of his love, would make me green and sappy, and refresh me till the glorious summer sun of eternal glory arise. O that I had anything of Christ! O that I had half a drop out of the hollow of Christ's hand of the sweetness and excellency of that lovely one! O that the Lord would give me but the meannest share of felt and believed salvation! O how easy were it for that infinite sea, that infinite mountain of love and joy, to fill as many thousand thousand little vessels, like me, as there have been hours or minutes since the creation of God! I find it true that a poor soul, discerning a little of the Godhead of Christ, hath desires paining and wounding the poor heart so with longings to be with him, that make it sometimes think that it would have been better never to have felt anything of Christ, than to be thus dying daily under these felt wounds for the want of him. O where is he? O Fairest! where dwellest thou? O never-enough-admired Godhead! how can clay get up to thee? How can creatures of yesterday be able to enjoy thee? O what pain it is that time and sin should cause so many thousand miles distance between a loved and longed-for Lord and a decaying and love-sick soul, who would rather be with Christ than have the whole world in his possession. O let this little love of ears, this inch, this half-span length of longing, meet with thy infinite love! O that the little I have were swallowed up in the infinity of that excellency which is in Christ! O that we little ones were in at the banquet of the great Lord Jesus! then would our wants soon be swallowed up in his fulness. A heart of iron, and iron doors would not keep Christ out; I give him leave to break iron locks and come in; yet I know not whether pain of love for want of possession, or sorrow that I do not thank him, paineth me most; but both work upon me. For the first—O that he would come and satisfy the longing soul, and fill the hungry soul with these good things; I know indeed my guiltiness may be a bar in his way, but he is God, and ready to forgive. And for the other—Woe, woe is me, that I cannot find a heart to give back again my unworthy little love for this great sea of love to me. O that he would teach me this piece of gratitude! O that I could have leave to look in through the hole of the door to see his face and sing his praises, or could break open one of his chamber windows to look in upon his delightful beauty! A little communion

with him, or one of his sweet looks, should be my begun heaven. I know that he is not ill to be esteemed, neither is the Bridegroom's love proud, though I am black and unlovely, and unworthy of him. I would not refuse to suffer anything if I could get a draught of love at my heart's desire. O! what price can be given for him? Angels cannot weigh him. O his worth, his weight, his sweetness, his surpassing beauty! If men and angels would come and look to that great, that princely one, their ebbness would never fathom his depth, their narrowness would never comprehend his breadth, height, and length. If ten thousand worlds of angels were created, they might all tire themselves in wondering at his beauty, and ever begin to wonder anew. O that I could get near to him, to kiss his feet, to hear his voice, to enjoy the sweet scent of his ointments! But O, alas! I have very little of him, yet I long for more. I would be in heaven for no other cause but to experience what boundless joy it must be to be ever head and ears in Christ's love. That fair one hath my love for evermore; but, alas! it is too little for him. O that it were better, and more worthy of his notice. If I might meet with him face to face, on this side eternity, and might have leave to plead with him, I would tell him that I am hungered and furnished here with the small portion of his love that he giveth me.

Finally, farewell, my dearest in the Lord. I remain, your loving pastor and servant in Christ.

S. RUTHERFORD.

[Thomas Hardy says somewhere in his "Letters," that "Rutherford had well nigh shamed his pen out of its office." Were the value of letters weighed by such glowing feelings of love to Christ as Rutherford so powerfully expresses, we might well never take up pen more. But he was in prison for his Master's sake; and as the sufferings of Christ abounded in him, so his consolation also abounded by Christ. It will be a mercy if a few sparks from his glowing pen should fall upon our cold hearts.—Eva.]

A LETTER FROM THE LATE MR. MARRINER.

Beloved of God,—Yours came to hand, and I could but admire the good hand of the Lord in inducing you to write; for at the very time you were writing to me, you lay very much on my mind; and I had determined to write to you, but at the time I was very ill. The dear Lord was pleased to lay his afflicting hand upon me, so that I was out of business a month, during which time I experienced such trials as I was a total stranger to before. Once or twice, the power of the devil was so great as to make my very flesh tremble. My soul was dark and barren; a cold stupidity seized me; my mind was confused; and the little understanding that I once thought I had was gone. If I attempted to pray and cry to the Lord, such horrid thoughts ran through my mind as would sink a world to hell. Here I lay till the dear and blessed Lord, in the multitude of his tender mercies, broke again into my soul, not indeed very powerfully, but enough to bring me to a steady, sweet, and comfortable persuasion of my hell-deserving soul's eternal acceptance in the Beloved. This drove everything before it. My heart and soul were following hard

after the Lord; and I said, in the simplicity of my spirit, "How precious are thy thoughts unto me, O Lord!"

Dear brother, (for so my soul can say in the sight of God,) how establishing, how sweet and comfortable are such times! I have not many such; but this I can say, that the Lord has been better to me than all my doubts and fears; and he has given me to feel and find sensibly that the kingdom of God stands not in word, but in the feeling sense of his almighty power.

O, what is all profession short of a feeling sense of our interest in him? Why, nothing but death and damnation within us and round about us. And, as God lives, it is my firm belief and soul-humbling persuasion, notwithstanding the great boast of light, that not one in five thousand will be found whose heart and soul are right with the Lord. Talk to whom I will, they stink of flesh, are full of their own wisdom, have plenty of untried faith, and are resting in a refuge of lies; and unless the Lord put forth his own almighty power to break their league with hell, they will perish in their own deceivings. This I am more than sure of.

You say that this is a dark time. Indeed, it is. My soul has been exercised much in the same way as yours. I can see and feel that almost to a man the people are, directly or indirectly, and in spirit, worshipping the beast. And it must be so; for the Lord has said that all whose names are not written in the Lamb's book of life "shall worship the beast." The devil often tries me in this way: "Will you say that *all these* are wrong, and that *you* are right?" He caused my very soul to tremble, a few weeks ago, on this head; yet, directly after, I found such an earnest spirit of supplication within, that I was led to beg of the Lord to assure me that my heart and soul were right with him. Never before, in all my life, was I led to be so simple and so earnest; and, from what I felt in my soul, the Lord did not seem offended. I was melted down as nothing before him, and I became as a weaned child. The dear Lord led every thought into captivity to himself.

I have been many times since attacked in the same way; but if I am enabled to seek the Lord in the matter, I find that there is no bar between us. And, blessed be his dear name, every time he comes I feel something new in him. He becomes more and more suitable. He often causes me to stand dumb before him, astonished at his wonderful forbearance with such a stubborn, stupid fool,—at his infinite condescension and covenant goodness in leading me, in preserving me, and in keeping alive the work in my soul up to this day. And I know that the dear Lord has brought my soul more to a point in these matters during the two years I have been here than all the time before. I know that in a great measure my faith stood more in the wisdom of men than in the power of God. But the Lord will take care if his people swallow any deadly thing, they shall surely vomit it up again. That is a mercy.

May the dear Lord enable us to fall into his hands, and incline us to keep seeking his direction; for, be assured, none shall—and (let them be who or what they may) but those that are

kept and preserved by the almighty power of our Three-One God. My soul is afraid of men and things, and I never feel satisfied till I am enabled to rest simply and wholly in the Lord. It is a mercy that we are accepted in the Beloved. May the dear Lord abundantly bless you as a people, and, my very soul says, may he give a double portion to my friend. From the very first time that I was with you, my soul was sure the Lord was with you; and though I have doubted of my own soul's interest, yet I can say that I never doubted of yours. But now, mark what I say, if I never see you again, if I never write to you again,—the blessed Lord enables me to say that the Lord's thoughts are thoughts of peace towards me, to give me an expected end.

Bere, May 15, 1829.

N. MARRINER.

A LETTER FROM THE LATE EDWARD VORLEY.

Dear Friend J,—I am sorry to hear that you have been so unwell, but I know that there is a needs be for all that God exercises us with. If we cannot see the cause, he can. It is for our profit. David saw it when God restored him and opened his eyes: "It is good for me that I have been afflicted." Judge nothing then before the time. We are too apt to do so, and poor work we make; we only plague ourselves, and think hard of God's dealings with us. And, as you say, it works rebellion, till every mercy is buried in misery, all the powers of hell seem to reign in and over us, and every trace of a work of grace in us appears quite lost; while all the faculties of common rationality seem impaired, memory gone, understanding and judgment broken, no reflection left, prayer a burden, the word of God sealed, and the heart rises up against it as though it were one of our greatest enemies. At such seasons, nothing pleases; and as to love to the saints, to God's ordinances, or to the Lord's day, we are glad to miss the two former, and glad when the latter is over. I know all these things by feeling, and a thousand more than I shall write to you; therefore, let me receive whatever ditty I may, it will not be strange to me; my heart replies, "Thou art the man." Yet it has often done my soul good to hear that the sink-holes of others' hearts have the same filth as mine. But never have I found one at the bottom like mine; it may be because it will not do to let the worst out. The grievances in yours are many; and I am not sorry to find it so. These things will hide pride from man; it is God's axe laid to the root of self, that the high tree may be laid low. Who knows what a grand being Mr. J— would be, were not a heavy burden laid on him? He might look at others as drones, and say, "Come, see my zeal for the Lord." Nothing will keep a man from running too fast so much as to feel weakness, a bad road, and plenty of mire at his heels; he will soon sweat, and be glad to stand still and see God's salvation. In my flying days, I crowed over old saints, and thought them very sluggish, till God clipped my wings. Since then, many a time I have been glad to hobble on as I could, or to stand and

lean on yea and amen promises, feeling no comfortable enjoyments. I have thought, what a mercy it is that God remains the same.

Bless the Lord, the sick, maimed, wounded, and broken, are those to whom he will appear; the rich he will send empty away. All you say tells me that you are a fit sinner to be saved by grace, and by grace only. You cannot stay God's ark, but need him to stay your soul upon himself. "Fear not, thou worm Jacob;" God will bring you through all; "the gates of hell shall not prevail." Your standing depends on a faithful and covenant-keeping God, who never loved you for what he saw in you, and never will cast you off for what you feel. Atoning blood is still sufficient. Christ died unto sin once, and sin died in his death; and though it lives in us, it cannot destroy us. Faith brings this to view, when felt in the power of the Holy Ghost. "Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory," which victory always stands complete for us in Christ, though we feel overcome in ourselves. It is thus that we are to rejoice in Christ, and put no confidence in the flesh.

I wish that you may be favoured to look much above, and see that more are they who are for you than they who are against you, entering into a full Christ and finished salvation as containing all your desire.

Farewell. I hope to see you soon.—Believe me yours in the bond of love,

Leicester, Feb. 1, 1822.

E. VORLEY.

A MONUMENT OF MERCY.

Dear Brother,—Your last I received, and in my mind have been sending you a few lines for some time. I was sorry to hear of your trials and troubles in the church, having myself passed through similar things. You know that the apostle Paul says, "Every man's work shall be made manifest; for the day shall declare it, because it shall be revealed by fire; and the fire shall try every man's work of what sort it is. If any man's work abide which he hath built thereupon, he shall receive a reward; if any man's work shall be burned, he shall suffer loss, but he himself shall be saved, yet so as by fire." My soul felt for you, and, I believe, was enabled to meet you at a throne of grace, the meeting-place where all the family of God are, out of real necessity, obliged to come in storms, troubles, miseries, and sore afflictions; for "In their trouble," says God, "they will call upon me;" yea, and he has promised that he will hear them, and "will say, It is my people; and they shall say, The Lord is my God." And did ever a promise of our God fail to the ground unaccomplished? No, no, nor never shall; for all his promises are yea and amen, and never were forfeited yet; and both you and I are to this day living witnesses that not one good thing of all that ever he promised us has failed us; they have all come to pass, notwithstanding all the cursed workings of the devil and our old man of sin. O the dreadful scenes of sorrow, misery, despair, and sinkings, that my son has passed through; and the times I have verily believed that it

was all over, that my devilish workings of old nature were so God-provoking that he neither would nor could ever look again in mercy, love, and compassion, upon the old hell-deserving wretch! But, bless his dear name, he has left this text upon record: "The beasts of the field shall honour me, the dragons and the owls; because I give waters in the wilderness, and rivers in the desert, to give drink to my people, my chosen. This people have I formed for myself; they shall show forth my praise." Yes, they shall, in spite of all the ragings and roarings of the devil and the wretched crew that he works up in our hearts. Our God knows how and when to bring the poor beasts, dragons, and owls to praise his name; not one moment sooner nor one moment later than the fixed time. "For the oppression of the poor, for the sighing of the needy, now will I arise, saith the Lord; I will set him in safety from him that puffeth at him." Yea, he says, "I have long time holden my peace; I have been still, and refrained myself: now will I cry like a travelling woman; I will destroy and devour at once. I will make waste mountains and hills, and dry up all their herbes; and I will make the rivers islands, and I will dry up the pools. And I will bring the blind by a way that they knew not; I will lead them in paths that they have not known; I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight. These things will I do unto them, and not forsake them." Bless the Lord, you and worthless I have proved this in our souls, by heart-felt experience, numbers of times for nearly fifty years' journeying in this vale of tears; and will our covenant, faithful, promise-keeping God leave us at last to sink never to rise up again? "He abideth faithful; he cannot deny himself." How sweet and humbling it is to feel the power and unction of God's *wills* and *shalls* in our souls! It is quite another thing from reading it, assenting and consenting to it with our judgment.

I am more and more at a point that, when my soul is famishing with hunger, there is nothing short of finding God's word and eating it that can satisfy; when my soul is overwhelmed with darkness, thick darkness that is to be felt, nothing will do for me but "Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee;" when my poor soul is panting after God like the hunted hart after the water brook, till my very tongue has cleaved to my mouth for thirst, nothing short of drinking of the river of God can satisfy; when my soul is sinking in floods of awful blasphemies, nothing short of the Spirit lifting up the glorious standard again in my soul will do for me; when my soul is cleaving to the dust, and nothing but the world, world, world, from morning to night, nothing short of visitations of the Spirit can revive it; when my soul is as hard as the nether millstone, nothing can soften it but the precious love and mercy of a covenant God; when my soul is sunk into the foul pit of corruption, and feels as filthy and filthy as a devil, nothing can do for me but a fresh plunging and washing in the "fountain opened for sin and uncleanness." In these things my soul lives, and in these things is the life of my spirit, and in them it has been going on for fifty years, and, I believe, will be to the end of my journey; and I have times and seasons

when I can bless God from my heart that it is so fixed. It is a way that is so self-abasing, so pride-mortifying, and so God-glorifying. None but fools ever walk in this way; for it is such an obscure path that no fowl could ever find it out, nor could even the vulture's piercing eye ever perceive it; no, nor shall any ravenous beast go up thereon; it shall not be found there; but the redeemed shall walk there, and none else. And is it any wonder, then, that so many, both preachers and hearers, are pouring contempt upon the changes that the redeemed have to pass through, of nights and days, sorrows and joys, woundings and healings, groans and songs, bondage and liberty, death and life, heaven and hell? How can they know anything about it who have never set one foot in the path? No, they cannot. And I do not wonder at their calling experimental preaching preaching corruption, preaching fleshly cant, and preaching self. Wisdom is only justified of her children; and I am as confident of it as I am of my own existence, that the glorious work of God the Holy Ghost, in leading, teaching, stripping, clothing, emptying, filling, wounding, healing, drawing, softening, supporting, and comforting, is all hid from the wise and prudent, and only revealed unto babes. O how it does humble and crumble my soul at times to see and feel that worthless I am one of those babes! It appears too much for such a worthless wretch! O, when my poor soul is sometimes sunk down with a sense of my own ignorance, the Bible a sealed book, the time approaching to carry a message to the people, and I have been crying and groaning to God by the hour, that he would be pleased to tell me what I must go with, but for a long time have had no answer, —how good it has been when he has whispered with his still small voice! "Have ye never read that out of the mouths of babes and sucklings he has ordained praise?" How my poor soul has been humbled at his feet, and begged him to take the little ignorant, worthless, useless lad and set him by himself in the midst of the people, and whisper into the heart of the boy what was his mind and will for him to say! And how smilingly sometimes he has looked upon me, and said, "It shall be given thee in the hour of need!"

O how satisfied I am if I can but have his word sealed home in my heart that he will be with me! It is quite enough for me. I want neither pen, ink, nor paper, to write it down; neither heads nor tails, divisions nor subdivisions, nor any such fleshly shifts, to strengthen the memory! When this is the case, I can trust the dear Comforter to bring to my remembrance what he has designed for his own glory; and surely He that hath made the tongue and the memory knows best how to strengthen it and refresh it, and how to guide the tongue what to say. But they that are looking after the praise of men more than the praise of God, must be at their own work; and, therefore, they will be after the works of men, and stealing their words from their neighbours; and they are heartily welcome to it for me, for I do not envy them of it. I desire nothing but what has God's approbation. I do not mean that my old nature does not thirst and long for the praises and smiles of men; for I verily believe, and am confident of it, that I carry an old man about with me,

that sticks at nothing, is ashamed at nothing, is confounded at nothing, and fears and dreads nothing but the Son of God and his glorious kingdom, majesty, honour, and power. This he hates, dreads, and fears. All manner of deception, hypocrisy, sin, and iniquity that he is capable of working, I find in my heart, to my sorrow and grief; and bless the Lord that it is to my sorrow, and that it teaches me I have no stone to throw at either men or devils.

The dear Lord keeps me, from day to day, very little, weak, and helpless in myself; and when this is the case, I "lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help;" for "my help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth," when he will, and how he will.

It is my heart's desire and prayer to God, at times, for you, that you may have much of the presence of the Lord in all the trials God has fixed for you to pass through; for neither you nor I will ever have one more than Infinite Wisdom has fixed. Bless our God, the lot is cast into the lap, and the whole disposal thereof is of the Lord. O that it may please our dear Lord to bless you and me with a sweet resignation to the will of Him that cannot err, and that we may ever be preserved from rewarding evil for evil! O what a blessing it is to be favoured of God, to learn of Jesus, who was meek and lowly of heart! What rest and peace it brings to the soul, and what meekness and quietness it produces in it! How comfortably, when our souls are with Jesus, can we leave all the hard speeches and ill treatment which we receive from professors or possessors in the hands of Jesus, who knows how to manage them better than we do! My soul's desire is, that you and I may be much with Jesus. There is neither wrath, anger, malice, prejudice, pride, nor cruel jealousies there. O blessed, blessed Jesus, keep us near to thy dear feet, willing to be anything or nothing that thou mayest be glorified!

I am firmly persuaded that God will make all plain that has been suffered to take place amongst you as a church. There is a needs be for it; and you will be brought to see it in God's own time. What a solemn text is this: "Be still, and know that I am God," who has said, "No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper; and every tongue that shall rise against thee in judgment thou shalt condemn. This is the heritage of the servants of the Lord, and their righteousness is of me, saith the Lord." "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee; for I am the Lord thy God, the Holy One of Israel, thy Saviour." When the enemy comes in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord will lift up a standard against him. And can the blessed *wills* and *shalls* of our covenant God be overthrown? No, my dear brother; they are firm as the everlasting hills. O that our dear and heavenly Comforter would but help us to sit still and wait till we shall see the salvation of our God; for it is our God that fights for us; whenever we gain a victory, it is when we hold our peace; and whenever we have soul-transportings, it is when we have nothing to do but look on, and the angel of God is doing wondrously.

But where am I going? It just strikes my mind that you will be quite sick of my scrawl; and, therefore, I will conclude with my kind love to all friends. May the host of blessings ever rest upon you in your going out and coming in, to the end of the journey; and when your work of faith and labour of love and patience are ended in this vale of tears, that you may fall asleep in the arms of a dear Jesus, and be carried into Abraham's bosom, for ever to be in the presence of a covenant God, is the prayer of

Your unworthy brother,

Trowbridge, Sept. 22, 1843.

J. W.

THE ALMIGHTY MAKETH MY HEART SOFT.

My dear Friend and Brother in the bosom of mercy,—I hope you are in the sweet enjoyment of the love of God, looking forward to the blessed day of exaltation with your elder Brother, Jesus, when you will be freed for ever from doubts, fears, and perplexities, and from a polluted body of sin and death, and sound forth your loud hallelujahs to the Three-One Jehovah for ever, in high and exalted strains. A blessed day, my brother, will that be, when all the redeemed are gathered to one home, all alike clad, all alike crowned, all alike adoring one Object, and all alike in highest strains crowning him Lord of all. The thought at this moment revives me a little, hoping I shall be one among the happy number; for I desire to love the Lord now, and to enjoy his presence, and live under his smiles.

But I have been in a very, very low state, and have at times thought that I never should rise again. "All is over!" my poor soul has often cried; for when I have been looking for evidences of my interest in the Lord, I could at times find none. There has been a shutting up of everything; and I have then thought that it would be better never more to attempt to speak in the Lord's name. Yet I have been mercifully kept on, and have often wondered how the Lord could bear with me, or enable me still to speak to the people.

And then, after a season like this, I have been melted down, and have been ashamed of my distrust and rebellion. His love has melted me into tears, and I have said, "Why dost thou regard me, Lord? Why dost thou thus bless such a poor, vile worm?" and he has answered, "Because I will be gracious." Then I have said, "Lord, never let me act again as I have done." But ah! my brother, I find that I am just the same again as soon as the Lord leaves me, and I am plunged deeper and deeper, which makes me sigh and groan under my burden, and cry for fresh tokens of his love; for I find, by experience, that I cannot rest nor be happy at a distance from him; neither can I live upon my doubts, fears, and temptations.

I hope that you are more comfortable as a church, and that things are more straight. I have carried you all in turn to the Lord's feet, and entreated him to appear for you; for I do love you in the Lord. Give my love to the friends in Jesus, and believe me ever yours in the Lord,

Oddington, Nov. 23rd, 1843.

G. G.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER OF THE LATE JOHN RYLAND.

Imputation of Adam's sin to all 'his children.—Original sin, imputed, consists in God's placing to the account of all Adam's children those unjust and unlawful thoughts and actions which he was the author of in his first act of rebellion, when he stood as the public head of all mankind; and God's esteeming and judging them as unjust and evil, or guilty, according to the nature of that first grand act of most aggravated sin, rebellion, or disobedience.

The consequence and effects of this imputation of our first father's sin to us.—We are born with an ugly, deformed, corrupted soul, and are naturally and necessarily, according to the order of God's essential justice, under wrath, or a sentence of death, and obligation or bond to suffer punishment.

Imputation of all the original and actual sins of the elect to Christ.—This is an act of God, in his sovereign and unchangeable will, whereby, on the consideration of the sinful and unclean natures and actions of his people, he reckons and places to the account of Christ, their Head and Surety, all their personal guilt, or their true and proper sins, and really accounts them as Christ's, on the footing of his own act as a Sovereign Judge. He binds Christ down as a guilty person in the eye of the law, in all its utmost extent and force, without the least mitigation, in the proper room and stead of his elect, and no other persons.

The consequence of this placing of original and actual sin to the account of Christ.—He was from his very birth under an obligation, a moral and unchangeable bond to pay for all his people the full price of redemption; to offer a pure, spotless, reconciling sacrifice; to endure the evil of suffering for their evil actions, and undergo the very same punishment which was due to them, to the end that he might make a full satisfaction, or rather solution—an eternal and complete solution of their debt; and thus, by paying what was in our obligation to pay, and by suffering what was in our obligation to suffer, we are, upon the footing of God's strict and inflexible justice, released from paying or suffering. Our obligation is for ever dissolved.

Imputation of Christ's righteousness to his people.—This is an act of God, as a Father and a just Judge. An act, within God, of his own good will or free love, by which, on the consideration of the obedience—the all-perfect* and glorious obedience and atoning death of Christ, considered as a price, or sacrifice, or punishment, he makes an absolute grant and gift of a true and perfect justifying righteousness or rectitude in the court of God—even the righteousness of Christ himself—unto all the elect; and, justly accounting it as theirs, of his own gracious and judicial act he releases or frees

* Christ's obedience was perfect with respect to the inward springs of action; he having an exact rectitude in his moral powers—perfect with regard to the parts of the divine law, in its vast spirituality, extent, and obligation—perfect as to the various operations of his mind and body—perfect as to the whole period of his obedience.

them from all obligation to suffer, and justly grants them a right to all kinds of blessings, or all manner of good things, and a firm and indisputable claim and title to eternal life.

The consequence of this placing of Christ's holy nature and actions, sufferings and death, to our account.—All this being reckoned to our persons in God's eternal mind, we had, before our conversion—yea, permit me to say before our being, before the world began—a secret right, in the eye of God, to pardon and life; a secret right to all sorts of blessings, considered in union with or related to Christ; yea, even a right to the eternal possession and enjoyment of the adorable Godhead, to the utmost of our immortal powers and capacities. After regeneration this secret right is laid open to us, and becomes pleadable by us.—I am, dear sir, inviolably yours,

Warwick, Dec. 3, 1753.

JOHN RYLAND.

[We do not very much admire the above piece. It is not very clear, and seems to us amazingly dry; but it shows how much sounder in doctrine the old Midland Counties Baptist ministers were than those who now occupy their pulpits. As a witness against them it seems worth preservation.—Eds.]

LET US EXALT HIS NAME TOGETHER.

Dear Friend in the Lord,—I drop this line to rejoice with you in the mercies of a covenant God, in that his kindness has been manifested to you, as I am informed, by restoring to you your hearing. Truly I did feel for you, and desired that the dear Lord would restore to you that great blessing. O that you may be favoured with a grateful heart to the God of all your mercies! I know that spiritual thankfulness is his free gift, bestowed in a sovereign way upon the heirs of promise. We are poor, forgetful worms of the earth, without the blessed Remembrancer, God the Holy Ghost. O how often do I forget the Fountain of all my mercies, and look to secondary causes, instead of going to Him who is the Giver of all good, and who never has withheld one good thing from unworthy me! Dear friend, may you often think of that River the streams whereof make glad the city of the living God. O what a fulness there is treasured up by God the Father of mercies in the Son of his love, for all the seed royal, and made known to them by God the Holy Ghost in the day of his heavenly power! O how sweet at times is a free-grace salvation to poor sinners, when God brings them forth from their prison, their darksome night, their tempting devil, their barren state, their lust and pride, their worldly mind, their stubborn will, their roving heart, their rebellious nature, and raises them up by love divine, and makes them shine in his beauty, as one with and in their covenant Head—all fair in him, though all deformed in self! O wondrous love, to embrace such vile sinners! O rich blood, that flowed so freely for such polluted sinners! O wonderful righteousness to cover such naked sinners! O free grace to pardon such base sinners, covenant mercy to relieve them, sweet promises to cheer them, almighty arms to bear them up, power to keep them, and infinite wisdom to direct them! Faithfulness is his gir-

dle around the church, lovingkindness shall crown their lives, and an eternal song will be their employ. Worthy is the Lamb that once was slain to receive the honour due to him alone in saving us to the highest heaven from the lowest hell, which was our just desert, yet he, our heavenly Kinsman, came to take away our guilt and shame. O mysterious deep, without bottom or shore, that Christ should suffer, bleed, and die, that we might live eternally!

May the dear Spirit lead our faith (which is God's gift) into the amazing scene of Jesus' heart-breaking sorrows, and into the secret mysteries of his bleeding love, that we may have fellowship with him in his sufferings; and then may we mount on grace's wing, and have communion with the King, as seated on his heavenly hill, with all power in heaven and on earth, with the keys of death and hell, and, as our best and only friend, presenting our poor petitions perfumed with the incense of his most precious blood, and sending the Holy Spirit down with tokens of his grace!

I hope that the dear Lord will be with you all and in you all, and make his goodness pass before you, until you sit down with him above.—Yours to serve in the path of tribulation,

B—, March 1, 1844.

J. K.

GODLINESS HATH THE PROMISE OF THIS LIFE AND OF THAT WHICH IS TO COME.

To my very dear Friends in our dear Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, grace and peace be multiplied.

I was glad to hear from you. We received your present, for which we thank you kindly. We are both tolerably well in health; at least, as well as can be expected, considering the infirmities that old age brings with it. Things are going on as I expected respecting the business I am employed in. As I told you in Oxford, I know that I am in the Lord's hand and at his disposal, to do with me what seemeth him good, knowing there can be no removal till his time. I am at a point in this; the Lord put me here; and when he is pleased to remove me, let him do what seemeth him good. I cannot pray in this business any other way than, "Lord, do with me what seemeth good to thee, and let me be resigned to thy blessed will." So that I am on the watch tower.

My Brother, I find it sweet living when I can live wholly dependent upon God, being assured that he will perform and fulfil all his new covenant blessings which he hath promised us in Christ Jesus; and I find also, by daily experience, that it seemeth good to our God to exercise us with many trials and difficulties while we are passing through this world, that, under a feeling sense of our want of him to support, strengthen, and keep us, in all his covenant engagements, in every office-character he sustains, we may be enabled to plead his promised blessings which he hath given us in Christ Jesus, our covenant Head. All things pertaining both to this life and that which is to come he hath promised, but for all things he will be inquired of, to do it for us: "Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me," saith the Lord.

See the poor leper's prayer, and the Lord's answer: "Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean;" "I will, be thou clean." Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. Bless his precious name, he has become my only hope, my only help, my unchangeable and everlasting Friend. A daily cross we must have to counterbalance the spirit of this world. We are to go in and out and find pasture. Much exercise and trouble will cause much self-examination, and a searching of things to the bottom. The fiery trial is to try every man's work of what sort it is, and the Lord sits "as a refiner and purifier of silver, and he will purify the sons of Levi, and purge them as gold and silver, that they may offer unto the Lord an offering in righteousness," and know that no affliction is joyous to flesh and blood, but grievous; yet we find it profitable, when the peaceable fruit of righteousness is brought forth thereby, though it is sharp work at times, as we know not how it will end. But, by the help of God, we continue to this day, though many have been watching for our falling. The Lord's hand is made known toward us, and we have seen the counsel of the wicked come to nothing.

I am glad that the young man whom you spoke of cannot fill his belly with the husks which swine eat. It must be a faithful witness that God makes use of to feed the souls of the hungry. There is no spiritual life or power but what is brought forth by the Holy Spirit.

I must leave off, for my paper is full. We remain, your truly affectionate friends.

Oxford, Dec. 25, 1816.

THOS. & JANE TOMS.

OBITUARY.

To my dear Friend and Brother in Christ Jesus, whom I love in the truth. I wish above all things that thou mayest prosper and be in health, even as thy soul prospereth; for it afforded me great pleasure and rejoiced my heart to read the contents of your kind and affectionate letter, and more particularly so as the account which I sent you of the last dying words of our dear departed sister Mrs. Cathery was truly consoling both to yourself and others around you. It is a rare thing to see so full, sweet, and blessed an account of the love, mercy, goodness, and faithfulness of God to his beloved children on a dying bed. Many, no doubt, there are, whose experience and enjoyments are equally great, but they are not able to speak of it to others; and, for my own part, I see no just reason, when such things do take place, why the wonders God has wrought should be passed by in silence and forgotten.

Since I last wrote to you, the Lord has been pleased to take home to himself another of his beloved handmaids, and one whom you knew, Mrs. Wills. She died very happy in the Lord, and left a most sweet and blessed testimony; and as I visited her for many months previous to her departure, and took down in writing many of her sayings in course of conversation, I thought that the perusal of the account would prove as satisfactory to you as the previous one. I shall therefore transcribe it verbatim as it was first written.

But as our dear departed sister, Mrs. Wills, had been under the afflicting hand of God for many months previous to her departure from this vale of tears, it will be quite impossible for me to furnish you, at this remote period, with anything more than a few brief outlines of the many conversations I had with her during her long and severe illness. Yet I trust that sufficient may be here given to show you the real state of her mind, as it respects her interest in the dying love of a dear Redeemer, and of the deep exercises of her soul from time to time, and more particularly so toward the close of her natural life.

At one of my visits she said, "The Lord has given me many exceeding great and precious promises by way of encouragement to my poor soul, particularly this, which I found exceeding sweet, 'I will be as the dew unto Israel; he shall grow as the lily, and cast forth his roots as Lebanon; his branches shall spread, and his beauty shall be as the olive tree, and his smell as Lebanon.' O what beauty have I seen in this precious text! Christ is indeed the dew unto Israel; yes, and unto my soul too. How sweetly do I feel it drop and distil upon me! It revives and replenishes me; it makes me grow as the lily; it makes me fat and flourishing; to take deep root in Christ Jesus, and lay fast hold of him; and my views to be sweetly expanded. He spreads his skirt over me, and the smell of his garment is as Lebanon. When Christ comes to visit our souls, how sweetly does he time everything! how he comes beforehand to prepare our hearts for his reception! Sometimes it is in reading his most blessed word, in humble prayer and supplications, acknowledging our manifold sins and transgressions. He softens the heart, humbles the mind, brings us to his blessed feet, casts out the Accuser of the brethren, disperses our doubts and fears, and drives away our enemies; so that there is not a dog that can possibly move his tongue." I observed to her, "You will remember what our blessed Lord did, when he appointed and sent forth other seventy disciples, two and two together, before his face into every city and place; it was, we read, 'whither he himself would come.' Thus, you see it has been, and still is, his uniform manner of acting with and towards his dear disciples. They went forth at his special command, and preached the gospel, and Jesus went also, and blessed and confirmed the counsel of his messengers and the word of his grace." She then said, "If any person would bring millions of gold into my room, and say to me, 'It is all yours; you shall have it all, and enjoy an uninterrupted state of health as long as you think proper,' I would spurn it all from my presence, and count it as so much dung and dross; nay, I would abominate it altogether, rather than give up my enjoyment of the love of Christ; his love is so precious, that it far exceeds all earthly things. My whole and sole desire is to see Jesus as he is, and to be made like him." I said, "The prospect now before you is great and animating indeed. You will soon meet your dear husband and your two children that are gone before you, who died in the Lord." She answered, "I did not think of them until you spoke; my heart is set alone upon Jesus." I then

mentioned a circumstance to her respecting two aged saints, man and wife, who had lived and walked in the ways of God in company for upwards of fifty years, and who were advanced to a great age. The woman said to her husband, who was taken ill, "John, I think you will go before me now." He replied, "I think I shall." "However," she said, "I have this consolation if you should, you will be one of the first to welcome me into heaven's gates." The dear old man made answer and said, "Why, Mary, you know not what you say. If I get landed safely in heaven above, I verily believe it will take me at least a thousand years before I shall ever be able to take my eyes off from beholding my dear and loving Saviour; and I am quite sure, Mary, that I shall not see when you come in." Our dear friend smiled, and said, "Ah! that is it, that is it." After engaging in prayer, I left her.

At another time, she told me of her complete deadness to the world and the things thereof. She said, "My poor body is a great clog to my soul. I am shut up, as it were, in this cage, and must there remain until it shall please the Lord to send and release me, although my soul longs much to get out of it. O the sweet and blessed communion I have had with Jesus this night! I shall never be able to relate the one half of what I have seen of his beauty, and tasted and felt of his precious love. He is to me 'the chiefest among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely.' Such, I can assure you, were my feelings, that I was actually afraid of any one coming into the room, lest they should disturb my peace, and cause my Beloved to withdraw his sensible presence from me. I communed with him so familiarly, and he with me, as a friend." I replied, "Then you had the same feelings and experience as the church speaks of: 'His left hand was under my head, and his right hand embraced me;' 'I charge you, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, by the roes, and by the hinds of the field, that ye stir not up, nor awake my Love, till he please.'" Yes, she said, those were exactly her feelings. She longed much to be gone, and said she thought that it could not be sin in the sight of the Almighty her thus wishing to depart. I told her, "By no means; only we should ever pray for faith and patience, with humble submission to the Lord's will." Her pains at this time came on again most violently. It was truly distressing to see her. Her cough was one of the most irritating nature. She would cough incessantly for hours together, with little, if any, intermission; and yet she was enabled to bear it all with much patience and resignation, continually saying to me, "O do pray the dear Lord to keep me from murmuring and fretfulness. I fear I shall be impatient, and so dishonour God in speaking unadvisedly with my lips." As soon as she recovered a little, and her cough ceased, she said, "I fear I do wrong in giving too much honour and glory to Christ, and thereby greatly dishonour the Father." I replied, "Not so, by any means. You cannot give too much honour and glory to Christ. Hear what he himself says on this head: 'The Father judgeth no man, but hath committed all judgment unto the Son.' For what reason? Why, 'that all men should honour the Son, even as they honour the Father."

He that honoureth not the Son, honoureth not the Father which hath sent him.' And all this is 'that ye may know and believe that the Father is in me, and I in him.' Thus, you see, from Christ's own words, that it is impossible to give too much honour or glory to himself; for, in thus doing, you honour both the Father and the Son. And remember that all this is alone performed through the medium and divine influence of God the Holy Ghost, the third divine Person in the ever blessed Trinity, who also is thereby glorified." "Well," she said, "now I am satisfied."

At another time, she complained much of the hardness of her heart, of unbelief, and of carnal reason, and said, "How dishonouring it is to God, and how much these enemies rob us of our peace and happiness!" and complained of being so completely shut up as not to be able to speak one word in prayer; that is, not to have any feeling sight or sense of her need, for a season. She spoke much of what real prayer is, and what it consists in, and said that she saw more in it than ever she did in her life before; after which, she informed me that she was enveloped in thick darkness. A horror of great darkness fell upon her. Her feelings were dreadful for a time. The depravity of her nature, the corruptions of her heart, and the filth and foulness thereof were discovered to her in such a way as she had never before witnessed or experienced. She saw and felt herself worse, if possible, than Satan, and said to me, "If there be any such thing as a devil incarnate, I am one, contaminated throughout, a mass of sin, and a lump of iniquity. Surely God can never look upon one like me." I told her that this was only a prelude to some future enlargement, or more blessed revelation and manifestation of God's love and mercy towards her through Christ Jesus; also, that it was sent to hide pride from her eyes, and to keep her from vaunting or boasting in self, through the abundant revelations the Lord had before favoured her with; and that it was like Paul's thorn in the flesh, to keep her from being exalted above measure. And so it proved; for the next day when I saw her, she was as full of the love of God as she could hold. She smiled when I entered the room, took me by the hand, blessed me in the name of the Lord, and said, "O how sweet is real communion and fellowship with Jesus! How he opens up the love of his precious heart, pours in his wine and oil, heals every disease, and binds up every wound! How sensibly is his sweet presence felt when he deigns to come and visit us! O! blessed be his dear name, I am not afraid of death; it has lost its sting. Doubts and fears are now all gone; Doubting Castle is out of sight, nay, it is quite demolished; and Giant Despair is disabled, being in one of his fits. If free will could do anything for us, I know how it would be with me; I would not remain here one minute longer, but would bid an everlasting farewell to all things below, and take my happy flight to mansions of eternal bliss." She said that the Lord gave her this sweet portion: "The King's daughter is all glorious within; her clothing is of wrought gold. She shall be brought unto the King in raiment of needlework;" and she exclaimed, "O how blessedly do I see myself clothed with Christ's righteousness; there is glory within too, wrought in our souls by the

blessed Spirit of God! Well might the church exclaim, 'I will greatly rejoice in the Lord; my soul shall be joyful in my God; for he hath clothed me with the garments of salvation; he hath covered me with the robe of righteousness!' O that I had a thousand tongues! They should all be employed in showing forth the praises of my dear and loving Saviour. What hath God wrought for me, a poor vile worm of the earth, that he should look upon one like me? He hath indeed done great things for me, whereof I am glad." She told me that one night the Lord said to her, "Come with me from Lebanon, my spouse, with me from Lebanon; look from the top of Amana, from the top of Shenir and Hermon, from the lion's dens, from the mountains of the leopards. Thou hast ravished my heart, my sister, my spouse." What she then saw of the beauty, glory, and transcendent excellency of Christ's person, majesty, and honour, she should never be able to describe. She said that she had a view of Christ's second coming very different from that of his first coming. He would not then come as a poor despised Jew, dependant on his followers for food; O, no! but as the "Mighty God, the everlasting Father, and the Prince of peace;" as the "only Potentate, the King of kings, and Lord of lords;" "He shall be revealed from heaven, with his mighty angels, in flaming fire, taking vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey not the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, who shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of his power, when he shall come to be glorified in his saints, and to be admired in all them that believe in that day." She continued, "They shall all see him; yes, the wicked too, and many shall be ashamed and bewail on account of him; but, blessed be God, *we* shall be with him, and "be made like unto him, for we shall see him as he is." At this time, she had constantly read to her out of the epistle of John passages such as these, "Beloved, let us love one another, for love is of God; and every one that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God;" "We love him because he first loved us," &c., such language being descriptive of and suitable to her then state of enjoyment. She told me that, in the simplicity of her heart, she one day said to the Lord Jesus, "Lord, what love is thine! how great it is!" for she thought she had never felt half so much of it before. He answered, "It is a fountain, a fountainfulness; an ocean without either bottom or shore; it is a full, free, and everlasting love, without beginning or end;" and what made it doubly sweet to her was, he said unto her, "Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love, therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn thee." "O how I long to sing his praise! I have been attempting it all the morning, but my breath was insufficient." After engaging in prayer, I began singing,

"What creatures beside are favoured like us—
 Forgiven, supplied, and banqueted thus
 By God our good Father, who gave us his Son,
 And sent him to gather his children in one?"

"Salvation's of God, the effect of free grace,
 Upon us bestowed before the world was.
 God from everlasting be blest! and again,
 Blest to everlasting! Amen and amen."

And she, as well as her dear sister Cathery had done before her, joined in singing, though faintly, yet so as to be heard. After which she said, "Did you hear me sing?" I replied, "Yes." "Well," she said, "whether I was heard or not, my very heart and soul were sweetly engaged in it. O! how truly precious the words were to me! Just suitable. They expressed the very language of my soul. O, bless him! O, praise him with me! Pray the dear Lord to give you more of his love. What is all religion without love?" I said, "Why *love* is the mainspring, and when thus felt and sweetly enjoyed, it sets all others in motion." She replied, "Yes, indeed it does. If any person should inquire about me after I am gone, tell them that the religion of Jesus Christ consists in love and power; and that if they get not this they will never get to heaven." In conclusion, she observed, "How many things has the Lord taught me in this affliction, which I knew not of before, both as it respects myself, as a poor, vile, polluted sinner, and himself, as a perfect, complete, and all-sufficient Saviour! What are all our prayers and praises, but as they are offered up in his name, accepted in him, perfumed with the sweet odour of his sacrifice, washed in the fountain of his precious blood, taken and presented by him to his heavenly Father, for he is sat down with the Father on his throne, clothed in his rich priestly garments, interceding for us, and sends down his Holy Spirit into our hearts, to fill us with joy and peace in believing? O how my soul longs to be with him!" I said, merely to draw something more from her, "You are not afraid then of the foundation giving way?" "O, no," she replied; "it is a sure foundation, a permanent one, one that can never give way. How firmly do I find myself fixed upon him, (Christ,) as the Rock of eternal ages! Had I a thousand souls I would venture them all upon him. 'My heart is fixed, O God! my heart is fixed,' trusting in thee."

Thus, she has now attained the ultimate end of her wishes, being with Jesus whom her soul loved, and shall be for ever with him to show forth his praise. When it pleased the Lord to send the messenger, death, to call her from hence, he gave her a peaceful, quiet, and easy dismissal, without either a sigh, struggle, or groan. Then, "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace." May your end and mine be like hers. Amen.

Yours in the best of bonds.

Chichester, June 4, 1844.

J. L.

INQUIRIES.

Messrs. Editors,—Being a constant reader of the *Gospel Standard*, I have, I trust, realized a union of soul to many of the writers therein, (although perhaps not personally known to me,) from the feelings they have described as having passed through themselves being much the same as that of my own experience; for I really and truly find most of my experience to be on the dark side of the question; while I hope, through grace, that I can raise a few Ebenezers

to the dear Lord for his goodness and mercy being always on my side, and sometimes have felt a sweet manifestation of the same.

But, as my object in addressing you is to ask a favour of you, through your valuable periodical, I wish to be short, praying that the Lord may direct you, by the Spirit, into the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven, and bless you with nearness of access and much of his presence, from time to time.

Will you, then, give your opinion upon the following idea, which I lately heard carried out by a friend, a brother in the Lord, and one whom I much esteem? But, as it is not necessary for his name to be known, in order to refute the error, (if such it be,) I shall forbear giving it. The idea is as follows:—That where Jesus Christ says, "I am the true Vine," (John xv. 1,) he must really and truly be a vine, or the force and meaning of the same is lost. So, where he says, "I am the Door," (John x. 9,) he must really be a door, or the force, &c., is lost; that he must also be a real lamb, a real ox, a real goat, &c. &c., or the scriptures would lose their force and meaning. And as I cannot but think that the idea is untrue, I shall feel obliged by your remarks.

London, March 16th, 1844.

AN INQUIRER.

[None, we think, but a maniac, or wild enthusiast, could entertain such a view as our correspondent intimates his friend to hold. So foolish and absurd an idea scarcely demands a moment's notice or one word of refutation. Surely, unless he has lately paid him a visit in Bedlam, and heard it from his own lips, "An Inquirer" must misunderstand the meaning of his friend. That the only-begotten Son of God should be truly and really a wooden vine, a deal or mahogany door, an actual ox, a real goat!—we shudder at such ravings and awful blasphemies. And that "a brother in the Lord" should even dare to think, much more utter, such wild and abominable absurdities—if such a maniac is still at large, do use your influence with his friends, kind "Inquirer," and put him under the care of Dr. Conolly, who, without strait-waistcoat or restraint, will let him quietly roam in the pleasant grounds of Hanwell Asylum, where he will find five hundred inmates, all of whom, we are bound to say, have sounder views upon the parables of Christ than himself.—Eds.]

Messrs. Editors,—Your correspondent, a member of a Baptist church, is much grieved by the minister of that church (a spiritual, experimental preacher) having lately introduced a practice of calling upon the women to pray at the public meetings, whilst a goodly number of *praying* men stand by in silence. He insists that it is not unscriptural so to do; but your correspondent, with many of his fellow-members, thinks it most unscriptural, indecent, and a reproach to their high and holy profession.

Your opinion on the subject, in your next publication of the *Standard*, will much oblige,

Yours affectionately, in gospel bonds,

April 12th, 1844.

AN INQUIRER FOR TRUTH.

PS. The said minister thinks the passages in Paul's Epistles to Timothy and the Corinthians, forbidding women to speak in the church, allude only to preaching.

[We can remember but one passage (1 Cor. xi. 5) which at all favours the practice of calling upon professing women to pray publicly; and that ~~is~~ by

implication than express warrant: "Every woman that prayeth or prophesieth with her head uncovered dishonoureth her head." (We do not mention the passage 1 Cor. xi. 13, as it is but another form of putting forward the same truth.) The apostle there certainly seems to imply that a woman might pray or prophesy if her head were but covered. But as he has said so expressly, (1 Cor. xiv. 34, 35,) "Let your women keep silence in the churches; for it is not permitted unto them to speak; but they are commanded to be under obedience, as also saith the law. And if they will learn anything, let them ask their husbands at home; for it is a shame for women to speak in the church;" and again not less plainly and positively to the same purport, 1 Tim. ii. 11, 12, "Let the woman learn in silence with all subjection. But I suffer not a woman to teach, nor to usurp authority over the man, but to be in silence," we can scarcely doubt that the Holy Ghost has prohibited women from praying publicly. And if we be asked how we can then explain the passage above quoted, "Every woman that prayeth," &c., we answer, that we must understand it of women praying in private, or with each other. And this view seems to be borne out by two considerations. 1. That the apostle appears in the early part of 1 Cor. xi., (that is, from verse 1 to 16,) not to be speaking at all of their meeting together in the church; but to be rather giving directions for private worship. But at verse 17, he evidently begins a fresh subject—that of their public assemblies. "Now in this that I declare unto you I praise you not, that ye *come together* not for the better, but for the worse. For first of all, when ye *come together in the church*, I hear that there be divisions among you; and I partly believe it." From which we think we may fairly and legitimately gather that his directions to praying women are to be understood of their praying privately. And 2. his declaration, "Let your women keep silence in the churches," is so decisive and positive, that we think it admits no question but that the practice mentioned by our correspondent of calling upon women to pray publicly is unscriptural, unbecoming, and highly objectionable.—Eps.]

POETRY.

"BLESSED ARE THE DEAD WHO DIE IN THE LORD."

That they eternally are blest	For thou, O Lord, still gracious art,
Who die in their dear Lord,	And canst not e'er do wrong:
And do from all their labours rest,	Confusion, shame, and grief of heart,
We have the Spirit's word.	To us vile worms belong.
From all their toils, and cares, and pains	For, gracious Lord, when left by thee,
They rise, to ever be	We murmur and complain,
Where bliss immortal ever reigns,	Find fault with thy most wise decree,
And endless ecstasy.	Until thou come again.
Their ravish'd souls, with sweet delight,	The dispensations of thy will,
Admire the once-slain Lamb;	When sanctified by thee,
Ascribe all praise, dominion, might,	Will sweetly teach us to stand still,
And honour to his name.	And thy salvation see.
They cast their crowns at his dear feet,	Lord, thy dear children shall not lack,
Who for their souls brought in	For thou art gracious still;
A full salvation, all complete,	Thy word declares thou art not slack
From death, and hell, and sin.	Thy promise to fulfil.
Then shall we grieve when thou do'st call	But thou art righteous, true, and just,
Thy children home to thee;	And merciful to those
From sin and sorrow, pain and thrall,	Who in thy loving-kindness trust
Their spirits to set free?	For shelter from their woes.
O! may we rather bear the rod;	So, thou hast call'd thy servant home,
For he did it ordain,	Who, oft with cares oppress,
Who is from everlasting God,	Long'd for the happy time to come,
And faithful will remain.	To enter into rest.

And O! may we to thee resign
Each blessing that we hold;
For thou wilt all thy saints refine,
And purify as gold.

But thou canst, in thy servant's place,
A shepherd raise to feed;
And of the riches of thy grace
Supply thy children's need.

For we are sure his soul has gone
To join, for evermore,

The church triumphant round thy throne,
Who thy blest name adore.

Mile End.

From tribulation and distress
Thy church shall safely come,
To find in thee their righteousness
And everlasting home.

They shall no more be plagued with sin,
For they in Jesus sleep,
Who from the dust will safe bring in
The bodies of his sheep.

Thy worthy praise shall sounded high
Be at that time; and then
"Grace, grace to it," shall be the cry
For evermore. Amen.

J. D.

NO HOPE BUT IN CHRIST.

O thou indulgent Lord!
Thy goodness may I see,
For thou alone canst help afford—
My hope is all in thee.

When troubles roll in fast,
And I no way can see,
To thee, O Lord, I look at last—
My hope is all in thee.

Thou kindly didst appear,
My anxious mind set free;
O, do thou bless me with thy fear!
My hope is all in thee.

Distressed and perplex'd,
I grieve that I should be
Full of ingratitude, and yet
My hope is all in thee.

Thy dear and helping hand
Has thus protected me;
And here I am, and thus I stand—
My hope is all in thee.

Trowbridge, Dec. 22, 1843.

O! bless thy bounteous hand!
May I unto thee flee,
When adverse storms are thro' the land—
My hope is all in thee.

And while I'm travelling here,
From sins and snares not free,
In conscience I would be sincere;
My hope is all in thee.

Should death appear to show
His solemn face to me,
What consolation 'tis to know
My hope is all in thee.

When on my dying bed,
And things dark seem to be,
O, do thou give my spirit rest!
My hope is all in thee.

And when I join that song
Which shall eternal be,
I'll sing, amidst the sacred throng,
My hope has been in thee.

A. B.

"AND THE BLIND AND THE LAME CAME TO HIM IN THE TEMPLE; AND HE HEALED THEM."—Matt. xxi. 14.

If Jesus heals the blind and lame,
And makes the feeble strong,
My soul shall live to bless his name,
And grace shall be my song.

If one that's burden'd much with sin
Is Jesus' gift and charge,
Then I his "rest" shall enter in,
And walk by faith at large.

If those who want a Saviour are
The price of Jesus' blood,
Then thou, my soul, shalt surely share
In all things for thy good.

If those who seek his face shall live
To praise and bless his name,
My soul, all glory to him give,
And leap for joy, though lame.

Gosport, Dec. 27, 1843.

If Jesus saves the needy poor,
Who beg and cry for bread,
My soul, still wait at mercy's door,
Thou shalt at length be fed.

If souls that thirst to feel the blood
Of Jesus Christ applied,
Belong to God, then for my good
His face he now doth hide.

If they who want a righteousness
Far better than their own,
Shall wear that glorious wedding-dress
Which Jesus wrought alone,

Then would I lie at Jesus' feet,
Submissive to his will,
Till he who knows what's best thinks meet
My hungry soul to fill.

A. H.

THE
GOSPEL STANDARD,
OR,
FEEBLE CHRISTIAN'S SUPPORT.

"Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled."—Matt. v. 6.

"Who hath saved us, and called us with an holy calling, not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began."—2 Tim. i. 9.

"The election hath obtained it, and the rest were blinded."—Rom. xi. 7.

"If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest.—And they went down both into the water, both Philip and the eunuch; and he baptized him.—In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost,"—Acts viii. 37, 38; Matt. xxviii. 19.

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SEEKING AND STRIVING.

There is nothing more remarkable in a saint of God than an honest and a good heart, made so by the new-creating power of Christ, by which new heart the saint is enabled to *follow Christ* in the regeneration. Happy is the man, therefore, that can say to Christ, "Author of my first, and second birth." It is by this second birth (truly and genuinely experienced) that we are actually let into a sharing and knowledge of divine mysteries,—mysteries that an endless eternity will not be too long to gaze into, and meditate on with blissful perfection and with godlike wisdom. For, however natural wisdom (which with God, spiritually, is heinous folly) may despise it, yet spiritual wisdom, as Christ is to the elect, is the *wisdom of God*. O glorious thought! O immense reward! O blissful fruit, and triumphant ending! It may well, as I doubt not it does, delight the soul of each blissful seraph, blissful with ever new delight, in gazing on the Most Highest becoming the Most Lowest (grammar is violated). Whereby to the sons of men the amazing secret and ends of God being manifest in the flesh are effectively made known. Thus the astonishing seal is put upon it by the Lord Jesus himself, where he declares this is life eternal to *know* it. Therefore, to "know" it thus must be something vastly different to what the unregenerate can have the *least* conception or idea of whatever.

I know it was this thought which ever made me, both under the law and the gospel, both under wrath and mercy, stand back far away from those men of self-ability who can read the scriptures without fear and love, without a solemnizing and profitable, a painful or pleasing humiliation before God to this effect, saying, "Lord, if thou dost not teach me sensibly and satisfactorily by thy Holy

Spirit, I can never understand one word aright concerning the Lord Jesus." As Moses spake to the children of Israel concerning Korah, &c., and all that belonged to them, "Depart, I pray you, from the tents of these wicked men, and touch nothing of theirs, lest ye be consumed in all their sins;" so of those who, by self-ability, human wisdom, or carnal learning, think to fathom one spot in the word and mystery of God in Christ. This I think is one reason why the Lord Jesus, the Ancient of Days, clothed in a body like our own, (O soul-overwhelming mystery!) took a *little* child and set him in the midst, and said, whosoever of his disciples should become most emptied of mortal wisdom, like that little child, should be proportionably filled with divine wisdom. It is this which shall blister unto madness and destruction all the pride of man. It is this which makes poor fishermen, the apostles, the possessors of the keys of the kingdom of heaven; while the learned, the clever, and those accomplished in all this world's wisdom are all locked out, until grace, sovereign grace, might fulfil what is written in any of them, (if peradventure the will of the Lord might be so in them, for it is not whether we will, but whether we may,) that "if any man will become wise, let him become a fool for Christ's sake," in the eyes of all men of self-ability.

I have often thought that it was touching on this tender nerve, though I have been found fault with for it, when Christ turned himself round to the great multitudes that followed him, and said to them, "Strive to enter in at the strait gate; for many, I say unto you, shall seek to enter in and shall not be able." O how that word "many" (the very word He takes to characterise those in the broad road) has startled my soul! He says no where in scripture that many shall *strive* to enter in, and shall not be able. The word *strive* literally means to agonize like wrestlers. It is like those thrusting themselves into a place against vast opposition; like forcing open a door when those within are determined to keep you out.

Thus I hope I have striven to enter into the kingdom, and got in. But how? O, I felt that all my seeking fell dead to the ground! O what a solemn thing it is to be destroyed! "This my son was dead." O, the solemnizing feelings my soul has had about these things, no tongue can tell, nor heart conceive, except those who have been, in some degree, touched where Jonah was, in the bowels of hell. The dangers of self-righteousness and licentiousness, and the difficulty of having revealed, and of maintaining, through grace, our hold on Christ's righteousness and blood, will bring us into "deaths oft." (2 Cor. xi. 23.)

Election—particular redemption—the certainty of the elect getting to heaven, and none but they—the doctrine of the Holy Spirit as a needs-be for the knowledge of Christ to any saving purpose—the *apparent* contradictions of scripture—the discordant sounds in the world as touching religion—the errors, inconsistencies, and shortcomings of good men; these, together with infidelity, doubts about the Bible, where it came from, whether it was all true, if not all, what was and what was not true; doubts about these and about

Christ, and as to whether the apostles were not crafty men, &c. &c.; these things, I say, have thrown me from time to time into an *agony*, and made seeking take a more terrible form, viz., striving; and if the Holy Spirit had not upheld me I *must* have sunk in confusion and despair.

What then has this striving done? Why, it has made me, as I hope, a real, sensible, and manifested *partaker*, really and truly so, of everything God has revealed in scripture, according to the measure distributed to me; and not satisfied with that, I am going on, until, as I trust, my soul will lose itself in God, who is boundless light and a shoreless sea. The path of the just is as the shining light, which shineth more and more, until every trace of darkness and straitness shall be finally and for ever gone.

Thus, the blessed Father's everlasting foreknowledge, or love to Christ's seed, through the blood and righteousness of the almighty Mediator, under the glory of the almighty Spirit's quickening operations felt, are only to me a counterbalance against the amazing evils, felt or feared, which I have found myself encompassed with; and which makes striving, under the energetic power of the Lord Jesus felt, to be absolutely requisite, in order to go through the gates of grace into the gates of glory, and that we may finish our course *with joy*. A happy death has been one of the few prayers I have ever felt a disposition to undeniably besiege the sweet throne of grace for.

Abingdon.

I. K.

MEDITATIONS ON DEUT. xxxiii. 13—16, BY JAMES OSBOURN, OF AMERICA.

Dear Friend,—May the Angel of the everlasting covenant defend thee, and guide thee safe through all the vicissitudes of this mortal life.

I have just been reading and thinking about Joseph and his highly-favoured land; and as I have just been communicating my thoughts to a friend of yours, and as I have a little time to spare, I will communicate my thoughts to you, as I know that your heart is set upon spiritual things, and therefore will not take it amiss.

Moses, the man of God, in blessing the twelve tribes of Israel, says of Joseph, "Blessed of the Lord be his land, for the precious things of heaven, for the dew, and for the deep that coucheth beneath, and for the precious fruits brought forth by the sun, and for the precious things put forth by the moon, and for the chief things of the ancient mountains, and for the precious things of the lasting hills, and for the precious things of the earth and fulness thereof, and for the good will of him that dwelt in the bush; let the blessing come upon the head of Joseph, and upon the top of the head of him that was separated from his brethren."

From reading this account of Joseph in the letter, my mind was drawn out to Joseph in the mystery. I thought that if so much could be said of the son of Jacob and his land, much more might be said of the Son of God, and of his happy land, gospel Zion.

Our anti-typical Joseph is the glory of the land of gospel rest; and on this account it is greatly blessed. His Person is full of grace, his name is a "strong tower," the offices he sustains are of the highest importance to us, and the relation he stands in to the inhabitants of this land is of signal consequence. In him all perfections dwell, both human and divine; through him, all the power, the wisdom, the righteousness, the glory, the mercy, the grace, the truth, the love, and the goodness of the eternal God, break forth and shine with unequivocal lustre round the whole land of Zion; in him, all the adorable attributes of Deity harmonize, embrace each other, and well agree in the salvation of perishing men. He was the Messenger of the everlasting covenant, sent by his Father with an unparalleled embassy to the sons of Adam; and he entered into our land with all the fulness of grace, and negotiated business the most momentous; and, after having swallowed up death in victory, spoiled principalities and powers, spread universal dismay through the whole empire of darkness, discomfited the allied armies of hell, laid a firm foundation for the building of mercy, established himself sole Monarch in Zion, brought life and immortality to light, and formed a treaty on the best possible footing between the Offended and the offenders, he returned triumphantly home, where he ever liveth to make intercession for us.

Thus much for our spiritual Joseph; and now for a few things respecting his land.

This goodly land is blessed with immeasurable endowments above other lands, and all for Joseph's sake. When he left this land, where he, as a man of sorrows, sojourned thirty-three years, he left many blessings behind him, saying, in substance, thus much: "The land shall not be sold for ever; for the land is mine, and a blessing is in it; therefore, destroy it not. My peace I also give unto the inhabitants thereof; and not as the world giveth give I unto them; for it is an everlasting peace, which shall not be cut off." (Lev. xxv. 23; John xiv. 27.) And these blessings thus conferred on this land for the sake of Joseph, are said to be "precious things," "chief things," and "precious fruits."

I. "For the precious things of heaven." May we not venture to call the surprising revelation which God hath made of himself to us, through the gospel of his Son, one of the precious things of heaven? Surely we may; and the more so, as this revelation embraces a great variety of precious things.

The oracles handed down to us by heaven-inspired men inform us what we were as considered in Adam before the fall, what we are since the fall, and also that we are not able of ourselves to retrieve the great loss we sustained in the bankruptcy and awful rebellion of our first parents; on the other hand, they clearly inform us where help is to be found, of God making the arm of his Son strong for himself, and of his being holy, righteous, and just, and yet the Justifier of him that believes. In these oracles, the doctrine of justification shines forth with a lustre peculiar to itself, and is fraught with marrow and fatness well adapted to mortals impoverished and in themselves undone; here also we see the breaking forth of im-

mortal love, which, like an overflowing sea, sends forth its life-giving streams through a thirsty land, which streams make the wilderness to blossom as the rose, and the solitary places to sing for gladness. In these oracles, we likewise have set forth a full and complete atonement, and its power, virtue, and efficacy expressed in words the most strong and indubitable; here also the perseverance of the saints is attested and established on a base which nothing can remove; and, at the same time, it affords divine consolation to the weak and to the strong, and to all who are seeking life and peace through our great and glorious Redeemer. These oracles informed the church in old times that at some future period truth should spring out of the earth, and righteousness look down from heaven; (Ps. cxxxv. 11;) and this prophecy we know was accomplished when our glorious Leader, who is the Truth, burst the silent tomb the third day, according to the Scriptures; at which time, righteousness and peace, as it were, nestled together, and with shouts of loud applause declared that the Conqueror had risen from the dead, and was become the first fruits of them that slept. And we who believe that Christ thus arose, believe also that those who sleep in him God will bring to glory.

Another glorious doctrine is by these oracles brought to light, namely, the union of the Head and body, Christ and his church. This precious doctrine is the life and soul of all the rest; if this be destroyed, what can the righteous do? But it cannot be destroyed, for Christ the Head is risen indeed; and those who sleep in him (as all will who are united to him) will God bring to glory, so that the Head and members may be glorified together.

These glorious mysteries being handed down to us by men endowed with wisdom from above, we may boldly say that the land of our spiritual Joseph is greatly blessed; and we ought to be humble and thankful for "the precious things of heaven."

II. "For the dew." God, by the mouth of Moses, says, "My speech shall distil as the dew." And has not the still small voice of the Lord in the gospel, and his gentle whispers of peace and love, by his Holy Spirit, to our souls, been as refreshing and as heart-reviving as ever the dew was to the grass and herbs? And often the precious gospel has been to us like a cloud of dew in the heat of harvest, by which we spring up as among grass, and as willows by the water courses. O how copiously has this heavenly dew, at certain times, descended upon the mountains of gospel Zion! This dew, owing to the refreshing property of it, is said to be "as the dew of herbs;" it comes and goes at the pleasure of God, and produces the effects he intends by it. Those on whom it descends are awakened and made to sing, as well as to grow up among grass, as we read, "Awake and sing, ye that dwell in the dust; for thy dew is as the dew of herbs." And that the dew comes directly from the Lord, we are bound to believe, not only because it produces such glorious effects in our bosoms, but because the Lord says so himself: "I will be as the dew unto Israel; and he shall revive as the corn, grow as the vine, and spread forth his roots as Lebanon." This dew is the best antidote in the world against sloth, coldness, carnal security, and dry formality.

It also is good in case of an abscess in the heart; and this I know to be a true bill; for I am very much subject to this complaint; but, so sure as ever I drink profusely of this dew, the swelling goes down, and my soul is humbled within me. I have known some men partake so freely of it as to forget their former poverty; and I have known others, again, feel the want of a little of it so sensibly that they have been ready to die. And yet they could not die; for God takes special care of such, and often says to his standard-bearers, "Strengthen the things which remain, that are ready to die." If these things are so, may we not, yea, ought we not to count this dew one of the blessings belonging to the land of Joseph?

III. "And for the deep that coucheth beneath." Here we are led to the contemplation of the profound depth of divine wisdom, and the amazing height of eternal love, couched in many of the sayings of the inspired writers, and to acknowledge that the deep things of God cannot be explored by finite creatures, but that the most we can say is, with the apostle Paul, "O the depth both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! How unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out!" The wisdom of God is signally displayed, though only seen in part by us, in the contrivance of a plan whereby he can save sinners, while his justice remains immaculate; his love also breaks forth, and discovers its flame to a degree far beyond human comprehension, in reconciling rebel man to himself, through the peace-speaking blood of his Son; and his almighty power is likewise in a most striking manner exerted in preserving to the end all those whom he loved from the beginning. Yes, the decrees, counsels, purposes, and designs of God, as well as his wisdom, power, love, and mercy, are profound depths, and deeply couched in all his works and ways. But though they form an unfathomable deep, we may, without any hazard, place them among the blessings of the land of our anti-typical Joseph. And bless his holy name for "the deep that coucheth beneath."

IV. "And for the precious fruits brought forth by the sun." From these words, the man of God is led, as it were, instinctively to gaze on the Plant of renown, on Christ, the fruitful Apple-Tree which is in the midst of the garden of God, and to exclaim, "O the precious fruits that are brought forth by the Sun of Righteousness!—fruits which, if a man eateth thereof, he shall live for ever." Here are fruits which feast the soul, and make the lame man leap as a hart, and the tongue of the dumb to sing. On this Tree is to be found, and from this Sun of Righteousness may be obtained, good fruit of all sorts; indeed, every thing that the Christian wants to use, to wear, to eat, or to drink, is brought forth by this Sun, and this Apple-Tree; and all comes free of expense, and is very precious. This being the case, we should try to get under its shadow, and to be so far delighted with "the precious fruits brought forth by the Sun," as to say to others, "These are the blessings of the land of Joseph." O what love, mercy, and grace,—what tenderness, pity, and compassion, are brought forth by this Sun, in all the words, actions, and carriage towards the inhabitants of this land! Thousands of poor,

broken merchants in this land have been made as rich as Jews by the great abundance of precious fruits brought forth by this Sun. You know, my sister, that he has said, over and over again, how much he loveth us, what care he will take of us; that he will watch over us by day and by night, and be with us unto the end. He has also told us what great preparations he is making for us now in heaven, so that we may be accommodated in the best manner possible when we arrive there; he hath likewise said as much as that our welfare is his interest, and that he hath engaged himself to feed us, to defend us, and, at last, to take us to heaven. You also know that he, by tasting the bitterness of death, even the death of the cross, has opened the kingdom of heaven to all believers; that he has brought life and immortality to light by the gospel; and that this gospel is to be preached unto all nations for the obedience of faith. Moreover, you know that this glorious Sun has not only set up a kingdom in the world which shall never be destroyed, but that he has shed beams of heavenly light on our benighted minds, and made us children of the day. We are not of the night nor of darkness now. Then, my dearly-beloved and longed-for, let us be joyful together "for the precious things brought forth by the Sun."

(To be continued.)

**SERMON BY THE LATE MR. GADSBY, PREACHED
AT THE BAPTIST CHAPEL, BEDWORTH, ON WEDNESDAY
EVENING, AUGUST 24TH, 1842.**

(Concluded from page 234.)

II. We come now to notice these "chambers," and what is meant by "shutting the doors." The Lord tells us in one place, "He is a refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble." One cries out, "Thou art my refuge; therefore will I hope in thee." These chambers were typified under the law by that solemn ordinance that the Lord instituted for Israel in Egypt, when he told them to take a lamb, and slaughter it, according to their families; and to shut the door on them, sprinkling the blood of the lamb on the door-posts. So when the destroying angel came to destroy the first-born in Egypt, they were hid, shut up; the blood shut the door, and all the wrath revealed by the Lord could not enter there. So the people of Israel slaughtered the lamb, by appointment of God; they stood with their loins girt about them; and it was eaten with bitter herbs. Now, mind you, it was roasted; all was eaten; none was thrown away. Well, what does this show? That the Lamb of God was roasted in God's wrath, with all the damnable propensities of his people. O the matchless wonders of his discriminating grace! He was made sin, *really* made sin; not in his nature, for he was holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners; but he was made sin in covenant contract, as the Head and Representative of his people. Poor tempted child of God, poor believer, thy blindness, thy hardness, thy pride, thy lust, thy unbelief, and the plague of thy heart, were all imputed to Christ; he bore the blame, and put away sin by the sacrifice of himself. When we are brought in faith feelingly to receive the atonement, to

enter into the atonement, and rely on it, we shut the door of atoning blood about us; and there is not a devil in hell or man on earth can bring us in guilty. Thus, we say, "There is, therefore, now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh but after the Spirit; for the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus has made me free from the law of sin and death; for what the law could not do, in that it was weak through the flesh, God sending his own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin, condemned sin in the flesh, that the righteousness of the law might be fulfilled in us, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit." "Yes," says some poor child of God, "but I fear my walking is after the flesh; for I feel such deadness, darkness, and wretchedness, that I dare not trust my prayers, my tears, my vows, my promises, nor my duties; none of these dare I venture to trust." I don't think this is walking after the flesh. Let us hear what the Lord says. When Solomon dedicated the temple, being the representative of Israel, he said, "What prayer and supplication soever be made by any man, or by all thy people Israel, which shall know every man the plague of his own heart, and spread forth his hands toward this house, then hear thou in heaven thy dwelling place, and forgive." The Lord knew none would turn to him till they knew the plague of their own heart. When they know this, they turn to the Lord; and he, in the riches of his grace, saves them in himself with an everlasting salvation. Thus, beloved, they are hid, hid with Christ in God. Our Lord, when speaking of these chambers, gives us to understand that it is here where his people are hid: "One thing have I desired of the Lord, and that will I seek after; that I might dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord and inquire in his temple;" "For in the time of trouble he shall hide me in his pavilion, in the secret of his tabernacle shall he hide me." Now, where is God's pavilion, the secret of his tabernacle? The heart of Christ. There God secludes himself, there he meets his people, there his blessed Majesty stands in the heart of Christ, and says to his poor mourning, broken-hearted people, "Come, my people, enter thou into thy chambers; hide thyself in the blessed atonement, the blood and righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ." And here it is the Lord's people are savingly hid. It is an indescribable mercy that their hiding-place can never be broken down. Some people tell us we may be in Christ to-day, and fall away to-morrow and go to hell after all. I don't envy them. Go on, make the best way; but as sure as God is God, if you go on that ground, at the end you will be damned, and sink into black despair. The Lord brings all his children to know they have no hiding-place but Jesus, and they are brought feelingly to say, "Thou art my hiding-place." The Lord God says he is a very present help in trouble; "therefore will we not fear, though the earth be removed and the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea." Christ is this refuge, this hiding-place. The Lord God Almighty secures his church in the midst of all the storms that may come upon them, and brings them safe through to glory, to be with him when time shall be no more.

"Come, my people, enter thou into thy chambers, and shut thy doors about thee." But, say some, how does the poor sinner enter this chamber? By the door of hope, the door of faith. He that believeth shall never be confounded, shall never be put to shame, and shall never be forgotten. Poor sinner, thy Jesus has entered heaven on this ground himself. The Shepherd has entered by the door into the sheepfold. And when he comes by the power of his Spirit, he draws thee into the atonement, into the sweet enjoyment of the mysteries of his love. He says, "All the Father giveth me shall come to me." Some people say they will not, unless they are made. But the Lord says they shall. But then, say you, how is it they do not? "No man can come to me, except the Father, who hath sent me, draw him." Do you feel the need of the Lord to draw you into the blessed efficacy of the blood of the Redeemer, the atonement of Christ? When you feel your need of the Lord to open the door and draw you in, he will do so. Whoever climbs up any other way is a thief and a robber. The Lord hide me in his great burning day! There is hope, poor child of God; for in scripture there is a door called "the door of hope." We will just see where the Lord opens this door: "I will give her the Valley of Achor for a door of hope; she shall sing there as in the days of her youth." Do you know what the Valley of Achor was? It was the valley where Israel was when Achan stole the golden wedge and the Babylonish garment. When they had just passed over Jordan, their enemies pursued them; they seemed as if they must be defeated; the Lord sent his indignation against them; and they fell before their enemies. The Lord then commanded that they should cast lots, that they might see who had done this wicked thing, and the lot fell on Achan, who had stolen the Babylonish garment and the golden wedge; and God brought solemn trouble on the family of Achan, and he was destroyed. How kind the Lord is! After this he tells the children of Israel that he will give them the Valley of Achor for a door of hope! Is there a poor sinner here who knows something of this, who has had his idols taken away, and felt that the Lord has tumbled all his imagined holiness and piety about his ears, and stripped him of his golden-wedge idol? If so, the Lord is about trying you with fire, bringing you into the furnace. How burnt up you are in your feelings! Go bow before the Lord as a guilty sinner, for his gracious Majesty gives this as a door of hope, to enter into the mysteries of his love; so the Valley of Achor proves a door of hope. "Come, my people." Art thou in Achor, found out, stripped of God? art thou upset? enter God's chamber, and remember, he is stripping and bringing thee to a door of hope in the Valley of Achor, where thou shalt sing as in the days of old. He will give vineyards—what! in this desert? Yes, he will give vineyards for such guilty sinners; they shall go into the mysteries of his love.

There is the door of faith. When the Lord is pleased to draw forth faith in exercise, however great the storm may be, he shuts this door; that is, faith in Christ encloses them, hope in Jesus encloses them, and the soul is ready to say, "Why art thou cast down, O my soul?"

why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise him." Come, poor soul, are you in the valley of Achor? has all your fruitfulness been burnt up? has God sent you out here? He opens a door of hope. The Lord the Spirit brings the poor soul to hope in the mercy of Christ, and, feeling this hope as an anchor, sure and steadfast, enters within the veil.

"Come, my people, enter thou into thy chambers, and shut thy doors about thee." The Lord is pleased to shut them up in love: Christ sheds abroad his love in the heart of a poor sinner; love embraces him; God is felt and enjoyed; the mysteries of redeeming love enter into the soul; the man is feelingly and solemnly hid with Christ in God; and when Christ, who is his life, shall appear, then shall he also appear with him in glory. "Come, my people, enter thou into thy chambers, and shut thy doors about thee; hide thyself, as it were, for a little moment" in the atoning blood and obedience of the Lord Jesus Christ. The Lord will rest in his love. If any of you, my friends, feel yourselves to be poor wretched sinners, I would say to such,

"The poorer the wretch, the welcomer here."

What a blessed salvation it is that our God has appointed for poor, lost, ruined man! May the Lord bless you with a feeling sense of your interest in it. And may he bless these few broken hints to your conscience, and lift you into Christ and his salvation, and enable both you and me to live to his glory.

[The copy of the preceding sermon was sent to Mr. Gadsby by the friend who took it down in short hand. Mr. G., however, said it was not worth publishing, as he remembered how confused he was while preaching, in addition to great affliction of body. It is now, however, sent forth, and we trust will be made useful.—Eds.]

A SERMON BY RALPH ERSKINE FROM ISAIAH XXII. 24.

Messrs. Editors,—In a very old book which fell into my hands some little time ago, I found the principal part of a sermon preached in the year 1743, by Mr. Ralph Erskine, the author of the sonnets. As it has often been a refreshing to my soul, both from the power and dew still resting upon it, if you think it worthy of a place in the *Standard*, I shall be glad to see it inserted.

Southwark, London.

J. T:

"And they shall hang upon him all the glory of his Father's house, the offspring and the issue, all vessels of small quantity, from the vessels of cups even to all the vessels of flagons.—Isa. xxii. 24.

"But in a great house there are not only vessels of gold and of silver, but also of wood and of earth; and some to honour and some to dishonour. If a man therefore purge himself from these, he shall be a vessel unto honour, sanctified, and meet for the Master's use, and prepared unto every good work.—2 Tim. ii. 20, 21.

They are called vessels because the Lord forms them for himself, to show forth his praise; sometimes vessels of honour and glory, because he draws a greater revenue of honour and glory to himself

from them than from all the world beside. In a word, they are called vessels, because the milk, the wine, the honey, and the oil of divine grace is bestowed and laid up in them; and out of the fulness of Christ they are daily receiving grace for grace. And as the vessels of a house are its ornament, so are fruitful believers the ornament of the church, and of the great Owner thereof, for he calls them his crown and diadem.

2. We are here told that these vessels are of different sizes; some are vessels of cups, and others are vessels of flagons; plainly intimating that, in God's family, there are saints of different stature—there are babes, young men, and fathers; "For unto every one is given grace according to the measure of the gift of Christ." Some are like the smoking flax, others like a flaming lamp; some are like the bruised reed, others like the tall cedar in Lebanon. And if you ask me why God will have it so, that the vessels of the house shall be of different sizes, I answer, 1. For the manifestation of his own sovereignty. He is the Lord of the house, and he will do all his pleasure; and it is the good will and pleasure of God to give more of his grace to one, and to another less, and who may say unto him, "What doest thou?" He is no man's debtor, but may do with his own what he pleases. 2. Because this is for the beauty and ornament of the house. It serves not a little to ornament and adorn a house that there are different vessels in it; some more and some less, for different services. The least vessel, like the least member in the natural body, has its proper usefulness in the body, so that the one cannot say to the other, "I have no need of thee." 3. God will have it so, that there may be room for the edifying exercises of the fellowship of saints. If every saint had the same degree of faith, love, knowledge, and other graces, the one could not be edified by the other; but it is otherwise ordered, that the strong may be useful to the weak in strengthening, and that those who have more knowledge and experience than others, may communicate of their gifts, to the benefit and edifying of others, until they all come to a perfect man, to the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ.

I come now to show that all the vessels of different sizes, from vessels of cups to vessels of flagons, do hang upon the great Manager, Jesus Christ, as upon a nail fastened in a sure place. This is what is commonly called the mystical union between Christ and the church, and is in scripture set forth to us by a variety of metaphors, sometimes by the union that is between the branches of a tree and the root of it; for as all the branches hang upon the root, and receive their sap and nourishment, growth and fruit from it, so does every believer, whether of a higher or a lower stature, receive life, grace, and growth from Christ. "I am like a green fir tree; from me is thy fruit found." (Hos. xiv. 8.) "I am the vine, ye are the branches; he that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit; for without me ye can do nothing." (John xv. 5.) Sometimes this union is represented by the union betwixt the building and the foundation upon which it

stands. As the whole building, and every stone of it, hangs and rests on the foundation, and receive their support and stability from it, so doth the whole house of God, and every spiritual, living stone thereof, hang upon Christ by faith of his Spirit's operation: "To whom coming as to a living stone; ye also as lively stones are built up a spiritual house." (1 Pet. ii. 4, 5.) Sometimes this union is represented to us by the union betwixt the head and the members of the natural body; (See Eph. iv. 15, 16; Col. ii. 19;) from which you will perceive that the whole body, and every particular member, greater or lesser, hangs upon Christ as by joints and bands. But here arises the main question to our present purpose. Question. What are these bands by which all believers, from the least to the greatest, hang upon Christ? Answer. These bands are principally two; 1, the Holy Spirit; 2, faith of the Spirit's operation.

First, I say the Spirit is one, and the principal, band whereby believers do hang upon Christ: "He that is joined unto the Lord is one spirit." (1 Cor. vi. 17.) By the Holy Spirit the union is made up between Christ and his members: "In whom ye also are builded together for an habitation of God through the Spirit." (Eph. ii. 22.) Yea, the Spirit himself is the band. "We know that he (Christ) abideth in us, by the Spirit which he hath given us." (1 John iii. 24.) The Spirit of life that is in Christ Jesus, by the means of the word, in a day of regeneration, enters into the soul and quickens it; and in the very quickening by the Spirit, it becomes a member of Christ, and so for ever after hangs upon him as a Nail in a sure place.

Second. Another band by which they all hang upon the Nail is faith by the Spirit's operation,—not a mere historical, temporary, partial, or legal faith, but a living, working, receiving, justifying, and sanctifying faith, which applies and appropriates Christ by the means of the word of grace and promise; such a faith as eats the flesh and drinks the blood of Christ; and so lives in and upon him; according as it is written: "I am crucified with Christ, nevertheless I live, yet not I, but Christ that liveth in me; and the life I live is by faith on the Son of God." (Gal. ii. 20.) In a word, faith hangs all its everlasting concerns upon the Nail fastened in a sure place, and there it stays and rests all its cares and concerns; and in this way the soul is kept in perfect peace, knowing that the Nail, being well fastened, will not yield or give way. And thus it is that all the glory, the whole offspring and issue, and all the vessels of the house, greater and lesser, hang upon our blessed Eliakim.

The next inquiry is, Why is Christ constituted sole manager of his Father's house? Why doth he hang all the vessels upon him, as upon a nail fastened in a sure place? I answer, the management of the house, and of all its concerns, is committed unto Christ because it was the good pleasure of God that it should be so. But although sovereignty is enough to satisfy us upon this head, yet there are some ways of infinite Wisdom to be observed in this con-

stitution of things in the church, which is the house of the living God; as (1) He only had ability for bearing such a weight: "I have laid help, saith the Lord, upon one that is mighty." (2) Because Christ voluntarily undertook it in the council of peace, saying, "Lo, I come! I delight to do thy will, O my God!" whereupon Jehovah the Father said and determined, "He shall build the temple and bear all the glory." (3) Hereby a new revenue of glory is brought in to the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, even "Glory to God in the highest," higher glory than what comes in by creation and providence. (4) Because hereby his saints are brought to honour the Son, even as they honour the Father. (5) Because this was for the safety and comfort of the saints and children of God. All their everlasting concerns hang upon Him, that they may warble out that song through eternity: "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing. And every creature which is in heaven, and on the earth, and under the earth, and such as are in the sea, and all that are in them, heard I saying, Blessing, honour, power, and glory be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever." (Rev. v. 12, 13.)

Again. See hence why it is that the eyes of the Lord run to and fro, to show himself strong on the behalf of his people in this world; why he rides in the heavens, for their help; and makes all things work together for their good. There is good reason for it. They are the offspring and issue of his family; they are the gold and silver vessels of his house; and you know, if a man have power and ability, he will not suffer his offspring to be hurt, or his house to be plundered of his valuable furniture, which he has bought at a dear rate. Hence it is that the Lord watches his house day and night, lest any hurt it. All his saints are in the hand of Christ, and he defies hell and earth to pluck them out of his hand.

2. See what trust and credit our glorious Kinsman Redeemer has with his Father. Why, you see how that he puts the whole family under his hand; he hangs the whole glory upon him. "He has made him to be head over all things to the church, which is his body." "All power in heaven and earth is given unto me," says Christ. "The Father judgeth no man; but hath committed all judgment unto the Son." And seeing he has such trust and credit with his Father, what an indignity is done to the Father, and Son also, when a sinner, through unbelief, declares him to be unworthy of any credit, and says, practically, that the nail that God has fastened is loose, weak, or insufficient, and therefore he will not venture the weight of his salvation or justification upon it, but will choose rather to hang upon some nails of his own fastening, such as the nail of an empty profession, the nail of God's general mercy, the nail of legal duties and obedience, and the like, which are all but rusty, weak, and broken nails, that will give way and ruin all that depend upon them.

3. See hence one great ground and reason of the perseverance

of the saints, and why they cannot fall totally or finally away from a state of grace; because they hang upon the Nail fastened in a sure place. Being the great Manager of his Father's house and family he has them in his custody, and is to give an account of every vessel of the house unto his Father; and he will make a good account of every one of them, and say to his Father, that intrusted them with him, "Of all thou hast given me, I have lost none. Here am I, and the children which thou hast given me." If a believer can fall totally or finally away, it is either because the nail may break or be loosed, or because the bands by which they hang upon the Nail may be broken or cut. But none of these can fall out. The Nail, as you heard in the doctrinal part of this discourse, is so fixed, that heaven and earth will sooner be dissolved than that it should yield or give way in the least; and as for the bands by which they hang upon the Nail, they are so firm, strong, and well-fastened, that the soul, when it has a view of its security in the light of the Lord, is able to give that challenge of Paul's, "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors, through him that loved us; for I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." (Rom. viii. 35.)

4. See the great difference between the state of a believer now, under a covenant of grace, and the state of Adam, under a covenant of works. Adam, the first covenant-head and representative, though an innocent, yet was but a fallible creature; and being left to the freedom of his own will, that nail gave way, and he and all his posterity fell into a horrible pit of sin and misery, from which the whole creation could not recover them. But the case of the believer is not so. He hangs on a Nail in a sure place; he stands on the foundation God has laid in Zion, against which the gates of hell shall never prevail. Many a pull and pluck has the devil and the world given at the vessels that hang upon this Nail; and yet by all their power and policy they never were able to carry off a cup, much less a flagon, that did hang upon the Nail fastened in a sure place. To this purpose are those words of Christ: "None shall pluck them out of my hand; none shall pluck them out of my Father's hand." (John x. 28, 29.)

5. See hence that the saints have no cause of boasting or glorying in themselves, but only in Christ; for he is the Nail in a sure place, upon whom all the glory and all the offspring and issue do hang. Where is boasting? It is excluded. By what law? Of works? Nay, but by the law of faith. Now, the law of faith is, to lay the whole weight of our salvation and justification upon Christ; to receive him and rest upon him alone for eternal life, and to receive out of his fulness grace for grace.† * * *

(To be continued.)

† Five pages are here wanting.

DOING THE WILL OF GOD FROM THE HEART.

My dear Friend and Brother in the best and sweetest of all bonds, —You will be surprised, I think, to receive this letter from me, with whom you have had but little acquaintance in the flesh; and more so when you see what it is that occupies my pen, and which, for many gone by days, has more or less occupied my mind also. I think that what is impressed on the mind by Jehovah the eternal Spirit cannot be erased from the mind, but must, sooner or later, be confessed both to God and to man.

I have stood nearly twenty-three years, as an Independent, in the the church of Christ; and I can assure you that, in that time, I have felt something of the briars and thorns of the wilderness. I have found the world to be unfriendly to my soul; and I am now ashamed while I write, that I have not been driven more to the Shepherd and Bishop of my soul when the prowling wolf of hell has been ready to devour me. O what a trinity of enemies are the world, the flesh, and the devil! We have need to be clad in the whole armour of God to stand in the evil day. I have found that word to be true: "That we must through much tribulation enter into the kingdom of God." These words have been very applicable to me. But I

"Yet have been upheld till now.
Who could hold me up but thou?"

I have written these few things just to show that it is not a flash of my mind, but a deliberate consideration that I have long been weaned from the breast, and want strong meat for my soul, that induces me to address you.

The subject of baptism I treated with contempt for a long time, as an unnecessary thing; but, blessed be God, my views of it are altered; and what makes me the more free to speak of it is, that the work of man has contributed nothing to the confirmation of it in my soul. The convictions wrought there were by God alone. When I practised sprinkling in my family, I was convinced that the mode of believer's baptism must be the right and scriptural mode, although, when you lately took upon you to advocate that ordinance, and boldly to defend it as a man of God, in our room of worship at T—, even then I felt disposed to contend against it; but, blessed be He who overrules all things after the counsel of his own will, that which wrought prejudice and envy in the breasts of others both against you and against the ordinance, has not so wrought upon me, but otherwise, which I hope will terminate in my obedience, and tend to the glory of God. I believe that two reasons why I never complied with this ordinance nor confessed it before men were, prejudice and the want of union of heart to a people with whom I could join. But both are fallen; prejudice is rooted out of my heart, and its hostile weapon against that part of God's truth, I hope, never to be taken up by me again; and as it respects a people to be united with, I am no longer at a loss for them; for here are two or three that dare to be singular, and stand up for the whole truth, as far as God has given them light

and discernment, whose names are cast out as evil, and are counted troublers of Israel, but whose lot it is to walk in the beaten path of tribulation. With them I have cast in my lot; with them my spiritual life is bound up; with them, in Christ, are my spiritual affections entwined about his loving heart, and each other's also; and with them, in the strength of the Lord, I am resolved to sink or swim, to rise or fall. This child of baptism has long been struggling in the womb of my conscience to be born, but I never had strength enough to bring to the birth.

The day that I was at your house, and heard that man of God, Mr. —, I had great enjoyment in my soul; and I thought that I would go to —, and hear him on the evening following. I accordingly went; but the Lord permitted a very old enemy of mine to present me with a bitter draught, which operated on my mind for several days to separate me from this very people, though, under God, it will, I believe, be the means of drawing me more closely to them; for I thought that I could not be a better match for my adversary than by bringing to light my views and feelings on the ordinance of baptism.

I have given you a little description of the book of conscience within; and as to the book of God, I believe I am nearly acquainted with all the passages therein that treat of the same; and when I have been reading them in God's light, it has been whispered, "This is the way; walk ye in it." And now, my dear friend, if you judge me worthy, and think what I have stated to be sufficient to constitute me a candidate for that ordinance, I am willing to be made a spectacle to angels, men, and devils, and to follow the Saviour through floods and flames, evil report and good report, honour and dishonour, though earth and hell oppose. I know that some will sneer, mock, and ridicule, and that some will say I am persuaded to it by others; but those who are of the true circumcision will rejoice with me, and be exceedingly glad.

Now, my dear brother, I can tell you that as a minister of the gospel you do live in my affections; and there are others also that can join with me both in praising God for past opportunities, and in praying to God that you may be made a blessing in future to God's tried family. I know that if you stand up for the whole truth, and preach a whole gospel, you will have much to contend with, especially from those that love doctrine without experience, and faith without fruits. But go on, my dear brother; for He who hath said, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee," has been with you hitherto, and will fulfil his word to the end. May he hold you up in the everlasting arms of his strength, and be the support of your soul while you are holding up the Saviour in the gospel as the Way, the Truth, and the Life, and make your brow as brass against all the errors of the day, and bless you, and make the hill round about you a blessing; and may the best of covenant blessings rest upon you and your partner in life, until the toils of this mortal life are ended, and faith is changed into sight. So prays the chief of sinners,

T—, Nov. 22nd, 1842.

J. T.

"WE HAVE AN UNCTION FROM THE HOLY ONE."

My dear Friend,—I take this first opportunity of reminding you that when you were at London, last summer, you said that the next time you came there you would try to come over to Bedworth, and preach for us some evening during your stay, the Lord willing. I hope, should you visit London in your way home, that you will kindly try to spend one day at least with us at Bedworth, and preach for us in the evening, should nothing unforeseen prevent; and that our God, the God of grace, love, and mercy, may come up with you, and bless you and your labours,—you in speaking, and us in hearing,—shall, as far as the dear Lord enables us, be our heart's desire and prayer.

Our respected brother, —, preached for us one evening, a few weeks ago; and he and we felt ourselves so blessedly at home and comforted together, that he was constrained to say that he would, God willing, try to visit us again when he returned from London; and our rejoicing souls answered, "Do, brother, do." The dear man of God can now feelingly set to his seal, and say, "Verily the Lord is amongst us indeed and of a truth;" so, I trust, the church of the living God shall know. My dear friend, a numerous assembly is no proof of it; a respectable congregation is no proof of it, or our hopes would be in vain; for we are a despised few, counted the scum of the earth for the truth's sake. But we know that you will not despise us on this account. Nevertheless, our brother had an exceedingly large and attentive audience to hear his sweet, solemn, faithful, and most precious report; and my soul hails the day of his return, even as I do of your coming also, in hope of hearing you both again. No outward form, ceremony, sign, or appearance, can satisfy me in this respect, that the Lord is amongst that people; nothing but the Spirit's testimony within, a precious Christ revealed in my heart the hope of glory, the truth spoke and coming home with power divine, communion with God and his saints enjoyed, and the joys of heaven below really and truly felt, assure my soul that the Lord is in that place. How sweet it is to be thus satisfied for ourselves!

My dear friend, I do not only say so, but the Lord is my witness that I know it by feeling experience, even as my conscience knows well the truth of this blessed saying: "The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin." My life is a continual scene of sinning and repenting, sinning and repenting; therefore, the longer I live, the sweeter salvation through blood, full, finished, and free, without money or price, is to my soul, and the more I see and feel my necessity for divine influence, and my dependence on sovereign, discriminating, and almighty grace. I often think that if God were to act like mortal man, he would spurn me from his dear feet into everlasting misery, as the basest and vilest of hypocrites, for having such a perverse heart, and acting towards him as I do. I sin against him, and ask his pardon; and sin against him again, and then crave his pardon in tears again; and that continually. I do the things that I hate and abhor, and leave undone the things my soul loves far beyond life itself. Yet he bears with me still, blessed be his dear

name for it! He knows my frame; he knows his Spirit's desire, the secret longings, groanings, and sighings which I feel within; he knows that it is sin working within, bringing me into bondage, breaking off my soul's communion with him, and causing him to hide his face from me, that distresses and wounds my soul; and he remembers that I am but dust. I want not the testimony nor the applause of mortals. If the Lord make me manifest in any of his dear people's consciences, my soul considers it a favour from his dear hand; if not, I am content to live alone, if so be he would let me spend my latter days in communion with him. It was this that constrained the apostle to call his afflictions light; it was this that inspired the martyrs to sing the high praises of their God in the fire; and it is this that so sweetly bears my soul up under every trouble, loss, cross, and disappointment which I have borne, that oftentimes I can say from feeling, in tears of love and joy, "None of these things move me;" neither count I my life dear unto me, that I may win Christ, and be found in him.

O the blessedness, my dear friend, of this stage of experience! Thousands of professors know nothing of it. Not all the sinfulness, guilt, and misery I feel, can then prevail to make me believe that I shall be lost at last; neither can all the wretchedness and unworthiness I feel keep me from a throne of grace. With great searchings of heart, my soul follows hard after Christ, if haply I may find him; in the closet, in the word, in the shop, amidst his saints, at home and abroad, night and day, my soul longs to find him, to embrace him by faith, to find rest at his feet, to feel my will swallowed up in his will, to feel his Spirit poured out upon me still more and more, to experience the power of his atoning blood more and more in my conscience, to be where he is, to behold his glory, and to enjoy him, as I have enjoyed him again and again, in his love and blood, and in all that he is, has been, and ever will be to his chosen, ransomed family, viz., the God of love. With these feelings of soul, together with his past favours received and enjoyed, I cannot doubt his faithfulness and good pleasure to save me to the uttermost, notwithstanding all that I at times feel and fear, and bring me safe through. Then shall I be satisfied, when I awake up in his likeness, and not before.

Pardon this unconnected ramble, my dear friend; for imperfection is stamped upon all that I think, say, and do. Do what you can to make this wicked village in your way, and preach for us some evening before you return home; and our God shall, and will supply all your and our needs out of his riches in glory, by, through, and from Christ Jesus, our crucified and living Lord.

But, before I conclude, suffer me just to add a word or two more; for my heart is full of grief and joy. My soul weeps with weeping Zion for the loss she has sustained since we last saw you. Our brother Gadsby is gone; his labours are over; his work is done; his soul has entered into the joy of his Lord. My soul rejoices and trembles at the thought. O the sacred bliss he is now in the enjoyment of! My soul would fain leap from her cell to join his transports of praise before the throne, to behold the glories of that place where my lovely

Jesus reigns, where our brother is for evermore. But no; the favoured hour is not yet arrived. I have to behold somewhat more of the wonders which our God can do, more sorrows to bear, more joys to feel; I would therefore live all the days of my appointed time, till my change shall come, in hope of the glory of God, and say, "My Lord's will be done." Our brother's memory is blessed to my soul. We shall never hear his favoured lips proclaim and exalt a precious Christ and a free-grace gospel any more below. But Zion's God still liveth; it was he who qualified, authorized, and sent forth our brother to the work; and he can as well qualify, authorize, and send forth others in his room, at his pleasure; therefore, my soul shall still rest and hope in God, for I and his dear Zion shall yet praise him. Blessed be God for you, my brother, and a few more witnesses left behind. As you go up to supply for our departed brother's churches, O may his fallen mantle rest on you, and on them too; and may your and their labours be blessed in like manner as were his! Then dear weeping Zion shall rejoice, and our dear, all-wise, gracious, covenant God be glorified.—Yours affectionately in the Lord,

Bedworth, June 5, 1844.

G. T. C.

THE PROFIT OF THE FURNACE.

Dear Friend in the Furnace,—I was sorry to hear at Grove that you were so poorly that you could not get out to the meeting, nor come over to Grove to see us. I hope that you are better. I should be glad to hear that you were well, both in soul and body, if it were the will of God, to which we must submit, though we often rebel and resist his will in trouble. He is God, and will maintain his government, be our wills ever so perverse; and it is right that he should, and make us bow to it too. God cannot do wrong; he is a Rock; his ways are perfect, and without iniquity or crookedness. I wish, if your affliction must abide, that Christ may show you that he sits at the furnace in love, to see that you are not hurt thereby, but melted down into gratitude and love to Him that says, "When thou passest through the fire, I will be with thee; no evil shall come nigh thee, nor plague touch thy dwelling." A sanctified furnace is better than unhallowed prosperity; many a soul-humbling lesson has been learned therein. "The more they were afflicted, the more they grew." It is said that the more the palm-tree is loaded, the more uprightly it grows; the more true faith is pressed, the faster hold it will take: "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him." It is God's work in the soul, both as Author and Finisher; therefore it cannot die, nor yet sink, though there be a need for it to be tried. He that gives it will keep it alive, though but like a spark in the beacon. While Christ is full, supplies cannot fail; while God the Spirit stands engaged to take the things of Christ and show them to us, the work must go on. If it depended more or less on us, we might, we *must* be overcome. But God, who has called you, is faithful, "who also will do it;" that is, what he hath promised never to leave, but to keep and supply every need, according to his riches in glory, by Christ Jesus.

But you may say that there never was such a poor wretch as you. All God's children are as poor, as weak, and as vile; for not one of them has any thing from self but sin. The more sensible we are of our vileness, and humbled under it, the better; for then the complaint cannot come against us: "Thou sayest, I am rich, increased in goods, and have need of nothing;" for we need all things which God, as a God of grace, can give to save the soul, to keep by the way, to work in us to will and to do, to bear the cross, to submit to trouble, to quicken when dull, to give a spirit of prayer, to answer the same, to help to praise him for it when enjoyed, to trust his providence, to trace his hand, and to give us glory at last.

I wish, friend, that you may not be discouraged at the things you are called to pass through, as Christ has said, "In the world ye shall have tribulation; but in me ye shall have peace." It is the way; it must be so. God hath settled these things before they come to us, and orders them when they do come. That they all may have a tendency to lead you to live more out of self and in Christ, is my desire. "Be thou faithful unto death," and the crown of life will make amends for all which you have passed through here. May God help you to say, "The Lord is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever," and you will not take harm. Peace and truth be with you, in the love of God, the grace of Christ, and the communion of the Holy Spirit. So prays, yours in love,

Leicester, June 14, 1822.

E. VORLEY.

NO CROSS, NO CROWN.

My dear —,—Grace, mercy, and peace be multiplied unto you, from God our Father and our Lord Jesus Christ, in much assurance, with the joy and power of the Holy Ghost; and not to you only, but to all those whom the Father hath sanctified, the "preserved in Jesus," and "the called by grace" invincible and indelible, according to electing everlasting love in Jesus.

I shall never be able to thank you half enough for your kindness in inviting me; neither am I able to express my disappointment in not being allowed to visit you even for one day. You may suppose how gladly I read dear —'s note. I could think of nothing else but God's smiling hand over me. I trembled from head to foot, and hardly knew what I said or did, being filled with joy at the thought of coming over to see you. I thought that my parents could not conscientiously refuse your request; but I was kept in suspense until the next morning, when the decision was given—"We cannot let you go, for one reason." I shall never forget how I felt. The refusal was cutting to my soul. It will not be edifying to you to insert all that passed between us. All that I said, and my many tears, could not prevail with them. I cried as long as I could shed a tear; which was very foolish, and showed my weakness. I never felt the outward cross more heavily. I was ready to cry out, "Hath the Lord forgotten to be gracious, and hath my God forsaken me?" I was in a strait, not knowing what to do, "miserable and poor."

It is not the outward cross only that I have to contend with, but the inward, the old Adam, and the devil, with all his fiery darts, which are innumerable. Satan is ready at any time, particularly when "persecution ariseth because of the word," to shake my faith. I was full of doubts and fears; and sank very low. But you know that text: "Who is sufficient for these things?" Not I, but grace. Grace is sufficient, or I do not know what would become of poor me. And blessed be God, he gave me a precious promise in that trying hour: "Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb (even her firstborn)? Yea, they may forget, yet will I not forget thee. Behold, I have graven thee upon the palms of my hands." What a comfort this portion was to me! and when Jesus visits our souls, (particularly under the cross,) how precious he is, and how "altogether lovely!"

We that are in this body of sin, and are taught of God to know and feel our vileness and exceeding sinfulness, "do groan, being burdened." I feel to be hedged in all around with fleshly infirmities and sins. Do not you, my dear Christian friend? What a dreadful contest there is between the two armies, sin and grace! This is just what the Holy Spirit has taught me, or I should never have known it. The 7th chapter of Romans is my daily, yea, hourly experience. This epistle is quite a Bible; indeed, when any portion of God's word is opened by the power of the Holy Ghost, each verse becomes a chapter, and each chapter a Bible by itself.

O! if I know one word of the truth, it is that God has taught me, I am a hell-deserving sinner. I am often in doubt as to my knowledge of salvation. Mere head notions about free grace, or about any other truth, will be of no benefit to us. O, no! it is only when we receive it in our hearts that we are benefited by it. God has, I hope, well taught me this, that unless I am found in Christ, I cannot be saved; "and that I must know him and the power of his resurrection." There are two oceans which I shall never be able to fathom,—my vileness, and the all-sufficiency, the all-fulness which is in the all-precious Emmanuel, who is the "all in all" to my starving soul. Grace unto it!

How am I to come and see you? This is a question which I cannot answer. O how often does Jehovah alter our plans! I am sure he has in this instance. He knows what is best for us both; and he can make the way at any time for you and me to see each other "face to face." Nothing, nor any one, can prevent my coming over to — when God's appointed time comes in the appointed way; therefore I must wait, though I hope not for another four years. I have need of patience; but "tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience, and experience hope." What would I not give to see you? I have a thousand things to tell you of. To be deprived of the society of God's dear people in Christ; to live so near to a place where the blessed gospel is preached, and not to live in the enjoyment of either, what a trial it is to me!

Sanctified trials bid me look to Christ. No crown of thorns, no crown of glory; no cross, no Christ. If I believe in him, I must suffer for his sake; and so must all God's dear children take up the cross, if we are to follow Christ, either in one way or another: "Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." God has greatly blessed this promise to me, even to me; but it is on Christ's account, not on mine. God has spoken, therefore he will do it, that he "will bring the third part (the election of grace) through the fire, and will refine them as silver is refined, and will try them as gold is tried; they shall call on me, and I will hear them, I will say, It is my people, and they shall say, The Lord is my God." What a glorious verse this is for the tried soul! I have nothing but persecution before my eyes. O that sweet promise, "As thy day, so shall thy strength be." The strength of Christ is that wherein I stand, if I stand at all. I am, in myself, worse than nothing; a bruised reed and a smoking flax. The more we feel our extreme weakness the more shall we know the power of God, which is unto salvation.

Have I written the truth? O! if I have, give God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost all the praise, power, and glory. There is sin in all I do, say, and think, and in my writing too. O! is it thus with you? What a blessed comfort it is that nothing can turn you and me out of the everlasting covenant, (if we are in it,) which Christ has made sure in all things for all his elect. The perfect and finished salvation of Christ must be revealed in us, or we shall never know anything about it. Without a personal knowledge of Christ we cannot enjoy the blessings of redemption. This is what I want to know more about.

Well, I must not write much more; and God knows that what I have written has been for the truth's sake; for had — known, she would not have allowed me to write. O, what would I give if we were all living in the unity of one Spirit and one faith in Christ Jesus. God only can give this discriminating grace. How marvellous! "Now unto him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us, unto him be glory. Amen."

Give my kindest remembrances to —, and love to dear —. May you all grow in grace, and in the knowledge of the truth, and in Christ Jesus, whom to know is life eternal. (I do not mean progressive sanctification in the flesh.) Believe me, my dear —, to remain, in all sincerity and love, yours truly,

Feb. 8th, 1843.

A PRISONER IN CHAINS.

"THY PEOPLE SHALL BE MY PEOPLE."

It was a little remarkable, that on the very day I received your note, I had a friend called on me who is somewhat acquainted with the people whom you name, and, from what I understood from him and yourself, I feel desirous to know more of them. If they are

"poor, and wretched, and miserable, and blind, and naked," they will suit me right well; and if nothing will suit them, satisfy them, or fill them but the precious and perfect obedience, the bloodshedding, and the everlasting righteousness of Christ, the Son of the living God, which is unto all and upon all them that believe, their company and friendship will be dear and valuable indeed; if they are but empty pitchers, filled to the brim with the fulness of Christ, they will be right enough: "Make the tree good, and the fruit will be good."

The old man of sin, which never can believe in or love Christ, can bring nothing forth but the fruits of disobedience, (every seed yielding fruit after its kind,) while the Spirit of life, which we have in Christ Jesus, brings forth fruits meet for repentance; these are called, and are, the fruits of the Spirit, a sweet catalogue of which you have by the apostle—"love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, meekness," &c. So I see that in the spiritual table of arithmetic, let me turn or reckon up the figures which way I will, all that is heavenly, all that is righteous, all that is pure, comes from Christ; and if I turn the figures the other way, I find that Christ is heaven, is righteousness, is purity. One said, "Out of Zion (Christ) the *perfection of beauty*, God hath shined." O yes, perfection! My friend, let your heart and mine rejoice and be exceedingly glad; let us dance again and again before this ark of God; let Jesus, and he alone, be the ground of our rejoicing. Whether living or dying, sinking or swimming, may we triumph in this our great Melchizedek. "Let thy name be great in the earth, (people,) and thy praise unto the ends (fag ends, ragged ends, least ends, worst ends, all ends) of the earth." "Let the people (this earth, the new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness) praise thee, O Lord! yea, let ALL the people (all the great and small, good, bad, and indifferent, all sorts and all sizes, all that can praise) praise thee, O Lord!" This is to be purified from dead works to serve the living God. Dead works say, "Do, do, do;" but living works say, "Sing, sing, sing;" because they come from or relate to the living God himself; and sure I am, that we may as well try to breathe without lungs as to sing without Him. Who can tell, my dear friend, the extent of the blessedness of this sweet and everlastingly blessed truth, "In Him we live, and move, and have our being?" It is the sum and substance, the top and bottom, the inside and outside, the beginning and end of the gospel of the ever-blessed God. Worthless wretch that I am, am I indeed made a partaker of such unfathomable wealth, such inconceivable, such indiscribable, such matchless honour? As to the gold, the silver, and the possessions of this world, though my flesh loves them as dearly as it is possible for one object to love another, I count them as trash, filth, dung, and dross, as nothing, yea, worse than nothing, and lighter than vanity, when put in the scale with the unsearchable riches of Christ.

I must now say farewell. Give my brotherly love to those whom I love for the truth's sake, and believe me,

Yours in the closest of all unions,

R. T.

THE FRUITS OF PARDONING LOVE.

My dear young Friend,—I am satisfied that nothing in this world will lay our souls under such strong obligations to love and serve the Lord as a sweet sense of pardoning love. When favoured with this, we may truly say that his service is perfect freedom. O, my dear friend, what a change does this produce in the soul of a poor sinner! Here bondage, wrath, guilt, terror, distraction, hardness of heart, rebellion, and unbelief, with all the doubts and fears that we are the subjects of, all vanish in a moment; and love, joy, peace, humility, contrition, godly sorrow, and repentance, are the blessed effects. This is being filled "with all joy and peace in believing." Here the soul gets above the world and its vanities, and all its entangling circumstances; above itself and all its corruptions, and seems lost in wonder and astonishment. The goodness of God has such an overpowering influence upon the souls of his people, at times, that is better felt than described. Nothing will kill the love of sin and crucify the flesh, with its affections and lusts, like this. Here our comeliness is all turned into corruption, and we abhor ourselves and repent in dust and ashes, renouncing all our works, both good and bad, as filthy rags, dung, and dross. Jesus Christ, and his free, full, finished salvation, are all our theme, and all our desire. O what love and sympathy the soul feels for him in his sufferings and death, and mourns for him as one mourns for an only son! And we are made heartily willing to be nothing and less than nothing, if possible, that Christ may be all and in all, and that his holy name may be glorified. These blessings are the fruit and effects of God's everlasting love flowing through the blood and righteousness of his only-begotten Son, Jesus Christ, into our souls, by the power of God the Holy Ghost.

It is now more than twenty years since I first knew something of these blessings; and many are the trials, troubles, and temptations I have been called to pass through since then; but, through the Lord's mercy, I continue to this day. Notwithstanding all the unbelieving fits, dark dispensations, and desertions that have fallen to my lot, I am constrained to acknowledge the truth of his faithful word of promise, and also of my unfaithfulness to him. O, my soul, in how many instances have I dishonoured him, and my adulterous heart has gone after its idols! And the Lord only knows where I should have gone, had he not stopped me by the powerful voice of conscience. Sometimes when this has been the case, I have expected and feared that some sore judgment or affliction would come upon me, and that he would visit me in his wrath and hot displeasure, which I knew I justly deserved; and then my sins and base ingratitude for past mercies would stare me in the face, till I have called myself a thousand fools for my folly. But, contrary to my expectations, instead of judgment, he has again revealed himself to me as a God pardoning iniquity, transgression, and sin; and then my heart has been ready to burst with love and gratitude to him. This is heart-breaking work, which no language can fully express.

You will find something of this experience beautifully set forth in the 107th Psalm, which has been very sweet and precious to me at times: "Fools, because of their transgression, and because of their iniquities, are afflicted. Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and he saveth them out of their distresses. He sent his word, and healed them, and delivered them from their destructions. O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!"

O, my dear friend, many are the trials of the righteous, but the Lord has promised to deliver them out of them all; for "he knoweth them that are his," and he knows how to deliver the godly out of temptation. What an unspeakable mercy it is for such poor, guilty mortals as you and I, that salvation is absolutely free! For my own part, I am free to acknowledge that if it were conditional, I should be without any hope or expectation of ever being saved, but must sink into utter despair; therefore, I must say,

"O to grace, how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrain'd to be!
May that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee!"

Now I must conclude by wishing you every blessing that the Lord may see fit for you, that will be for your real good and his honour and glory; that you may be kept from the world and its delusive charms, and also from the many errors that abound in this day of profession; that you may be kept poor in spirit, and a beggar at the throne; and may the Lord grant that you may never be satisfied nor suffered to rest in anything short of his blessed self, manifested to the heart by the power of the Holy Ghost. That his blessing and influence may rest upon you from day to day, is the prayer and desire of your soul's well-wisher in the bonds of the everlasting covenant, the chief of sinners, and the least of all saints.

C—, Nov. 2, 1843.

EDITORS' REVIEW.

Zion, the Peculiar People of God: in which is shown, that God's Dealings with them differ greatly from his Dealings with all the rest of Mankind. Written from both painful and pleasant Experience of the Truth of God. By John Rusk.—Sold by P. Blackman, London.

How much more pleasant it is for us, in the exercise of our office as Reviewers, to be able honestly to speak well of and recommend works to our readers than to be obliged to condemn and censure them! Though often compelled for conscience' sake to condemn, we feel much more pleasure in being able to recommend.

The work of which we have given the title page has not been sent us for review; but having fallen into our hands, and being commended to our conscience as written by a spiritual and well-taught man, we believe we shall do our readers service by bringing it under their notice. We have indeed more than one review

in hand of works that have been sent us; but finding it hard work to get on with them as we could wish, we prefer roaming a little at large into some of the green pastures that we have found in the book before us.

The object of the work is to show the dealings of God toward his spiritual Zion, and especially to every individual of that favoured nation.

John Rusk had a deep insight into the general profession of the day, and clearly saw its hollowness and deceitfulness; and being a deeply-experienced man in his own soul, was well acquainted with the work of grace in all its various branches.

Our copious extracts will show this far better than any words of ours. We will commence with what he says upon the actings of divine life in the soul in its early communication:

"But again, this life will further discover itself in your having an hunger and thirst after righteousness; for this life will make you feel that you are destitute of every branch of righteousness. And how such a soul will long after Jesus Christ, and what a glory and beauty will it see in his perfect obedience, praying, with Paul, to 'be found in him, not having on its own righteousness; if so be that, being clothed, it shall not be found naked.' And these are the breathings of such a soul; 'O Lord, search me and try me; let me not be deceived whatever I may suffer. Lord, I fear that I am not right, for sin certainly has dominion. Lord, do not leave me; do not give me up. O Lord, thou hast promised to cleanse thy people from all their filthiness, idols, and uncleanness; lead me to that fountain that is opened for sin and for uncleanness, and grant that the blessed righteousness of Christ may be placed to my account.' I say, such a poor soul is fond of secret retirement in order to come to the light, although he often trembles at it, for fear he should not be able to endure it. O this is struggling hard at the strait gate; and he fears he never shall be admitted.

"But I do not intend to enlarge, for I have treated on this life in my other books. Now in such a soul you may discover several things. 1. The fear of the Lord, and that is 'a fountain of life.' Such are very tender, and forsake evil company; 'the fear of the Lord is to depart from evil.' 2. A love to the Lord's family, as far as they discover them to be so; and although they are often mistaken, at first in particular, yet this does not alter the love which they have, which is pure, and not dissembled; and by this they prove that they are passed from death unto life, agreeable to what the apostle John says. But then some poor soul may say, 'I certainly have felt this love to Zion which you are describing, but so far am I from being delivered, or passed from death unto life, that I feel the fear of death worse than ever; so that I certainly am deceived.' To this I answer, that you do not understand the apostle John's meaning. He means 'that wherever this love to the image of Christ is found, that such are passed from the sleep of death unto life; such are quickened; they are not dead in trespasses and sins as they once were; and others may see the motions of spiritual life in them. But for perfect love to cast out all fear, this is a full deliverance; and yet although such cannot come up to this, yet they are born of God, for John does not say, when perfect love has cast out all fear, then such are born of God, 'but he that loveth is born of God.' Loveth what? Why, loveth God's family, his truth, his ways, &c. Such are born of God; yes, they are born again, 'not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, by the word of God, which liveth and

abideth for ever.' But can such say they are sure that God loves them? No, they cannot; but in God's time they will be brought to this also; and this is being made perfect in love. It is this perfect love which casteth out all fear and all torment.

"Now, put all these things together which I have hinted at about life; —1. A feeling sense of our need, and a cry to the Lord for mercy. 2. A hunger and thirst after the righteousness of Jesus Christ, and the holy breathings of such a soul in secret. 3. The fear of the Lord, which tendeth to life, and this love to the image of Christ in the saints. I say, view these things, and see if thou canst not come in with a humble hope that thou art one belonging to this spiritual nation."

Though the author contends for pardon, justification, and a sense of interest in the atoning blood of Christ, as needful realities to be known and experienced, he is very tender of the first movements of life in the soul, and labours much to point out its secret actings in an experimental manner. He thus speaks of regeneration:

"Be again, another proof of your having this blessed Spirit is this; regeneration, and renewing: and this is all mercy. But, say you, 'what is regeneration?' I answer, a spiritual birth. Generation, or being generated, that goes first, and brings us into the world; but, 'except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God:' and this is regeneration, which consists in putting a living principle in us which never was there before—called spirit, grace, the new man, the divine nature, the incorruptible seed, &c. But then the old man is not taken away, only it is subdued and kept under, so that it shall not reign as heretofore. This is regeneration, and such are born again directly this work has taken place, which, I believe, is an instantaneous work in all. Hence Peter says, 'being born again, not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, by the word of God, which liveth and abideth for ever.' Now from this arise all those holy desires and longings after what God has promised, for, 'as new-born babes, such desire the sincere milk of the world, that they may grow thereby.' But although *regeneration* is once done in a soul, yet not so with *renewing*, for that is done again and again continually: for every time the old man gets up, we need renewing, and this is done by subduing the old man and raising up the new, and calling him forth into lively act and exercise: this is called anointing us. Now take notice of what is said of the church by the prophet Ezekiel: 'Then washed I thee with water; (here is regeneration;) yea, I thoroughly washed away thy blood from thee; and I anointed thee with oil.' There is the renewing. Hence David says, 'My horn wilt thou exalt like the horn of a unicorn, and I shall be anointed with fresh oil.' (Ps. xvi. 9.) James the apostle brings this renewing in also: 'Is any sick among you, let him call for the elders of the church, and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord.' (James v. 14.) And God will own and honour his own work, so that the times of refreshing shall come from his presence.

"Of his mercy he saves us, by the washing of regeneration, (that is, washing us with this water, washing away our blood,) and the renewing of the Holy Ghost; that is this anointing; for you and I often need this renewing in the spirit of our minds, which is putting off the old man, and putting on the new; and this is generally got in the means of God's appointment, and all this is mercy."

The feelings of the soul under a sense of its need of mercy are well described in the following extract:

"But again, this mercy is further manifested in appearing in our behalf when every other refuge fails, and when nothing appears to our view but ruin and destruction. It is a saying, that 'a friend in need is a friend indeed,' and this is true in the highest sense here; and it is for this very purpose that the Lord is pleased to bring us into various straits and difficulties, in order to discover his various perfections to us of love, pity, compassion, power, faithfulness, and truth; and all this is mercy displayed. I never can describe how low, and how often I have sunk under various trials without and within, sore temptations, cutting disappointments, innumerable fears, tossed up and down, as it is written, 'tossed with tempests, and not comforted;' and in all these things I have been led to discover the mercy of God to me as an individual, when every refuge has failed. For you and I can only know these things experimentally by sore afflictions. All other knowledge, to the exclusion of this, is vain, as it respects doing our souls good. The Almighty will bring us down, in order to discover his mercy to us, which will come when sorely needed. Now if we look at the poor publican, truly his was a pitiful case—a guilty conscience. 'He smote upon his breast,'—no access to God; he dared not so much as to lift up his eyes to heaven; in all this labyrinth of wretchedness, the Holy Spirit put this cry in his heart, (and enabled him to come after the Lord in chains,) 'God be merciful to me a sinner!' And this prayer, although so short, includes every thing, and came from the bottom of his heart; and the Lord answered his cry, 'for he went down to his house justified,' while the pharisee was condemned. David calls this mercy. 'Take notice of his words, 'who remembered us in our low estate, for his mercy endureth for ever.' You may see this mercy also in the Lord's dealings with Manasseh, Joshua the high priest, Paul, the jailor, and many more; which shows that God deals very different with every individual of this spiritual nation than with any others."

One thing we have felt particularly sweet, where he speaks of the long-suffering mercy of God:

"Lastly, upon this head, long-suffering mercy is displayed towards this spiritual nation. Ah, fellow traveller, if you have been any length of time in the ways of God, you well know how vile and base you have acted, and what returns you have made to the Lord for all his favours both in providence and in grace. To speak for myself, I acknowledge that I have gone astray times without number, and have grieved the blessed Spirit, set up idols, and have laboured hard to destroy myself. The love and power of sin has so overcome me against light and love, that I have so secretly fallen again and again, and really wondered that the Almighty did not cut me down as a cumberer of the ground. What is the cause the Lord does not? I answer, it is his long-suffering mercy, and that only. Hence you read, 'it is of the Lord's mercies that we are not consumed, and because his compassions fail not:' and, says he, 'Although I make a full end of all nations, yet I will not make a full end of thee; but I will chasten thee in measure, and not leave thee wholly unpunished.' This has astonished me greatly, and often brought me down to his feet. This mercy is a part of his covenant name, 'long-suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth.'"

The last point, on which we shall make a copious extract from our author, is that of judgment, and its fruits and effects in the hearts of God's people:

"But this judgment is of use that we may make a right judgment of preachers, professors, books, &c. There is a particular text recorded by

the prophet Isaiah. It is this; 'Hearken unto me, O my people, and give ear unto me, O my (spiritual) nation; for a law shall proceed from me, and I will make my judgment to rest for a light to the people.' Now observe what this judgment is which the Lord says shall rest for a light to the people. The same prophet will tell us; 'Behold my servant whom I uphold, mine elect in whom my soul delighteth; (this is God the Father speaking to his Son;) I have put my Spirit upon him, he shall bring forth judgment to the Gentiles. A bruised reed he shall not break, and the smoking flax shall he not quench; he shall bring forth judgment unto truth; he shall not fail, nor be discouraged, till he have set judgment in the earth, and the isles shall wait for his law.' (Isa. xlii. 1-4.) Here is a bruised reed, a poor creature that belongs to the election of grace, suitable to Jesus Christ, and under his commission; for in this judgment he is brought experimentally to feel that he is full of wounds, and bruises, and putrifying sores. Again, here is smoking flax; such as feel holy and very earnest longing desires after Christ, yet feel an emptiness which nothing but the presence of Christ can fill. Joy, which is a flame, they are far from, and conclude (at times) that they shall never get it. However, under all this smoking flax there must be a fire, which in time will break forth into a flame, and which our dear Lord will bring to pass; for he is to bring forth judgment unto truth. What truth? Why the sweet promises which declare their acquittance, and which Matthew calls victory. (Matt. xii. 20.) And here they are cast and condemned, as they often conclude, on all hands. Within they are full of wounds, bruises, &c., and conscience against them. If they look forward to death, an angry God and the day of judgment stares them in the face; and without, all appears wrong—'tongues arise in this judgment to condemn them.' Satan stands at their right hand, called the accuser of the brethren; but notwithstanding all this, and much more, this bruised reed shall not be broken, neither shall this smoking flax be quenched; for our dear Lord 'will bring forth judgment unto victory, and the isles shall wait for his law'; and therefore they do watch and wait at wisdom's gates, at the strait (or difficult) gate, looking, longing, hungering, thirsting, panting, desiring, and craving (at certain times) after the Lord Jesus Christ, who is the desire of all nations; (or this spiritual nation scattered up and down among all the rest;) and what they are waiting for is for this law, 'the isles shall wait for his law'; that is, for Christ's law, who is the person there spoken of; not the ten commandments, for that is called Moses's law, and this they already have got, in the application of it, and by which they are judged; but now they want a deliverance, an acquittance, and this is to come by Christ's law. But what is that? I answer, it is faith. Faith, say you, pray where is that ever called a law? Why, by the apostle Paul. Hence he says, 'boasting is excluded. By what law? of works? nay, but by the law of faith.' This is the law, as Mr. Huntington used to say, that the people of God wait for: this is expressly called the faith of Christ; he is the author and finisher of it. But why do they wait for this law? I answer, because it brings them all which they need, and which they are seeking after. They want pardon, and he that believeth shall receive the forgiveness of his sins: they want cleansing, and God purifies the heart by faith; they want righteousness, and it is unto and upon all that believe, even the righteousness of Christ; they want rest, and we which believe do enter into rest; they want salvation, and he that believeth shall be saved; they want victory over every foe, and he that believes is justified freely from all things; in short, they want Christ, for he is all, and they get him, for he dwells in the heart by faith. Now the Lord says that this judgment is to

rest for a light of the people; and therefore we find this of great use. 1. In hearing preachers; for if they cannot enter experimentally into all the holes and corners of the coming sinner in this judgment and acquittance, they are not in the secret; they may have the letter of truth, notions of the gospel, but they do not teach as this anointing teacheth; consequently we need no such teaching. Again, if in company with people that are high in a profession of Christ, if they tell us that they never were judged, but drawn by love in an easy way all through, we know they are deceived; and if they live and die so, they are bastards, and not sons. If others say they are converted, and now keep the law of Moses, and please God, that it is their rule, &c., we know that nothing of this is like God's work; and therefore let them be what they may, or profess what they will, we are enabled at times to bring it all to the test; this judgment rests for a light to this spiritual nation; and it is the same in respect of books, called experience books; and many of them are done in imitation of this good work, but God enables his people to discover the cheat, sooner or later."

We may, if the Lord will, and opportunity be granted, draw further attention to the writings of John Rusk. We believe that we have extracted enough to make our friends desire to see more. His experience has been published by him, but we understand that it is out of print. It is a very remarkable book, and we should be glad to see it republished, and circulated among the family of God.

EDITORS' REMARKS.

An expression which we made use of in our Review of Dr. Everard's work (March No., page 95) has been much criticised by friends and enemies. It is where we expressed a wish that our remarks might not injure the sale of the work.

Our feeling was this—a natural one we admit, that as we believed the persons who projected the republication were ignorant of the errors in Everard's work, and did it sincerely though mistakenly, we were sorry that our condemnation of the work should be a means of their pecuniary loss; more especially as we were certain that great expenses must be incurred from its republication. A correspondent has very well illustrated our feeling by instancing the case of a judge, who is compelled to pass sentence upon a criminal, yet expresses his sorrow that he is obliged to do so, as feeling what the consequences of the sentence will be.

A printed Reply, or rather an attempt at one, by the "Watchman," has been sent us to our remarks upon Everard; but such a jumble of confusion and absurdity deserves no serious notice from us. Controversy we dislike at all times, but it is worse than useless with a writer who can neither make use of an argument himself, nor understand one when put before him; but flits hither and thither like a will-o'-the-wisp, and writes much as a man would walk with his head in a sack, stumbling against everything and everybody, and not able to move two steps forward in a straight line. We therefore leave him, and advise him for his own sake to keep quiet. We believe that we know him better than he knows himself.

POETRY.

Messrs. Editors,—The following lines were suggested from the words, "Keep them," being impressed with much sweetness on the writer's mind, such beauty and compassion shining through the Redeemer's intercessory prayer as had never been felt before. Should you deem them worthy of a place in the *Gospel Standard*, their insertion will oblige,

L—, June 10.

ONE OF YOUR CONSTANT READERS.

"KEEP THEM FROM THE EVIL."—John xvii. 15.

"Keep them." For whom did Jesus plead?	I give to them a heavenly birth, A life that from my death shall flow.
What love, what mercy in that prayer!	"Keep them." Thou wilt;—no power in heaven
Ah, well he knew his people's need	Or earth, shall pluck them from thy hand:
Of his protecting, keeping care.	To them eternal life is given, And in this love secure they stand.
"Keep them,"—the objects of my love, Chosen eternally in me, For whom my tender mercies move, For whom I yield my life to thee.	"Keep them." Compassionate request! Breathed from the lips of him who died: He knew what hearts his saints possess'd, Prone from his sacred paths to slide.
"Keep them,"—my people, weak and small, Who have no strength without my aid, Who find in me their "all in all," Since I their debt of justice paid.	"Keep them," he prays: O boundless love!
"Keep them," my Father; they are mine; Save them from evil's dangerous way: The world will all its powers combine, To turn their feeble steps astray.	To plead for Adam's ruin'd race; And still he intercedes above, And still imparts his sovereign grace. "Keep them." By power divine they stand,
"Keep them,"—they are not of the earth; Like me, they must its hatred know:	Till Christ invites his saints above, To praise, with all the ransom'd band, "Redeeming grace, and dying love."

"THE COMPANY OF TWO ARMIES."

Two giants there are, and they dwell in one cot;
The one he loves that which the other loves not;
The one he loves day, and the other loves night;
The one he's for peace, but the other will fight;
The one likes to feed upon savoury meat,
The other loves garbage dogs only should eat;
The one he loves wisdom, and would she should rule,
The other's an ass, and will still play the fool;
The one he loves truth, and the truth he'll stand by,
The other hates truth, and believes in a lie;
The one he loves darkness, the other loves light;
The one he loves error, the other what's right;
The one loves pure wine unmingled with water,
The other a mixture false prophets have brought her;
The one loves to feed on pure milk or strong meat,
The other's so carnal he neither can eat.
And thus the poor cottage is batter'd abent;
And thus it must be till both are turn'd out.
Turn'd out they must be before peace can be had;
And they'll ne'er meet again, for which I shall be glad.

LINES,

Written upon the death of Sophia Fitch, who departed this life, in holy triumph of soul and full assurance of faith in our blessed Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, November 10th, 1843, aged 41 years.

Hark! what is this assails my ear?	And now the joy no tongue can tell,—
The solemn sound of death I hear,—	She said, "I ne'er shall go to hell,
A sister gone before:	For Christ, I know, is mine."
She's left this vale of tears below,	Satan a liar now she found,
To dwell where endless pleasures flow,	And when he threw his deadly wound,
Upon a happier shore.	Her life was hid in God;
She smiled at death, look'd in his face,	She's singing now the song of grace
Nor fear'd to end her mortal race,	On high, with all the ransom'd race
Or walk the valley through;	Of Jesus' precious blood.
She often here was heard to say	Aloud upon her bed she sung,
His chariot wheels dragg'd heavily,	For God had loosed her stammering
And thought they travell'd slow.	Nor could she then refrain: [tongue,
Death waiting stood to take the blow;	She's singing now above the sky,
When God commission'd him to go,	Where solid pleasures never die,
He struck the deadly wound:	Exempt from grief and pain.
She turn'd herself upon her side,	O yes! she sang in Jesus' name,
Then gently breath'd her last and died:	And shouted victory through the Lamb,
A conqueror now is found.	Before she took her flight;
She's singing now before the throne,	And now, without a veil between,
The honours of the great Three-One,	Her Jesus' lovely face is seen,
In realms of endless day;	In realms of endless light.
Worthy, she cries, the slaughter'd Lamb,	Her sister watch'd her latest breath,
And shouts of victory through his name	And said, "My dear, if you in death
Who died on Calvary.	Are happy, wave your hand:"
A mourner here on earth below,	She waved it forth without delay,
Oppress'd with sin, with grief, and woe;	Then quickly dropp'd her umbrous clay,
No tongue but her's could tell	And fled to Zion's land.
The agonies she felt within;	And now her soul is set at large,
She thought her heavy load of sin	Her Saviour's blood was her discharge,—
Would sink her soul to hell.	She views his lovely face;
She trembled here, and oft did quake,	She drinks immortal pleasure in,
Lest she within the burning lake	And shout, for ever freed from sin,
Should find her portion there:	"Salvation's all of grace."
She sought the Lord, for mercy cried,	And O may such a wretch as I,
And found at last, before she died,	Who sometimes am afraid to die,
There mercy was for her.	Be safely landed there!
The Lord sent home his healing word,	To conflict here with sin no more,
Did life, and joy, and peace afford,	But reach that blest immortal shore,
With pleasure all divine;	And victory shout like her.
Great Totham.	

E. P.

But again; some will say, "My desires are so intense after Jesus, springing from a deep sense of need, and from some glimmerings of his excellent worth, that I cannot rest till I am persuaded of my soul's interest in his eternal love." Yours is love in the smoke; therefore do not fear; it will not go out; for God says he will not break the bruised reed; though its melancholy jarring is not so musical as the "voice of doves, tabering upon their breasts." (Nahum ii. 7.) "But," say you, "I long to enjoy a sense of his atonement in my conscience, and to find a heart-felt union with him, and a joyful love to him; to say as the spouse does, 'My Beloved is mine, and I am his;' or with Peter, 'Whom having not seen, ye love; in whom, though now ye see him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory.'" (1 Pet. i. 8.) This joy that you have mentioned is love in the flame; be thankful for the former, but aim at the latter, that ye may "know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge." (Eph. iii. 19).—*Huntington.*

THE GOSPEL STANDARD,

OR,

FEEBLE CHRISTIAN'S SUPPORT.

"Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled."—Matt. v. 6.

"Who hath saved us, and called us with a holy calling, not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began."—2 Tim. i. 9.

"The election hath obtained it, and the rest were blinded."—Rom. xi. 7.

"If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest.—And they went down both into the water, both Philip and the eunuch; and he baptized him.—In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost,"—Acts viii. 37, 38; Matt. xxviii. 19.

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MEDITATIONS ON DEUT. xxxiii. 13—16, BY JAMES OSBOURN, OF AMERICA.

(Concluded from page 263.)

V. "And for the precious things put forth by the moon." The sun and moon are here both mentioned in proper order. We all know that the sun has the pre-eminence over the moon. The sun is larger than the moon, brighter than the moon, and of greater heat than the moon; and the moon receives all her light from the sun, which is the grand fount or source of all light. Now the sun is said to *bring forth*, and the moon, the lesser light, to *put forth*. From the above we are shown how great the pre-eminence of our anti-typical Joseph, the glorious Sun of Righteousness, is over the moon, the church. He was before all things, he is over all things, and by him all things consist. In him the church lives, moves, and has her being; and all her light, heat, beauty, glory, and grace, flow from him, the Fountain and Source of all good. As this Sun freely brings forth these precious fruits which we have just glanced at, so the moon freely receives them, and binds them about her for ornaments; and being thus ornamented, beautified, and adorned, she is styled the perfection of beauty, and the joy of the whole earth. And as she so very liberally receives all from the Sun, she deviseth liberal things, and by liberal things she stands. Or thus: she freely, and without making any reserve, puts forth precious things to the sons and daughters of men. And this is done in the preaching of the gospel, when Christ is exhibited, and the fulness and freeness of the grace, mercy, and love of God to perishing sinners are opened up. And here let me ask you, my sister, are there not many very precious things put forth by this moon at times? Have they not

often caused the souls of the sorrowful ones to be glad, and to rejoice with joy unspeakable, and full of glory?

With regard to the glory of this moon, I would just remark, Paul tells us that the natural moon is not without glory: "There is," says he, "one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon." And so Zion is not without glory. The clothing of this moon is said to be of wrought gold; her food, marrow and fatness; her place of defence, the munition of rocks; her ornaments, the hidden man of the heart, and a meek and quiet spirit; and the end of her race, the salvation of the soul. If all this be true, may we not bless the Sun "for the precious things put forth by the moon?"

VI. "And for the chief things of the ancient mountains." By the mountains here spoken of, we have brought to view the great transactions of eternity. The Father, the Son, and the Spirit consulting about the salvation of his chosen ones; the things then and there done; the arrangements made, the plan laid down, the steps that should be pursued, the events that should take place in time, and the end they should all tend to, may well be compared to mountains for stability and duration. In vain do men fight against the ancient settlements of the Trinity, as nothing that was there done will ever be counteracted, altered, diminished, or improved. As Infinite Wisdom adjusted all things for a certain end, so Infinite Wisdom will see that that very end be accomplished by those very things appointed for that purpose. And as these things were contrived before time began, and so fixed as to admit of no change, they are called "ancient mountains."

By "the chief things," we may understand the two grand objects which God had in view under all, and which he will never lose sight of, but will cause every event, either directly or indirectly, to be subservient to his grand design. And these two objects were, and still are, his own declarative glory, and the salvation of his church; and these are to be accomplished in that way which is perfectly conformable to his most wise and righteous decrees, counsels, and purposes. And that these are the chief things which occupy the mind of the Trinity, we may easily gather from the vast interest which each divine Person in the blessed Trinity takes in securing and bringing them to pass.

That God the Father is greatly concerned for his own glory, and for the salvation of the church, is evident from the many things he has said and done. God the Son is also greatly concerned for his own glory, and for the salvation of the church, as appears from the many things he has said and done, and is still doing. God the Holy Ghost is likewise much concerned for his own glory, and for the salvation of the church, as is plain from what he has said and is now saying, and from what he has done and is still doing.

If the salvation of the church is one of the chief things that concern the almighty Father, how happy, how blessed, and how safe must the church be! And if her salvation is one of the chief things that occupy the mind of Christ the Lord now in heaven, how highly favoured is she, and how humble and thankful ought she to be, since

his great concern for her cannot fail to end in a complete deliverance from sin, toil, and sorrow! And if her eternal felicity is one of the chief things that engage the attention of the Holy Spirit, and for which all his holy energies are employed, how can the prince of darkness prevail against her so as to deprive her of that everlasting rest, to bring her unto which is one of "the chief things of the ancient mountains," or which engage the mind and the thoughts of a Triune God?

Come, my sister, if you are willing, and join with me in surveying these "chief things of the ancient mountains" with the rest of the blessings conferred on the land of our mystical Joseph; and after that, if you please, we will take a view of "the lasting hills."

VII. "And for the precious things of the lasting hills." Are we not here led to contemplate the glorious covenant of grace, with all its sublime and munificent advantages?

This blessed covenant is very lasting, as well as very full of mercies, which mercies are said to be sure. The covenant itself is said to be an everlasting one. With respect to the formation of it, it is declared to be "ordered in all things, and sure;" and with regard to its wealth, a man after God's own heart protested that it was all his salvation, and all his desire. This covenant was founded in love, and has for its security the oath and promise of God, which can never fail. It was made with Christ the covenant Head, and in the behalf of an elect world; and to them it has been, and still shall be made known: "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him; and he will show them his covenant." And most precious things does this covenant disclose to the heirs of promise, as they have well witnessed in all ages of the world. This covenant was ratified by Christ, who is the covenant Head, and who was given for a covenant of the people, and for a light of the Gentiles. It is called a covenant of peace, as Christ, by performing the conditions of it, established peace between his Father and those chosen in the covenant. And as Christ did this to the perfect satisfaction of his Father, his Father has not only said, "My covenant shall stand fast with him," and that his mediatorial throne shall be established for ever, as the moon, but that he will, by the blood of this covenant, "bring forth the prisoners out of the pit wherein is no water." And now that this covenant, and Christ, the Head of it, are as lasting as the hills, and seeing that they have continued from everlasting unto the present time, it is evident that there is no prospect of their ever coming to a close; for "of the increase of his government and peace there shall be no end, upon the throne of David, and upon his kingdom, to order it, and to establish it with judgment and with justice, from henceforth even for ever. The zeal of the Lord of Hosts will perform this." (Isa. ix. 7.)

Here again, my sister, I take the liberty of calling upon you to assist me in ascribing glory to God in the highest, for establishing these lasting hills, and for the precious things they contain.

VIII. "And for the precious things of the earth and fulness thereof." Surely we may conclude that the precious things here mentioned

embrace all the blessings, comforts, privileges, and enjoyments of domestic, civil, and religious life, as these all belong to the inhabitants of this happy land. Thou knowest, my sister, that God hath given us richly all things to enjoy, and that "all things are ours, whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, or the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come; all things are ours, for we are Christ's, and Christ is God's." And this being the case, we must not fail to place them among the other blessings conferred on the land of Joseph.

IX. "And for the good will of him that dwelt in the bush." This bush Moses saw on fire, and Him in it too, who had a good will towards the children of Israel, and still has the same towards all his dear people in this our day. His will towards them is so good that he never loses sight of them, nor will he ever leave them or forsake them. He leads them, guides them, feeds them, folds them, carries them, watches over them, and hath promised to bring them safe through all. "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, and good will toward men," we, my sister, may sing with sublime adoration. And so we ought to sing, seeing that all these precious things are on the head of our Joseph, which must needs make him a fruitful bough.

These were my thoughts on the relation given by Moses of Joseph, in the 33rd chapter of Deuteronomy. If you can pick anything out of my thoughts now communicated to you to feed your soul, do so, and give God the glory of all, for to him all the glory belongs. Fare thee well.

June 20.

J. OSBOURN.

A HAPPY DEATH.

"Neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy."—Acts xx. 24.

"I am a stranger in the earth."—Ps. cxix. 19.

Huntington says that to pray for a happy death is the greatest prayer in all the book of God, and, I think, backs his opinion with the above passage of scripture of Paul's, wherein the great apostle (great in afflictions as well as in knowledge) declares that he counted not his life dear unto him, so that he might finish his course with joy; or, in other words, that he might die a happy death, as the saying is. Therefore, over and above, or rather connected with, the right knowledge of God in Christ, in his glorious blood and righteousness revealed in the soul, I have added also the above passage of scripture at the end of Paul's declaration; for I am persuaded that except a person is made (as the fruits of Christ in the heart, in his inconceivably precious blood and precious righteousness) to be a stranger upon earth,—I say I am *persuaded* that, though "a good man," yet he will not die a perfectly happy death, or, as the apostle has it, "finish his course with joy."

I have had many thoughts on these things—thoughts springing from *solid* dealings of God with my soul. And I am at a point upon it that God "cannot lie," and that he "cannot deny himself;"

and I am certain of it that self-righteousness or licentiousness, in all their various bearings, or in *any* of them in the soul, will *so far* mar the perfect happiness of a saint on a death-bed. I have heard of *dreadful* death-beds of "good" people, who have gone to heaven all one for that. And to this the Scriptures bear testimony. Some shall be "saved as by fire;" others have an entrance administered abundantly unto them into the everlasting kingdom.

No one shall mock God; for as they sow they shall reap, and in more senses than one too. If a man sows to the flesh, corruption shall be the desperate harvest he shall reap; and a desperate crop it is. Again; if a spiritual man sows to the Spirit, is that all? No; there are degrees; there are spiritual niggards, and spiritual princes. Some God gives *largeness* of heart to, and some he contracts and deals less bountifully to, in this present life; for though all saints will be equal in the life to come, yet in this life some saints are "saved as by fire;" others go, as one said, like a ship at full sail, and, with triumphant ease, enter the glorious harbour of everlasting rest in eternal glory.

These things are worth attending to. He that soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly; and he that soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully. O the solemn bliss, and the soul-searching truthfulness thereof! Do you not think that the people of God know what they are about? Yes, they do, more or less satisfactorily too, from time to time. "Therefore, my beloved brethren, (it does not speak to self-righteous bond-children, or legalists, or the presumptuous, or notionalists, that so far turn grace into a screen for looseness or unmourned-over barrenness and unfruitfulness of life; but says, "My beloved brethren,") be ye steadfast, (through effectual power given,) unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, (and for this *solid* reason,) forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in *vain* in the Lord." "We shall reap, if we faint not." O glorious prospect! Fired with the blessed life divine within them at the prospect of these things, how a spiritual saint cries out at times, "My leanness, my leanness! O wretched man that I am!" and thus, out of gracious sorrow, runs faster, and cries out, "I count all things but dung and dross," or, with Paul, in the words I have quoted, "That I might *finish* my course with joy!"

A wise man said that the Scriptures mentioned three sorts of happy deaths, or rather *safe* deaths; for I think happy, in its *full* (or fullest) meaning, must be confined to one. First, "The righteous hath *hope* in his death;" second, "Mark the perfect man, and behold the up-right; for the end of that man is *peace*;" third, what Paul sighed for, "That he might finish his course with *joy*." Now, here are hope, peace, and joy; and though they are all blessed and safe, yet I consider (and who does not?) that joy is the *fullest* bliss. Joy is the very thickest *cream*, as it were, of happiness; there is nothing beyond it; it is heaven itself in the highest degree, in proportion as it is felt: "In thy presence there is fulness of joy." O blessed and soul-enrapturing contemplations! Does not each wretch that has a hope in Christ cry, "Let me die the death of the righteous!" Yes, God is not un-

faithful; he knows all about us, and knows what we are at. And we read of some that in the Lord, by the power of his Spirit, are laying up in store a good foundation for the time to come.

I am at a point upon it that as far as God enables us to sow in faith and love we shall reap. For my part, I acknowledge that I have long prayed, or secretly wished, between God and conscience, for a happy death; that is, that I might have Christ *bright* then, and not dim. I would rather have joy than hope or even peace; that is, I would rather leave this miserable world, and leave my miserable body in it, with smiles, bliss, rapture, and unutterable comforts altogether, than have doubts or fears in the least degree whatsoever.

And I am persuaded on this point. No one shall mock God. If a man is erroneous on any one point, his joy will be so far made dim. For instance, if the devil comes in, and says then to the dying soul, "You are *self-righteous*," if one cannot point to the blood of the God-Man and His righteousness, and say, "There is my *only* stay." Satan will upset one. Satan comes in, and says to the dying soul, "You are covetous; you are lewd; you are proud; you have never had repentance deep enough; you are worldly; you have never given your money freely enough among your poorer brothers and sisters in Christ; you have made a God of your belly; you have minded earthly things too much. Look at all your 'chambering and wantonness.' You have wanted to be 'somebody'; you have been ambitious; you have been far from having a single eye to God's glory; you have not been careful not to set an ill example to others in *various* ways. 'Woe unto the world because of offences! for it must needs be that offences come; but woe to *that man* by whom the offence cometh!' and you are the man. You don't know what mischief you may have done religion by your short-comings in so *many* particulars. 'Let not your good be evil-spoken of.'" In this way Satan will come and assault the soul; and dreadful assaults they will be. O the havoc that has been made of my soul in these ways! And I solemnly declare that I never found any thing to overmatch these things except to be "four-square;" that is, sound in Christ in faith, and secondly in gracious repentance; Christ in a clean conscience; these two,—the God-Man's glorious blood, and His righteousness in a clean conscience. Christ's righteousness and blood are "the better things," or salvation itself. But there are "the things that accompany salvation;" namely, gracious sorrow, heartfelt sorrow, genuine sorrow, carefulness, departure from, hatred of, and heavenly *detestation*, as regards every spot of the flesh and its wretched workings, on the garment of one's religious profession.

Do you not find a difficulty in these things? If you do not, I do. O the inconceivable difficulty of running thus the race! Unrepented-of guilt, and guilt and faults that we are blind to, will mar the "joy" of a death-bed to wisdom. Christ "is made unto us wisdom." O the precious glories that shine in wisdom's ways! "O that they were *wise*, that they would consider their latter end!" God requires it of us. If God has not brought us, his own regenerated children, "to books;" if he has not tried us daily at the bar of gospel-equity about

all our goings on in thought, word, and deed, more or less effectually, where is our evidence of our joyful death-bed in Christ? Christ shines dimly in a polluted conscience. If God has not settled accounts with his children before, he will settle with them on a death-bed, and lay his rod upon them, and make distress to lay hold of them. I have heard of dismal death-beds even of good people. There was something faulty in them, in faith or practice. Their faith was partly letter-faith, or their practice or godly sorrow for sin was faulty or too shallow; so God laid his rod upon them before they gave up the ghost. And heavy work it has thus often been on a death-bed even to the precious sons and daughters of Zion.

And, therefore, I conclude with the apostle Paul, may I have a happier death than theirs. I have often wished it; and I believe that God will grant it to me, "that I may finish my course with joy;" which is a very different thing from being stung with rebukes and frowns. And a man that has Christ is crucified; he *has* Christ; he has crucified the flesh, with its affections and lusts; therefore, when his fleshly affections and fleshly lusts are crucified, he is, in every sense of the word, "*a stranger upon earth*," as I stated at the beginning. He does not want any one to tell him that he is a Christian; he humbly believes that he shall, in some degree, finish his course with joy actually and as a *fact*, and believes that he shall be in heaven as sure as there is a God.

Abingdon.

I. K.

A SERMON BY RALPH ERSKINE, FROM ISAIAH XXII. 24.

(Concluded from page 270.)

And, therefore, "he that glorieth, let him glory in the Lord," saying, "The Lord is my strength and song; he also is become my salvation." When the believer finds pride of gifts or grace begin to stir in his heart, he should presently check it, by putting these, or the like questions to himself: "What hast thou, O man, that thou hast not received? and if thou hast received it, why dost thou boast as though thou hadst not received it?" Let none of the branches that grow upon the true Vine boast, as though they had their standing, strength, or righteousness in themselves. "If thou boast, remember that thou bearest not the root, but the root beareth thee." (Rom. xi. 18.) All hang upon the Nail.

6. See hence a good reason for that solemn work and duty of covenanting, by stretching out the hand unto the Lord, as it is said of Ethiopia. (Ps. lxxviii. 31.) This duty is warranted by scripture example, and scripture prophecy concerning the days of the New Testament, and the example of our worthy forefathers in the three kingdoms, and this land in a particular manner. As God the Father, by solemn oath, has constituted his own Son the great Manager of his house, hanging all the offspring and issue upon him; so it is highly reasonable that all the offspring and issue of the family should confess his deed, by solemn oath and covenant, before the whole world, because this is for his declarative glory, upon whom all the

glory hangs. It is requisite that we not only believe with the heart unto righteousness, but confess him with the mouth unto salvation. (Rom. x. 10.) And this is in a particular manner necessary in a day like this, when the prophets are become such fools, and the spiritual men so mad, as to derogate from the glory of the great Manager of his Father's house, both his prophetic, priestly, and kingly offices, by tolerating the erroneous, foisting in moral virtue in the room of his everlasting righteousness; and by throwing up his alone headship; and enacting laws, and inflicting censures, inconsistent with his authority in his holy oracles. I say, what more just and reasonable, in such a case, than that all that love our Lord Jesus Christ, and regard his honour and glory, should, in the most solemn manner imaginable, declare their adherence to him in the presence of angels and men, saying, with Joshua, "Whatever others do, we and our house will serve the Lord?" There are a generation of men in our day, who set up only for a private, selfish kind of religion. If they believe with the heart, they think they have done enough; if they enjoy raptures and ecstasies of love to Christ, they are easy what come of Jerusalem, what come of the ark of God, or a covenanted reformation. Let error in doctrine, corruption in worship, tyranny in government, prevail as much as they will, it is all a matter; these are not the essentials; all is well with them if they have what they call the Spirit. But what sort of a spirit is that which follows, cleaves to, and coalesces with abjured prelacy, a corrupt backsliding ministry, and judicatories that deny the obligation of solemn covenants, and, at the same time, inspire men with enmity against a testimony for a covenanted reformation, and all that own it? Surely such a spirit must be the spirit of the old serpent transforming himself into an angel of light; the old malignant spirit that persecuted our forefathers unto death for cleaving to a covenanted reformation, although now indeed it has put on the name and vizard of Presbyterian. They that boast of such a spirit, as if it were a spirit of conversion, boast themselves in a thing of nought, yea, in a thing that is worse than nought, even of a spirit of strong delusion. A deceived heart and a subtle devil have turned them aside from the truth, that they "cannot deliver their souls, nor say, Is there not a lie in my right hand?"

Use second of the doctrine may be by way of *trial* and *examination*. Is it so, that believers are the offspring and issue of the house of God? Then it concerns every one to try himself, whether he be of that blessed progeny. We read (Heb. xii.) of bastards in the visible church, who cannot be reckoned among this number. They are indeed called the children of the kingdom; but they are such as do not inherit the kingdom of God, because they will be cast into utter darkness. And, therefore, it concerns us to see whether or not we be the lawfully-begotten children of Zion, the true offspring and issue of God's household and family. I remember, in the doctrinal part, I told you why they are called the offspring and issue; and now I would offer you two or three marks whereby they may be known.

1. All the offspring and issue of God's family have passed through the strait gate of regeneration, or the new birth; for, says Christ,

"Except a man be born again, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God." "But," say you, "how may I know if I be a partaker of the new birth?" I answer, the new birth brings a new state or standing with it. You have quitted your standing upon the law-bottom of works, and all foundations of sand, and taken up your only stand upon the foundation laid in Zion, which is Christ Jesus. The new birth brings a new heart along with it: "A new heart will I give them," &c. (Ezek. xxxvi. 26.) The new birth brings with it new principles of action; a principle of life, of faith and love; new motives and ends. Self-love constrains the sinner, but the love of Christ, and the glory of God, constrains the true convert to duty. The new birth makes a man to love the new covenant, even a covenant of rich grace and promise, saying, "This is all my salvation." The new birth produces new laws in a man. He was formerly under the law of sin and death; but now he delights in the law of the Lord after the inner man. The new birth brings a new language along with it. The man gets a new tongue. Formerly he spoke the language of Ashdod, but now the language of Canaan. The new birth produces new views both of things temporal and eternal. So, then, try yourselves by these, whether you be among the true offspring and issue of the house of God; "for he is not a Jew who is one outwardly, neither is that circumcision which is outward in the flesh; but he is a Jew who is one inwardly, and circumcision is that of the heart, in the spirit, and not in the letter; whose praise is not of men, but of God."

2. All the offspring and issue of the house have seen their Father's countenance; and they are always glad at the sight of it, like David: "Thou hast put more gladness in my heart by thy countenance than they had when their corn, wine, and oil increased."

3. All the offspring of God's family, each one of them, resembles the children of a king, because they bear a likeness unto their Father and his firstborn Son. By beholding his glory we are changed into the same image. And they hate themselves because of their dissimilitude through remaining sin and indwelling corruption, feeling, with Paul, "O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from this body of sin and death?" (Rom. vii.)

4. All the offspring of God's family have faith in Christ; hence called believers, because they believe in and believe on his name: "But as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name." (John i. 12.) The very name of Christ is so sweet to them that it is like "ointment poured forth;" and when the Holy Spirit works faith in them, if they had all the souls that ever sprang from Adam dwelling in their bodies, they could commit the keeping of them all to him.

5. All the offspring of the house are acquainted with the Shepherd's voice, the voice of his word, and the voice of his rod: "My sheep hear my voice." When they hear his promising voice, they are "filled with joy and peace in believing;" when they hear his commanding voice, they are ready to say, "I'll run the ways of thy commandments; only give grace to obey, and command what thou

wilt;" when they hear his threatening voice, they tremble at his word; when they hear his correcting voice in worldly trials and crosses, they are ready to say, with David, "I was dumb with silence; I opened not my mouth, because thou didst it."

6. All the offspring and issue of the family love to lisp out their Father's name, crying, "Abba, Father." (Rom. viii.) It is true, through the prevalency of unbelief and a sense of guilt and filth, they blush when they speak to him as a Father; but yet, now and then, as faith gets up its head, they will be ready to cry as the church, "Doubtless thou art our Father, though Abraham be ignorant of us, and Israel acknowledge us not; thou, O Lord, art our Father, our Redeemer; thy name is from everlasting." (Isa. lxiii. 16.)

7. If you be the true offspring of this family, your Father's presence will be your delight, and his absence, hiding, and frowns will be an intolerable affliction. Christ the firstborn of the family never complained so much of all his other troubles as when his Father forsook him: "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" (Ps. xxii. 1.) Just so it is with all the genuine offspring, as you see in David, Asaph, Heman, and others.

8. You will dearly love all that bear their Father's image, and the image of Him who is the express image of the Father; and the more resemblance they have unto him, you will love them the better: "By this we know that we are passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren." (1 John iii.) You will esteem them as David, the excellent ones of the earth, with whom will be all your delight.

Lastly. All the offspring and issue of God's house have a zeal for the standing of their Father's house; they love the habitation of his house, and the place where his honour dwells, and therefore will have something of the spirit of the firstborn, of whom it is said, "The zeal of thine house did eat me up." Is it possible that a true child of a family can be unconcerned when he sees robberies committed in his house, or the house of his Father turned into a den of thieves? or will a true-born child herd and associate himself with such without opposing them and witnessing against them? A true child of the family will be ready to say of such, as Jacob did of Simeon and Levi, "They are brethren in iniquity. O my soul, come not thou into their secret." Thus I have given you some marks which have a relation to the first character given to believers in the text.

I come next to pursue a trial with an eye toward the second character or designation of vessels of different sizes,—vessels of cups and vessels of flagons, all hanging upon the "Nail fastened in a sure place." In the professing church there are vessels of mercy and vessels of wrath, vessels of honour fitted for the Master's use, and vessels of wrath fitted to destruction.

Now, here some may readily put the question: "How may I know if I be a vessel of mercy and honour?" For clearing the way of answering this question, you will consider that all the children of men sprang from Adam by natural generation. The elect of God, as well as others, are, in the eye of the law, vessels of wrath fitted for

destruction, through the pollution and guilt of original and actual sin; and until God comes in a day of power, and digs the vessel of mercy from under the filth and rubbish of the fall of Adam, no man can make a difference betwixt the vessels of mercy and of wrath, because this is among secret things that belong to the Lord.

But if the question be, "How may a person know if he be yet a vessel of mercy fitted by regenerating and sanctifying grace for the Master's use? Hath God yet formed me for himself? Hath he taken me out of nature's quarry, out of the miry clay, and washed, and justified, and sanctified me in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God?"—now, I say, if this be the question, I will give you a few marks of the vessels of mercy and honour.

1. Every vessel of mercy in the house of our God (whether they be vessels of cups or vessels of flagons) has seen himself to be a vessel of wrath by nature, condemned already, full of the vermin of sin and corruption, treasuring up to himself wrath against the day of wrath. Hence all God's Israel are ready to take up that melancholy song: "A Syrian ready to perish was I; at that time I was afar off, an alien to the commonwealth of Israel, a stranger to the covenant of promise, without God, without Christ, and without hope in the world." Hence,

2. All the vessels of mercy are taken up in admiring the rich and free mercy of God in taking up the like of them from among the pots: "Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy he saved us, by the washing of regeneration." O, says Paul, "I was a blasphemer, a persecutor, an injurious person, but I obtained mercy." "He took me," says David, "out of the horrible pit and miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and put a new song in my mouth, even praises to our God."

3. All God's vessels of mercy have undergone the hammer of the law, in a greater or less measure: "Is not my word like a hammer, saith the Lord, that breaketh the rock in pieces." The law is a schoolmaster to lead us to Christ. So much hammering by the law is necessary, and no more, as serves to beat the heart and hands of a sinner off from the broken nail of the law, in point of righteousness: "I, through the law," says Paul, "am dead to the law." So much of this hammer is needful as to beat down the vain and towering imaginations of our own goodness, holiness, wisdom, and righteousness. The Dagon of self, in all the shapes and forms of it, must be broken down for ever. The vessel of mercy shall never more say, "God, I thank thee that I am not as other men," or, with Laodicea, "I am rich, and increased with goods, and stand in need of nothing."

4. All the vessels of mercy are made heartily content to change their holding. All mankind have their holding on the first or second Adam; they are either hanging by the broken nail of the covenant of works, or by the gospel nail of the covenant of grace; they are either seeking life and righteousness by the works of the law, or by the grace of the gospel. Now, in a day of conversion, the sinner having his hands knocked off from his first holding, he, by the hand

of faith, which is God's gift, receives Christ, and takes hold of that covenant whereof he is Head, saying, "In him will I be justified, and in him will I glory; for in him have I righteousness and strength. He is to me the end of the law for righteousness; for he was made sin for us, though he knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him." (Phil. iii. 8, 9.)

5. All the vessels of mercy are melted in the fire of gospel grace and love, and made pliable to the will of God; the heart of stone is melted into a heart of flesh; (Ezek. xxxvi. 26;) the iron sinew of the obstinate will, through the heat of divine love, is made to give way and yield unto the divine will. (Ps. cx. 3.) The language of every vessel of mercy is, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" The adamant heart is dissolved into evangelical repentance, so that the man now looks on Him whom he had pierced, and mourns. (Zech. xii. 10.)

6. All the vessels of the house are washed, and will be frequently washing themselves, in the fountain of a Redeemer's blood, from sin and uncleanness. (Zech. xiii. 1.) The vessels of the house, through remaining corruption, temptation, and frequent falls into the puddle of actual sin, gather dust, and become dim and unfit for the use and service of the great Father and Manager of the house; and, therefore, he will have them sprinkled with clean water; he will have their hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience, and their bodies washed with pure water: "Except I wash thee," says Christ to Peter, "thou hast no part in me." And this washing is what they themselves cry for, especially when defiled with any fall. Hence they cry, with David, "Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquities, and cleanse me from my sin;" (Ps. li. 2;) and again, "Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean; wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow."

7. All the vessels of the house, from the least to the greatest, have the name of the Father of the house, and of the Manager of the house, engraven upon them. It has been, and still is, the custom of great men to have their names and arms graven on their gold and silver vessels. So it is in the house of our God. All the vessels of mercy have his name and motto engraven upon them: "Lo, a Lamb stood on the mount Sion, and with him a hundred forty and four thousand, having his Father's name written in their foreheads." (Rev. xiv. 1.) They have the name of Christ, the great Manager, written on them, particularly that name, "The Lord our Righteousness;" (Jer. xxiii. 6;) and in this name of his do they rejoice continually, for in his righteousness are they exalted. And then, as we are told, (Rev. iii. 12.) the name of the new Jerusalem, which cometh down from God, out of heaven, is engraven on them; for they prefer Jerusalem to their chiefest joy. In a word, God's name, his glory, honour, and authority, his truth, his worship, his cause, and interest, the word of God, the testimony of Jesus, the prerogatives of his crown and kingdom,—every true believer hath these, as it were, engraven on his heart, and will study to maintain them before the world.

8. If you be the vessels of mercy and honour, the Master of the

house will now and then be making use of you, by pouring the wine, the oil, the water, or milk of his grace and Spirit into you: "For out of his fulness do we receive grace for grace." Every vessel of the house is anointed with the fresh oil of the Holy Ghost: "We have an unction from the Holy One;" and they that lack this anointing of the Spirit, in one degree or another, the Manager of the house will not own him as his: "If any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his." They will be found among the foolish virgins whose vessels had no oil when the midnight cry was heard, "Behold, the Bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet him." But I say all the vessels of mercy have a greater or smaller measure of the anointing of the Spirit; and every anointing of the Spirit enlargeth the vessel to hold more, insomuch that, through the frequent communications of the Spirit, a cup vessel at first becomes a large vessel or a vessel of flagon, until it be ready to be transplanted from the lower to the upper story of the house, where every vessel shall be filled brim full of God.

Question: Some exercised soul may be ready to say, "O how happy would I be, if I knew that I were but the least vessel in the house of God, hanging on the 'Nail fastened in a sure place!' But, alas! I am such a poor, worthless, useless creature, that I am afraid I am none of them."—Answer: It is the nature of all the vessels of mercy in the house of God, yea, of the great flagons, to esteem themselves worthless and among the least, yea, less than the least of all the vessels of the house. Says the great apostle Paul, "I am less than the least of all saints." (Eph. iii. 8.) And the lower they sink in their own eyes, the higher do they rise in the esteem of the great Lord of the house, and the more of his grace and favour do they receive; for he giveth grace to the humble.

Objection 2: Another may say, "I am so broken and tossed with worldly trials, that I am ready to think I am none of the offspring or vessels of his house."—Answer: "Many are the afflictions of the righteous;" and through much tribulation we must enter the kingdom. Christ himself suffered before he entered into his glory, and so have all the cloud of witnesses; (Heb. xi.) and, therefore, it is a false conclusion to think you do not belong to the Lord because of multiplied roots of affliction; for "if ye be without chastisement, whereof all are partakers, then are ye bastards, and not sons." "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth." God's gold and silver vessels go frequently into the furnace; and there is a need-be for it, to purge away their dross; and, therefore, they learn to say, with Job, "When thou hast tried me, thou shalt bring me forth as gold."

Objection 3: I am such a vile, polluted creature, that I cannot think I am one of his offspring by regeneration, but rather a vessel of wrath.—Answer: God will not cast away his gold and silver vessels because of the dross and alloy of sin and corruption that is about them. A man will take up a vessel of his house, though it be lying on a dunghill. So David, Solomon, Peter, and many others of the saints, fell into the mire of sin; and yet the Lord took them from the dunghill, and made them like the wings of a dove;

and, therefore, seeing God will not cast off for ever, do not you cast yourself off.

Objection 4: I am so harassed with Satan and his fiery darts, that I am afraid I am not one of God's children. I am tempted to evils and abominations that I am afraid to name to any in the world.—

Answer: Christ himself was tempted in all things as we are, that he might be a merciful High Priest to sympathize with those that are tempted. Consider again, for thy encouragement, that usually the devil gives the sorest pulls and pushes at the gold and silver vessels of God's family; and if you did not belong to God, Satan would not pursue you so much. When Israel came out of Egypt, then Pharaoh and his host pursued most vigorously. "The God of peace shall bruise Satan under your feet shortly."

Objection 5: I am not one of the offspring or vessels; for God is hiding, and carrying himself to me as an enemy, that the very remembrance of him is a terror to me.—Answer: This is no unprecedented case among God's children. David, when he remembered God, was troubled; Asaph cries, "Is his mercy clean gone?" Heman also, "While I suffer thy terrors, I am distracted;" yea, Christ, the first-born and beloved Son, is under such agony of soul that he cries out, "I am exceeding sorrowful, even unto death." It is hard to tell how far fatherly chastisement may be carried; but this is an uncontroverted truth, that the foundation of God standeth sure; and God will never disinherit any of the offspring and issue, or cast away any of the vessels that hang by a faith of his operation upon the "Nail fastened in a sure place." This truth will yield comfort, though the present aspect of providence gives just ground to fear some shaking judgment is not far off, on account of the abounding sin of all ranks, a contemned gospel, and the blood of those whose souls are crying from under the altar. But whatever calamities may be coming, though the world should be unhinged, heaven and earth mingled, and nothing be heard or seen but the confused noise of the warriors and garments rolled in blood; "yet verily it shall be well with the righteous." Here is comfort in case of rents, and divisions, and manifold disorders in the visible church, as there is at this day; men beating their fellow-servants, and putting them out of the house for their faithfulness to the Master of the house, and preferring the man with the gold ring to the man who is rich in faith and an heir of the kingdom. These, or the like evils, take place in the visible church, and have a melancholy aspect. But here is comfort; the Lord is looking on. He permits and overrules all these confusions and disorders for his own holy and wise ends, for the trial of faith and patience, and to show his own skill in bringing order out of confusion. And when he has performed his whole work in Mount Zion and in Jerusalem, he will reign among his ancients gloriously. Here is comfort to the Lord's remnant, when there are few or none of the rulers or nobles of the land to own the cause of Christ, or to put their hand to the rebuilding of the walls or gates of Jerusalem, lying in rubbish, as in the days of former reformations in this land. The great Zerubbabel can carry on his work either with them or without

them; for it is "not by might nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts." The Man whose name is "The Branch" shall come out of his place; he shall build the temple, and bear all the glory for ever and ever. Amen.

[Our readers will not suppose that we approve of every expression in the above Sermon, because we have not seen fit to omit or alter them. We look at the general drift and spirit of the author, especially as viewed in connection with the times in which he lived. The word "duty" was then much in use; and the author not being clear about the Law as a rule of life, a tinge of legality runs through many of his expressions.

"Covenanting with God" publicly and privately was much in use when Erskine wrote; and what is called "The Solemn League and Covenant" was a great idol in Scotland, and indeed considered the grand bulwark of their religious and civil liberties. The Erskines were much attached to this "Solemn League and Covenant" in common with all who abhorred Prelacy in the Church and Tyranny in the State.

These remarks may serve to explain some expressions in the above Sermon.

—Eds.]

SALVATION IS OF THE LORD.

Dear Brother,—Yours I received, and was glad to hear that you were still travelling on your way towards home. Though there are so many obstacles in the way to flesh and blood, yet home will make amends for all. But I sometimes stand astonished, and wonder whether it can be possible that such a wretch as I should ever enter into that heavenly kingdom where "the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest." I little thought once that ever I should have proved, in the manner I am daily proving, our dear Lord's assertion, that it is not that which goeth into a man that defileth a man, but that which cometh out of a man; for out of the heart proceed evil thoughts, adulteries, fornications, murders, thefts, false witness, and blasphemies. These are the things that defile my poor soul from week to week; and I am now firmly persuaded that I shall be harassed with these inward devils to the end of my race. But blessings, honours, and adoration be for ever upon the head of my adorable Lord, that they do not reign, rule, and have the dominion in my heart. Grace shall reign, through righteousness, unto eternal life, by Jesus Christ; and, bless the dear Lord, he does favour worthless me with moments, now and then, of the power and sweetness of grace ruling and reigning in my heart. O, at those moments, what a sweeping of these inward devils there is into their dens! and O what happy moments when we can sit at the Redeemer's feet, and hear and feel his blessed words of peace and love! It is here where my soul delights to be; it is, my friend, it is. My dear Lord is very kind to me; for he favours me with many visits that humble, melt, and break my heart, which wonders to feel its hardness disappear. It is then that I am happy, contented, and resigned to the will of my adorable Lord, and can say cheerfully, pleasantly, and delightfully, "Not my will, but thine." O what a sweet place, to have no will but God's! I am now and then for a few moments in this place; and I can assure you that

the Lord does not indulge me with these sweet moments for any goodness of my own.

"Tis not for good deeds, good tempers, nor frames;
From grace it proceeds, and all is the Lamb's;"

for sometimes there is such an uproar in my heart that I can compare it to nothing short of the very rendezvous for legions of devils; and they seem as if they would swallow me up.

My dear brother, I have no stone to throw at an Atheist, Deist, Arminian, Socinian, drunkard, whoremonger, swearer, liar, murderer, no, nor the vilest blasphemer that ever was upon earth.

"Shook'd at the sight, I straight cry out,
'Can ever God dwell here?'"

Can my soul be happy, and feel all this filth, wretchedness, and villainess at work in my heart? No. *Happy?* No; I am so wretched and miserable that my cry is, "O wretched man that I am! O monster that I am! Can it be possible that ever the Lord can pay me another visit of love?" Here I am sometimes by the hour, groaning, weeping, confessing what a devil I am, and entreating the Lord with tears that, if it can be possible for his love, mercy, and grace to abound with such an outstretch as to reach to such an out-of-the-common-way of wretches, he will once more appear for me, and set matters right between me and him; and, bless his dear name, he hears and answers my groans and cries, and sets my poor soul in safety from him that puffeth at me.

Such lessons as these, my friend, teach us to preach a salvation all of grace, and to proclaim with confidence, "Salvation is of the Lord, and thy blessing is upon thy people."

I am sorely sunk down sometimes with the solemnity of going in the name of the Lord into the pulpit, and fear sometimes that it is awful presumption for such a blind fool to stand up professing to be the mouth of God, when the word of God is a sealed book, and there is such darkness and confusion in my soul that I have not the understanding of a man. O my friend, at these times it seems as impossible for me to preach as to raise the dead. Here I am very often. I cannot go to commentators; for I have none to go to; and if I had, I could not go there, and meet with God's disapprobation; for He is against the man that steals his words from his neighbour; and I could not expect the blessing of the Lord if I went into the pulpit with another man's line of things, made ready to my hand. So that I am obliged to go to my old Instructor; and I am confident that there is none who can teach like God; and I am sure of this, that God's people will find those out, sooner or later, who do not go with the Lord's teaching; for they have an unction from the Holy One: "But the anointing which ye have received of him abideth in you, and ye need not that any man teach you: but as the same anointing teacheth you of all things, and is truth, and is no lie, and even as it hath taught you, ye shall abide in him." O! my soul has to cry and groan by the hour at times, "Lord, instruct me; Lord, teach me. Open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law. Show me thy

ways, O Lord! teach me thy paths; lead me in thy truth; for thou art the God of my salvation. On thee do I wait all the day. O send out thy light and thy truth! let them bring me unto thy holy hill, and to thy tabernacles. Then will I go unto the altar of God, unto God my exceeding joy; yea, upon the harp will I praise thee, O God, my God!" And how savoury, sweet, and encouraging have those blessed words been at such times: "Have ye never read that out of the mouths of babes and sucklings he hath ordained praise;" "Enter into thy closet, and shut the door, and pray to thy Father which seeth in secret, and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly;" "Whatsoever ye ask in my name, I will give it." O what softness, what humility, what littleness in my own eyes have I felt under the blessed application of the above words! How good and how precious it is to have God's answers to our poor prayers in secret, and God's light and life to proclaim it upon the house-tops! We can come before the people then with the things "which we have heard, which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon, and our hands have handled, of the Word of life; that which we have seen and heard declare we unto you;" "Which things also we speak, not in the words which man's wisdom teacheth, but which the Holy Ghost teacheth, comparing spiritual things with spiritual." Whether men will hear or forbear, what is that to us? "Follow thou me," saith the Lord; "He that hath my word, let him speak my word faithfully. What is the chaff to the wheat? saith the Lord." And I believe in my very soul that all the faithful sent-servants of God whom he owns in the work of the ministry, which is manifest by signs following, find the blessedness of the good word of truth through many sore trials, dismal deeps of distress, hard buffetings of the devil, dreadful sinkings, and when, with cries, tears, and groans, they are tempted to give up all as lost. But though the heavens appear as brass, and they receive no answers to their prayers, but expect that God will make it manifest, after all, that they have run before they were sent; when God's word of truth comes to their souls in the power of the Holy Ghost, they will exclaim with the prophet Jeremiah, "Thy words were found, and I did eat them; and thy word was unto me the joy and rejoicing of mine heart." I dare venture to say these will deliver God's word faithfully, as far as he gives them ability; and, you know, God requires no more: "If any man speak, let him speak as the oracles of God; if any man minister, let him do it as of the ability which God giveth, that God in all things may be glorified through Jesus Christ, to whom be praise and dominion for ever and ever. Amen."

I am glad to find that you are more reconciled to the trial which you have had to pass through. It is all in the hands of Him that rules and reigns over angels, men, and devils; and there is a needs be for it; and I believe that you will be brought to see it, and bless the Lord for it. But it is trying work to flesh and blood to have to do with those that appear to be so full of love and kindness that they could pull out their eyes for you, and who then turn round

and cry out, "Crucify him; crucify him!" I am not unacquainted with such characters; and, bless God, in his overruling mercy, it has been a blessing to me, and has brought me to "cease from man, whose breath is in his nostrils." What a great blessing it is to be enabled to trust in the Lord, and to put no confidence in man! I hope that the Lord will still bless you with a goodly share of his reconciling love and mercy enjoyed in your heart. Neither men nor devils can do you harm; for every particle of your work is fixed, and no man nor devil can unfix it. They can neither come to chapel nor keep away but as God will; for it is in him that we all live, move, and have our being: "There are many devices in a man's heart; nevertheless the counsel of the Lord, that shall stand."

May God Almighty bless you and me, and enable us to cast all our cares and burdens upon him. He has manifested his care towards us for many years, and has never yet failed to be our present help in every storm and trial, and will be even unto the end.

We are still going on pretty comfortably, and have abundant mercies to be thankful for. I have times when my soul is filled with gratitude for the boundless mercies of God to me, the vilest of the vile.

That these few lines may find you in the blessed enjoyment of the lovingkindness of a covenant God, is the prayer of

Your unworthy brother,

Trowbridge, Dec. 1, 1843.

J. W.

A LETTER FROM THE LATE MR. VORLEY.

Dear Brethren in Christ,—Grace, mercy, and peace be multiplied unto you from God our Father and from the Lord Jesus Christ, in whom we stand and rejoice in hope of eternal glory. I wish you may abound therein unto all well pleasing, holding fast the form of sound doctrine in all things, in the power and love of the Holy Spirit, which is your crown of rejoicing. Hold fast that which you have; let no man take your crown; for what is the name of a church without God and truth but a dead body? God is your everlasting light and glory, and truth is your shield and buckler. This Moses knew when he said, "If thy presence go not with us, carry us not up hence." And David trembled at the thought of being forsaken of his God: "Take not thy Holy Spirit from me." The divine Three in covenant are our comfort and glory while in this wilderness world; for though nothing can be found here but "vanity and vexation of spirit," our hope in God is sure and steadfast, whose goings forth in acts of grace have been from everlasting, as made manifest in the perfect work of a precious Christ,

"By whom salvation finish'd stands,"

and "in whom we have redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of sins;" which, when opened up to us by God the Spirit, fills the soul with that sweet joy and peace that will honour God, humble us, and lay us low at the foot of the cross as worthless worms, to

wash Christ's feet with the tears of gratitude. While the unpassable and unspeakable love of the Father, Word, and Spirit, flow into the bosom, the soul can say, "It is good to be here." This is the earnest of the Spirit, the foretaste of our inheritance. "The King is held in the galleries;" the banner of love is over the child; and, in such a frame as this, he would like, with the poet,

"To sit and sing himself away
To overlasting bliss;"

or, with the prophet of old, to drop his mantle, and, in the chariot of salvation, fly to heaven.

But you may say, "This is not my case now, if ever it was, of which I stand in doubt." Be it so. I bless God that neither darkness, doubts, nor fears, shall ever dry up or change the love of our kind God to us. These things must be; they are the footsteps of the flock. God's word abounds with these things, that his people have gone through, and with comfort to such mourners; which must be understood by us as coming into the same path; for no scripture can be truly known but by experience; nor could it fit our case, or come to our feelings, unless we were under the same exercises of mind. All God's word must be fulfilled; as with the Head, so with the body and every individual member of it, these things being fixed by Infinite Wisdom in love; the decree has gone forth that thus it must be. In all that tries our minds, nothing can come by chance, all things being guided by the same unerring hand that ordained them. Nothing in the end can be wrong, but must answer and issue in the fulfilment of God's word and glory: "All things work together for good."

It is our mercy that we are in God's hands, who cannot do but what is right. Thus, though Israel often found fault, and spake against God and Moses in their journeying, it was a right way to humble them, and to exalt the riches of his grace, that in all things his arm might be made bare; which, I trust, is our desire, that whatever we pass through, God may exalt himself; though I know such is our nature, that self will work in a thousand different ways, coveting that to ourselves which is God's right. This is our greatest enemy, and for this, I believe, God often sends into our souls sore troubles, by which the deceit of our hearts is discovered and our idols are made manifest to us, as he says, "From all their idols will I cleanse them;" which is trying work in the mind, and often stirs up much rebellion. Nor can we submit to these things till God shows us the need of them and the love he has to us in his thus blasting our gourds, crossing our feelings, and bringing us down to nothing in self, that he may be our all. Jacob could say, "It is enough," when the waggons came; "Joseph is alive." Just so it is with us when Christ sends his messages of love into our souls; all past sorrows are swallowed up in goodness; "it is enough;" Christ still lives and lives for us. "I am Joseph, (Jesus,) your brother," fills the soul with wonder, who is Lord Treasurer of heaven and earth, out of whose fulness every real need of God's children shall be supplied: "My God shall supply all your needs." It is then we can see that all

God sends, bitter or sweet, cross or comfort, is sent in love, for our good. * "It is enough;" Christ came into the Egypt of this world to be a full and complete Saviour, a full Fountain of all grace for us poor, empty, and undone sinners.

May God grant unto you, in my absence, that your sacks may be filled by a precious Christ; that you may be entire, lacking nothing that is good, but walking in love and peace; and the God of love and peace shall be with you.

The first object in our minds, when led by the Spirit, is God's honour in all that we say or do; for, as it is the first and the last in all God's works in creation, providence, and grace, to glorify himself, we cannot be right in our views but when we have the same object in pursuit. May God ever keep your eye single to his glory. A second thing in the mind under spiritual influence will be the enjoyment of God in our own souls; to have fellowship with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ, through and by the teachings and operation of God the Spirit, without which we cannot know or do anything aright. A third thing is to walk worthy of our calling, that God may be honoured by us personally. A fourth thing is the good, welfare, peace, and prosperity of the church, that, as one body, every member may act in unison, seeking this one object, that God may be honoured in maintaining truth in its purity, and walking in its ordinances blameless, esteeming each other better than ourselves, not minding high things, but condescending to men of low degree. That these things may be in you and abound, is my heart's desire. Look after nothing of worldly show in the cause of a meek and lowly Saviour, who will soon come in his glory in the clouds, to gather his wheat into his garner, and to burn up the chaff with unquenchable fire. That you may be sober, girding up the loins of your mind with truth, is my prayer, knowing that Satan never lies still, but is ever busy seeking to ensnare the feet of the saints; for there are none on earth whom he hates but them, and that is because God loves them and is glorified in and by them.

Peace and truth be with you; and believe me yours to serve in the bowels of Christ, wishing that you may be steadfast and immovable in the things of God, showing yourselves approved of him in all things.

To the church at Leicester.

Grove, June 7, 1825.

EDWARD VORLEY.

IT IS REQUIRED IN STEWARDS THAT A MAN BE FOUND FAITHFUL.

Dear Madam,—I have been very backward in answering your letter; but hearing that you were still desirous that I should write to you, I at length comply with your request.

From your letter and the little talk I had with you at A—, I have a hope that you are a quickened character; but I consider you in much ignorance and darkness respecting spiritual things. You are neither sound in doctrine, nor consistent with the word of God in

practice, in your mode of worship; and you seem to want to be justified in what is wrong, rather than to come to the light, that your actions may be weighed. If it be a true work in your soul, you will be brought out of darkness into God's marvellous light, to show forth his praise. If your heart be truly circumcised, your ear will be circumcised also; and as the mouth tasteth meat, the ear will try words. If you know rightly a law-work in your conscience, there will be a concern to know how your soul is to be saved; and a knowledge of your ignorance will make you ask God to enlighten and instruct you; and he will show you what you are by nature, and what all your neighbours are, and what a change there must be wrought before you can enter into heaven. This will lead to seeking after a better righteousness than man can have by nature; and a deep sense of sin will make you know that Christ must be experimentally known by those who go to heaven; so, as a sensible sinner, you will be led to speak and contend for religion as something that must be felt. If you are chastened by God's law, you will be satisfied with no refuge till you find Christ. And when these things are experienced, you, having judged yourself, will begin to judge others, both ministers and people; you will observe whether others are troubled and exercised about their souls as you are, and whether they know anything of a condemning law in their consciences, or whether they have enjoyed or desire to enjoy any spiritual blessing. This teaching will also convince you how awfully you have mocked God in the Church of England, in saying things which you have neither felt nor known. Now that you cannot use the language, you wonder how others can; and what an awful thing it is to do so! You will find that the church of Christ is very different from the Church of England; and you will observe how all the dark and ignorant people praise the Church of England, and those who have peculiar feelings like yourself condemn it. You will also observe that the Church of England is only another name for the world. And how dark and ignorant will the ministers begin to appear in your eyes! and even those you thought best of, manifest themselves unconscious both of a law-work and deliverance, strangers to much sorrow and much joy of a spiritual nature, and know not what it is to be brought out of darkness into marvellous light. In short, they know not the secret, nor anything of the covenant of grace opened up to their minds; and you will observe that they will careen the ignorant, and hate the spiritually-minded who love free grace, and can give an account of the Lord's dealings with their souls. These things will begin to weigh heavily in your mind; and you will perceive that as knowledge increases, so sorrow increases; and that it is through much tribulation we must enter the kingdom, if we expect to be with the Lord's people hereafter. You will find that the "Fear not" is applied to the little flock alone, and that you had better offend any one than Jesus Christ. These exercises of mind will lead to prayer; and a concern of soul leads to strict inquiry to know what is right, with a desire to do it.

Let me recommend you to read Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," "Grace Abounding," "Treatise on Prayer," Huntington's "King-

dom of Heaven," his "Contemplations," "Hart's Experience and Hymns," and "Barry's Life;" and I hope that the Lord may bless them. If you have grace in your soul, it will be made manifest before you die. What a mercy to have the least hope in God's mercy!

O what a precious season I had on the 29th! How precious was Christ to my soul! How poor are all the goods of this world to such a gift and blessing! May the Lord indulge you with the same, if his will, in his own time.

Remember me kindly to —, and all that fear God and know a secret in religion.

Yours faithfully,

Abingdon, Feb. 27, 1843.

W. T.

VITAL GODLINESS.

Dear Friend,—Yours came safe to hand. I hope you find that the Lord is with you, leading you into the glorious truths of the glorious gospel of the blessed God, and granting you a sweet unction of them in your own conscience. Vital godliness felt and enjoyed within is but little known in this day of great profession; and every soul who is blessed with it is a debtor to rich, sovereign grace for it. Nothing short of the life-giving power and unctuous teaching of God the Holy Ghost can ever make it manifest in the conscience of a sinner; and all religion without the life of God, in its best estate, is a mere doll, nicely painted and finely dressed, but without vital breath or motion. True, vital godliness stands in the life and power of God, and all other systems of religion will die away. Even the people of God themselves often get a fine heap of fleshly religion, and, in their fleshly mind, think it looks very pretty; and what does it do for them? It vamps them up with pride, and in the end makes fuel for the fire, and a most tremendous blaze it makes when God burns it up; and what a poor naked fool the sinner sees and feels himself to be when this takes place; but come it must, for it is thus written: "Every man's work shall be made manifest; for the day shall declare it, because it shall be revealed by fire; and the fire shall try every man's work of what sort it is," &c. (1 Cor. iii. 13—15. See also Zech. xiii. 9; Mal. iii. 2, 3.) And though the poor stripped soul for a while trembles, and thinks it amazing strange, yet he will in the end prove that there was a need be for it. (1 Peter i. 6, 7.) The Lord is determined to bring his people to feel that in self, and of self, and by self, they are nothing but a vile mass of wretchedness and woe, and that in Christ, and by Christ, and of Christ, and through Christ, they outshine the angels in heaven. In this stands one glorious branch of the mystery of godliness; and blessed is the man who is brought by the powerful teachings of God the Holy Ghost to feel and know something of it for himself. But while in this vale of tears, tribulation we must have, for God has decreed that through much tribulation we must enter the kingdom; and the greatest part of our tribulation is an internal one.

Through mercy, I am full as well in body this year as I was last,

though far from being well. I am, through the goodness of the Lord, able to preach as usual at home, but I am not able to go much from home. I expect shortly to bid a final farewell to this gloomy, miserable world, and, what is better, to this vile old man of sin, this daily plague within. Thanks be to God for a prospect of a final farewell to it. O the sweetness of being enabled to look forward with a blessed hope for the glorious appearing of the great God, and our Saviour the Lord Jesus Christ!

That the God of peace may be with you, is the prayer of,

Yours in the truth,

Manchester, Dec. 20, 1842.

W. G.

A REASON OF THE HOPE.

My dear Friend,—Beloved, grace, mercy, and peace be multiplied. To be able thus, feelingly, (taught so to do by the Holy Ghost,) to address each other, is one of the greatest blessings mortals can enjoy on earth, because such blessedness attends it that none can describe. But does my friend inquire, "What do you know of this blessing?" Let the sequel reply, and my divine Instructor answer, that my friend may be satisfied for himself; for there are such deceptions practised in the world and in the professing church, that it is no trifling thing to satisfy a real man of God.

The testimony of God which I have heard from your lips has made you, together with your printed sermon, which I have read with real comfort and pleasure,—yes, has made you manifest in my heart to be the beloved of the Lord. But, to prove to us both that I am so too, I must know the hope of my calling, and feelingly and evidently bring forth fruit unto God, as a living branch of Christ, the living Vine, and feel the love of Christ so deeply and sweetly impressed within, that not all the floods of sin, guilt, and corruption which I feel, nor all the sorrows, afflictions, and woes that I endure, nor all the foes and fears within and without that beset me, can erase it entirely therefrom, nor drive me from his dear feet, nor for ever rob me of the savour of his precious name, nor of the hope of living and reigning with him above to all eternity. This I have proved by heart-felt experience, and I need not the testimony of man to confirm it in my conscience; therefore, my soul trembles for thousands whose hope rests on such a flimsy base, that I am convinced that if sovereign grace prevent not, it will fail them in death, and down they will fall, deceived by sin and Satan, into everlasting torments at last. My heart and soul bleed for such, and cry to God to open their eyes, if it be his dear will. This, I feel, is all that I can do for them; for all the entreaties of men and angels could not prevail on a sinner dead in trespasses and sins to live, much less to perform living acts. This my soul knows right well; therefore, silence seals my lips, while sorrow and joy fill my heart, until my soul cries, "Lord, single out those whom thou hast chosen and redeemed, and make them manifest in thy Zion's hearts, by thy own instruments, and in thy own due time, and thou shalt have all the glory."

I cannot say the exact time when I was quickened; but I well remember the law-terrors I felt within before pardoning mercy dissolved my heart, soul, and eyes, at the foot of the cross. I have now reason to believe that God the Spirit was gradually unfolding the law in my conscience for several years, though I knew it not then; neither did any one else know, except myself, (so reserved was I, for fear of being a hypocrite,) the dreadful workings and torments of my mind, until guilt, law-terrors, and fear, were removed from my conscience by the application of the blood of Jesus. Then the love of Christ, for the first time, tuned my heart, soul, and tongue so sweetly that I could not help but make it known. During those several years, my convictions wore off, from time to time, till the last six months during which I was in this state, when they never wore off again, but grew stronger and deeper, till, on the verge of despair, my soul did, as a drowning man, most vehemently cry out with bitter anguish and resistless desire, "Lord, save, or I perish! God be merciful to me, a sinner!" Then, as quick as thought, a voice echoed through all the powers of my soul, saying, "Fear not, I am with thee; be not dismayed, I am thy God. I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee by the right hand of my righteousness." This was enough; my heart was broken, law-terrors and guilt were removed from my conscience, my doubts and fears were gone, my eyes were bathed in tears, my pillow was wet beneath my head, my soul was filled with joy and peace in believing, and my tongue began the new song, which I still am singing, and live in hope of singing above for ever: "Glory to God and the Lamb, redeeming love, and victory through the blood of the Lamb!" O what a blessed change my soul experienced in that well-known hour! O what a time of love I then enjoyed! O the heavenly raptures I felt, the fixed hatred to my sins for wounding the heart and piercing my Saviour so, and the longings I felt to die in his dear embrace, that I might not sin against him any more, and to be with him for ever!

My dear friend, would to God that all who talk about liberty did really thus know what it is for themselves. I cannot take all for gold that glitters; neither can I feel satisfied with myself or others, unless I can feel and see the peaceful sign of the sprinkled blood within. Thus was I sealed up to the day of redemption; so others must receive the mark in their foreheads here below, and begin this song of the redeemed in glory while they are here on earth, or they will never sing it above. I have escaped from the dread of the wrath to come, in my own apprehension, only as by the skin of my teeth, my eternal damnation appeared to be so near; and I cannot set it down for granted that others may escape in silver slippers. True religion, and undefiled before God, is not so easily to be got at or obtained. If a man would give the substance of his house, and his body to be burned, for charity, or the love of God, it would be utterly contemned. And the soul that never knows what the love of God is here, will never know what it is beyond the grave. Salvation is of the Lord.

Such language as this once would make me tremble; I could not endure it, nor bear those persons who spoke it; therefore, it is no

wonder to me that the natural man resents and hates it, and those who love it, as he does. But now a feeling interest in these truths, under God the Spirit's sealing, has turned my choice, my feelings, and my voice; blessed be God for that. Such language now thrills through my soul with sweet and solemn joy, and endears to my heart the men who dare to (and do, in love and soul-travail for sinners, for Zion, and to advance the declarative glory of God) advance these blessed truths.

Thus you have a few of my reasons of the hope that is in me; why I hope that I am loved by God, called of God, redeemed to God, and shall for ever reign with Israel's covenant God in glory when time is no more. Suspicions and doubts do indeed arise at times within, beneath the hidings of God's face, and make my soul tremble; but a single moment's interview in solemn communion with Jesus, and a faith's view of my best Beloved, put all matters straight, and my unbelief to the blush, and make my soul rejoice again in his great salvation. Nevertheless, it is not the fear of being lost at last that distresses me; it is the deceitfulness, wanderings, and base ingratitude of my wretched heart that so often cause me to walk in bonds beneath the hidings of his face, that grieve me. But when sin is done away, all my sorrows will cease; therefore doth my soul rest in hope. Adieu.

Yours affectionately in the Lord,

Bedworth, Aug. 2, 1844.

G. T. C.

THE TRIUNE GOD.

"This, I confess, is a mystery which I cannot possibly conceive; yet it is a truth which I can easily believe. Yea, therefore, it is so true that I can easily believe it, because it is so high that I cannot possibly conceive it; for it is impossible that anything should be true of the infinite Creator which can be fully expressed to the capacities of a finite creature; and for this reason I ever did and ever shall look upon those apprehensions of God to be the truest whereby we apprehend him to be the most incomprehensible, and that to be the most true of God which seems most impossible unto us.

"Upon this ground, therefore, it is, that the mysteries of the gospel which I am the less able to conceive I think myself the more obliged to believe; especially this mystery of mysteries—the Trinity in Unity, and Unity in Trinity, which I am so far from being able to comprehend, or, indeed, to apprehend, that I cannot set myself seriously to think of it, but I immediately lose myself as in a trance or ecstasy.

"That God the Father should be one perfect God of himself, God the Son one perfect God of himself, and God the Holy Ghost one perfect God of himself, and yet that these three should be but one perfect God of himself; so that one should be perfectly three, and three perfectly one; that the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost should be three, and yet but one; but one, and yet three; O! heart-amazing, thought-devouring, inconceivable mystery! Who cannot believe it

to be true of the glorious Deity? Certainly none but such as are able to apprehend it, which I am sure I cannot do, nor do I believe any other creature can. And because no other creature can possibly conceive how it should be so, I therefore believe it really to be so; namely, that the Being of all beings is but one in essence, yet three in substance; but one nature, and yet three Persons; and that these three Persons in that one nature, though absolutely distinct from one another, are yet but the same God. And I believe these three Persons in that one nature are, indeed, to one another as they are expressed to be to us, that the one is really a Father to the other, that the other is really a Son to Him, and the third the product of both; and yet that there is neither first, second, nor third amongst them, either in time or nature. So that he that begat was not at all before him that was begotten, nor he that proceeded from them both any whit after either of them; and, therefore, that God is not termed Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, as if the divine nature of the one should beget the divine nature of the second, or the divine nature of the first and second should issue forth the divine nature of the third; for then there would be three divine natures, and so three divine Gods, essentially distinct from one another. By this means, also, only the Father would be truly God, because he only would be essential of and from himself, and the other two from him. But what I think myself bound to believe is, that it was not the divine nature, but the divine Person of the Father which did, from eternity, beget the divine Person of the Son; and from the divine Persons of the Father and the Son did, from eternity, proceed the divine Person of the Holy Ghost; and so one not being before the other in time or nature, as they are from eternity three perfectly distinct Persons, so they are but one co-essential God. But dive not, O my soul, too deep into this bottomless ocean, this abyss of mysteries! It is the holy of holies; presume not to enter into it, but let this suffice thee, that He who knows best himself hath avouched it himself, and therefore thou oughtest to believe it: 'Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.' 'There are three, that bear record in heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost; and these three are one.'—*Beveridge.*

THE JUST SHALL LIVE BY FAITH.

Dear Brother in the Lord,—In Habakkuk ii. 4, I find these words: "The just shall live by his faith," which are quoted by the apostle Paul in Rom. i. 17, Gal. iii. 11, and Heb. x. 38; of such importance are those precious words. This, dear brother, is what we need daily to enjoy, to glorify God, and for our own comfort; for "without faith it is impossible to please God." Kind Father! give us this faith, for Christ's sake. Amen.

God assisting me, I will give you a few remarks upon this text; and that God may bless it to your soul, is my design and prayer in writing, I can assure you.

I. A scriptural description of a just man, in a gospel sense.

II. What the just man is to live by.

III. What the just is to live upon.

IV. The properties of the life that the just man lives.

I. The just is a man that has had the condemning sentence of the law in his heart by the quickening operations or the regenerating power of the blessed Spirit; the real effects of which are, "Lost, lost, undone!" a discovery of the just requirements of God's just law, a deep sense of our total inability to perform its just demands, the just sanction of the law in our justly deserving damnation, and that God would be just in banishing us from him for ever. Now, the man really convicted of these truths cannot disbelieve them if he would, because they are fixed in his heart by the power of the eternal Spirit. (John xvi. 8.) O monster sin, pregnant cause of all misery, meritorious of eternal damnation! Hence arises the absolute necessity of a precious Christ (and thanks to God for his unspeakable gift); and, by the Spirit's further leading, Christ is made known as the Saviour of the lost, the Receiver of sinners, as dying the Just for the unjust, as the Deliverer from the curse, being made a curse (O sweet news!) for those that feel the killing letter. The sensible sinner is raised up to a hope by these truths; and a spirit of grace and supplication being poured out upon it, the soul cries, "God, be merciful, for Christ's sake! Dear Lord, save, or I perish!"

Further. The sinner is taught the need and the truth of Christ's righteousness, the suitability of it for his justification and the acceptance of his person in the sight of God, for time and eternity. Now, this blessed righteousness includes Christ's divinity, incarnation, substitution, representative character, suretyship engagements, his holy life of perfect obedience to that law which we have disobeyed, his expiatory death, enduring the damnation due to us, having our sins condemned in his flesh, (Rom. viii. 34,) that the righteousness of the law might be fulfilled in us. This righteousness is imputed to us without works done by us. (Rom. iv. 6.) "But to him that worketh not, but believeth on him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness." (Rom. iv. 5.) O blessed truth!

This, dear brother, is a gospel description of a just man; and not all his after sins shall make this believer unjust, for this reason—the righteousness that justifies him is everlasting; therefore, his state, as just, is so too, thanks to Christ.

II. The just is to live by his faith. Observe, he does not live *of*, nor *upon* his faith, but *by* his faith. Not his *faith*, you see, but that *which his faith receives*, is that which makes the sinner just. Dear brother, I break my fast *with* pottage *by* my spoon. I feed myself; but it is the *pottage*, and not the *spoon*, that I eat. It is said, you know, that Esau should live *by* his sword, but not *of* it; it would have been too hard to eat, much more to digest. But he lived upon what his sword fetched in, suppose some good venison procured by his sword, and well cooked; and it would be comfortable living.

I hope that you see the distinction between faith and its blessed

object, Christ, and all belonging to his glorious Person. Yet by faith, and not by works, the just man lives; by faith as a fruit of the Holy Spirit, (Gal. v. 22,) the gift of God, (Phil. i. 29,) effected by the power of God, (1 Cor. ii. 5,) that has Christ for its beginning and end; (Heb. xii. 2;) by faith that is connected with the salvation of the soul. (Heb. x. 38, 39.) So much for the faith by which the just lives.

III. Upon what the just lives, viz., the Object of faith; and on nothing else can he live comfortably. What is this? The Three-One God, three Persons in one incomprehensible Jehovah, coeval, coequal, and coeternal,—Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. The Father hath chosen us to salvation; (2 Thess. ii. 13;) and he has not appointed us to wrath, but to obtain salvation through Christ. The Son has accomplished salvation; his own arm has brought salvation; his death effected it; sin was put away by it, made an end of through it, blotted out, cast behind his back, cast into the depth of the sea, and, if sought for, never to be found; by which the just is without blame before God in love, faultless, complete, and accepted in the Beloved. The blessed Spirit glorifies the Son, in taking these blessings and showing them to believers. The Father was, in Christ, reconciling the whole elect unto himself, not imputing their sins unto them, (blessed be his name!) but made his Son sin (by imputation) for us, though he knew none (by perpetration), that we who knew no righteousness of our own might be made (by imputation) the righteousness of God in him. Jesus reconciled us to God by his death, even when we were enemies to God; much more, then, being reconciled (manifestively by the blessed Spirit's manifestation to the faith of the just man), we shall be saved from wrath through him.

Again. Sanctification of the Trinity: "To them that are sanctified by God the Father, and preserved in Jesus Christ, and called;" (Jude 1;) set apart in the counsel, purposes, and covenant love of the Father before the foundation of the world, to be "holy and without blame before him in love." Jesus, that he might sanctify the people with his own blood, suffered without the gate, that he might set apart the people holy, just, and pure before God as a God of justice as well as holiness, by the shedding of his precious blood. "Every man that hath this hope in him purifieth himself, even as he is pure;" and, to accomplish this, Christ says, "And for their sakes I sanctify myself;" (John xvii. 19;) that is, "set apart myself, as my people's Head, Husband, and Surety, to put away their sins by the sacrifice of myself, and have, by myself, purged their sins." Blessed Jesus, eternal thanks to thee! And the Holy Spirit begins a good work of grace in their souls, carries it on in opposition to all corruption, sin, temptations, and every evil, and perfects the same to the day of Jesus; and they believe this truth, unto which they are called by the gospel.

Now, dear brother, these are the objects of faith by which the just man lives. And we know how much we have of faith by the life we receive from those blessed objects. But observe, my brother, our

faith does not give existence to the objects; no, they are the same when we are labouring with unbelief; and, blessed be God, their Author is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. May God bless us with the enjoyment of them more and more, for Christ's sake, that we may live more to his honour, praise, and glory.

IV. The properties of this life. Life breathed into the soul by the sweet Spirit is denominated spiritual: "That which is born of the Spirit is spirit," and can never be annihilated. The blessings provided for those who have this life are spiritual blessings, and are all in Christ Jesus, for safety. Of the possessors of them it is said, "Ye also, as lively stones, are built up a spiritual house, a holy priesthood, to offer up spiritual sacrifices acceptable to God by Jesus Christ." Jesus gives them eternal life, and they shall never perish. "If I live," says the Head, "ye shall live also."

May God bless this truth to your soul. Amen.

Lockwood, Oct. 27, 1841.

C. L.

INQUIRIES.

Messrs. Editors,—I have been very much exercised of late respecting the following scriptures: "And grieve not the Holy Spirit of God, whereby ye are sealed unto the day of redemption;" (Eph. iv. 30;) "Quench not the Spirit." (1 Thess. v. 19.)

The point with me is, Does the apostle mean God the Spirit abstractedly, or the Spirit of God that dwells in every regenerated vessel of mercy? In the latter case, I can speak from painful experience; for the Spirit in me has been too often grieved, from my vain and corrupt communications, &c., to which the apostle alludes in the context. I should therefore be very thankful if you would be pleased to insert the above in your valuable periodical, the *Gospel Standard*, that some dear man of God may be led by the Spirit of truth to open up the true spiritual meaning thereof.

Portsmouth, 10th Feb., 1844.

A CONSTANT READER.

[We have preferred inserting an extract from a work of Dr. Owen's which we lately met with, to attempting any answer of our own to the above Inquiry, or requesting one from our correspondents. Though perhaps every expression in the extract may not be free from objection, yet as a simple and scriptural explanation of the subject, we think it worth attention.—Eds.]

"Grieve not the Holy Spirit." Consider who he is, what he has done for you, how much you are concerned in his continuance with you; and remember that he is a free, infinitely wise, and holy agent in all that he doth, who came freely unto you, and can withdraw from you; therefore, grieve him not.

Grief is here ascribed to the Holy Spirit, not properly, but metaphorically, in order to give us such an apprehension of things as we are able to receive. What may justly grieve a good man, and what he will do when undeservedly grieved, represent to us what we are to understand of our own condition, with respect to the Holy Ghost, when he is said to be grieved by us; and grief, in the sense here intended, is a trouble of mind arising from an apprehension of unkindness not deserved,—of disappointments not expected, on account of a near concern in those by whom we are grieved. Hence we may see what it is we are warned of, when we are cautioned not to grieve the Holy Spirit. As,

1. There must be unkindness in what we do. Sin has various aspects towards God,—of guilt, filth, and the like; but grieving him denotes unkindness, or a

defect of love, answerable to the testimonies we have received of his love for us. He is the Spirit of love; he is love. All his actings towards us and in us are fruits of his love; and all our joys and consolations arise from a sense of the love of God communicated, in an endearing way of love, unto our souls. This requires a return of love, and delight in all duties of obedience, on our parts. When, instead hereof, by our negligence and carelessness, or otherwise, we fall into those things which he abhors, he observes the unkindness and ingratitude which is therein, and is therefore said to be grieved by us.

2. Disappointment in expectation. Properly speaking, disappointment is utterly inconsistent with the prescience and omniscience of the Spirit of God. But we are disappointed when things fall out contrary to expectations, and to the means we employed for their accomplishment; and when the means that God useth towards us do not, by reason of our sins, produce the effect they are suited unto, God speaks of himself as disappointed. Now disappointment causeth grief. As when a father hath used all means for the education of a child, and expended much of his estate therein, if he, through dissoluteness or idleness, deceive his expectations, it fills him with grief. The Spirit of God hath done great things for us; and they all have a tendency to an increase in holiness, light, and love. Where they have not a suitable effect, there is that disappointment which causeth grief.

3. The concern of the Holy Spirit in us concurs to his being grieved; for we are grieved by those in whom we are particularly concerned,—those whom we love, or to whom we are related. The miscarriages of others are passed over without any such trouble. Now the Holy Spirit has undertaken the office of a Comforter, and stands in that relation to us; and his love towards us has been already declared. Hence he is so concerned in us, that he is said to be grieved with our sins when he is not so at the sins of others, to whom he stands in no special relation.

Now we may be said to grieve the Spirit (1.) when we are not influenced by his love and kindness to answer his mind and will in all holy obedience, accompanied with joy, love, and delight. This he deserves at our hands, this he expects from us; but where it is neglected, when we attend to duties with an unwilling mind, or servile frame, we are said to grieve him.

(2.) When we lose the sense and impression of signal mercies received by him,—when we forget the grace, kindness, and condescension of the Holy Spirit in his dwelling in us, and communicating the love and grace of God into us, we may well be said to grieve him.

(3.) Some sins there are which, in a special manner, above others, do grieve the Holy Spirit. These our apostle discourseth of in 1 Cor. iii. 15—20; and by the connection of the words, he seems to make a corrupt communication, which always hath a tendency to corruption of conversation, to be a sin of this nature. (Verses 29, 30.)

When any persons continue in those ways whereby he is grieved, he is said to be vexed. Thus it is said of some of old, "They rebelled, and vexed his Holy Spirit, therefore he was turned to be their enemy, and he fought against them." This is the progress of these things. If those whom we are concerned in, as children or other relations, fall into evil ways, we are at first grieved, and this grief is attended with pity and compassion, with an earnest endeavour for their recovery; but if, notwithstanding all our endeavours, they persist in their froward ways, then we are vexed with them, which includes an addition of anger and indignation to our former grief and sorrow. Yet, in this posture of things, we cease not to attempt their cure for a season, which, if it succeed not, but they continue in their obstinacy, then we resolve to treat with them no more, but to leave them to themselves. And thus it is in the dealings of the Holy Spirit with us; and woe be to us when he shall depart from us! So when the old world would not be brought to repentance by the dispensation of the Spirit of Christ, in the preaching of Noah, (1 Pet. iii. 19, 20,) God said that his Spirit should give over, and not always "contend with man." (Gen. vi. 3.) Now, the cessation of his operations comprises three things: 1. A total removal of the means of grace, as to all the ways of revealing the mind of God, or as to the efficacy of the word, even where the outward dispensation of it is con-

tinued, so that "hearing, they shall hear but not understand;" for it is by the word that he strives with men. 2. A forbearance of all chastisement, out of a gracious design to heal and recover them. 3. A giving them up to themselves, or leaving them to their own ways.

The consideration of these things is incumbent upon us. It is our wisdom and duty to consider the ways and degrees of the Spirit's departure from provoking sinners, as well as those of his approach unto us with love and grace. David, on his sin, feared nothing more than that God should "take his Holy Spirit from him;" and this fear should influence us to the utmost watchfulness against sin, for though he should not utterly forsake us, which as to those who are true believers is contrary to the tenor, promise, and grace of the new covenant, yet he may so withdraw his presence from us, as that we may spend the remainder of our days in darkness and sorrow. "Let him, therefore, that standeth, take heed lest he fall."—*Owen*.

Messrs. Editors,—I should feel very thankful if you, or any of your able (spiritual) correspondents, would answer the following question:

An individual, some years ago, feeling a serious impression, and considering that baptism by immersion was essential, went through that ordinance. Since that period he has become positively assured, by the Spirit of Truth, that when he was baptized he was an unregenerate person, consequently not able to discern the spirituality of the ordinance. Now, being made a new creature in Christ Jesus, the scales being taken from his eyes, and being made experimentally to see that his whole and only dependance is on and in a crucified Redeemer, is it necessary that he should again go through that ordinance? Yours in the Lord,

Chelsea, May 3, 1844.

C—.

[Our own view is this, that if a person was baptized on a profession of faith *after* he believes God quickened his soul into spiritual life, though at the time he might have been very ignorant, confused, and legal, he is not to be re-baptized when he has had a more full discovery of Christ, and thus sees more of the nature of that ordinance, and could go through it more spiritually and believingly than he did at the time. Had he any spiritual life, however faint and feeble, and can he look back and believe God had done anything for his soul? If he believes there was life in his soul, and he was baptized on a public profession of faith, we consider re-baptism is not necessary. The disciples baptized by John the Baptist, and those who were pricked in their hearts on the day of Pentecost, were certainly very weak and ignorant, but we never read that they were re-baptized after they arrived at a greater knowledge and enjoyment of Christ. The judgment of the church has always been against re-baptism, founded on that word of the apostle, "*one baptism*," therefore not to be repeated.

But where the soul was dead in sins, or in an empty profession, when the person was baptized, it being the act of a dead man, such a baptism was but a dead work; and we therefore no more consider such a baptism scripturally valid, either in the court of conscience or the Lord's court where his disciples meet, than infant sprinkling. It could not please God, for it was not done in faith; it cannot please a conscience made tender in God's fear, for it was an act of presumption; and it cannot please God's spiritually taught people, for it was a deed of hypocrisy. It was a deed to be repented of, not gloried in; an act of the flesh, not a leading of the Spirit; and had some carnal motive for its object and end, not the glory of a Triune God.

If then, after a solemn review, a man fully believes he was dead in trespasses and sins, and the unregeneracy of his heart, when baptized, we consider that he must go through it again, with different motives, feelings, and ends than he could do when a servant of sin and Satan.]—*Eps*.

Messrs. Editors,—Is it not a relic of popery for a Baptist minister to wear a gown when administering the ordinance of baptism? Many Baptist ministers wear a gown when they baptize, who would disdain to put one on when they preach. Now, to me there appears to be no difference between wearing a gown in preaching, and wearing one in baptizing; both appear to me to be anti-scriptural and popish. But as convenience may be alleged as a reason for wearing a gown on the latter occasion, I should like to see your thoughts about it.

July 18, 1844.

A LOVER OF GOSPEL SIMPLICITY.

[Sacerdotal garments and priestly robes are unbecoming the plain and unassuming ministers of the gospel, and the simplicity of the truth as it is in Jesus; and if a minister baptizes in a gown, and puts on the same as an official robe or piece of parsonic attire, we think this thorough popery. But if he wear it to baptize in as an article of clothing, merely for convenience and usefulness, we then see nothing wrong in a minister of the gospel baptizing in a gown any more than in a common coat.—Eds.]

POETRY.

Be with me, Lord, while now I pour
My humble prayer at mercy's door;
On thee I would my sorrows cast;
O Jesus, leave me not at last!

Be with me when the tempests rise,
When clouds and darkness veil my skies,
When all access to thee is closed,
My soul in every way opposed.

Be with me in the gloomy day,
When all my hopes seem swept away;
When fear and terror seize my breast,
Lest I should die at last unblest.

Be with me in the trying hour,
When under Satan's tempting power,
When he suggests, with envious spite,
I'm nothing but a hypocrite.

Oakham.

Be with me when I pensive sit,
As if for earth nor heaven fit:
O! what a strange compound am I!
Care not to live, yet fear to die.

Be with me, though of sinners chief:
Thy mercy reach'd the dying thief;
And though so filthy, vile, unclean,
Yet mercy reach'd a Magdalene.

Be with me, Lord, in every path;
Grant me thy love, with hope and faith;
And though afflictions are my lot,
Tell me I'm not by thee forgot.

Be with me in the vale of death,
When heaving my last lab'ring breath;
O then, dear Lord, reveal thy face,
And let me die in thine embrace!

T. C.

That scripture in Luke xi. 8, is very encouraging to any poor soul that doth hunger after Christ Jesus. In the 5th, 6th, and 7th verses he speaketh a parable of a man that went to his friend to borrow three loaves, who, because he was in bed, denied him; yet, for his importunity's sake, he did rise and give him; clearly signifying that though poor souls, through the weakness of their faith, cannot see that they are the friends of God, yet they should never leave asking, seeking, and knocking at God's door for mercy. (Matt. vii. 7, 8.) Mark, saith Christ, "I say unto you, although he will not arise and give him because he is his friend, yet because of his importunity, (or restless desires,) he will arise and give him as many as he needeth." Poor heart! thou criest out, that God will not regard thee; thou dost not find that thou art a friend to him, but rather an enemy in thine heart, by wicked works; (Col. i. 21;) and thou art as though thou didst hear the Lord saying to thee, Trouble me not, I cannot give unto thee, as he in the parable; yet, I say, continue knocking, crying, moaning, and bewailing of thyself. I tell thee, though he will not arise and give thee because thou art his friend, yet because of thy importunity, he will arise and give thee as many as thou needest. The same in effect you have discovered, Luke xviii., in the parable of the unjust judge, and the poor widow; her importunity prevailed with him. And verily, mine own experience tells me that there is nothing that doth more prevail with God than importunity. Is it not so with you, in respect of your beggars that come to your doors? Though you have no heart to give them anything at their first asking, yet if they follow you, bemoaning themselves, and will take no nay, without an alms, you will give them.—Bunyan.

THE GOSPEL STANDARD,

OR,

FEEBLE CHRISTIAN'S SUPPORT.

"Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled."—Matt. v. 6.

"Who hath saved us, and called us with an holy calling, not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began."—2 Tim. i. 9.

"The election hath obtained it, and the rest were blinded."—Rom. xi. 7.

"If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest.—And they went down both into the water, both Philip and the eunuch; and he baptized him.—In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."—Acts viii. 37, 38; Matt. xxviii. 19.

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STUMBLING-BLOCKS.

The meaning of Christ, when he said, "And blessed is he whosoever is not offended in me," is, I believe, "Blessed is he whoso is not overmastered by the stumbling-blocks in the way," for Christ is the Way. It is very solemn work. The word "offences," or being offended, means being stumbled. Nay, Christ himself is called a stumbling-block: "Behold, I lay in Zion a stone of stumbling," referring to Christ himself. So that if Christ, the Way, is a stone of offence which carnal nature will stumble and break its feet over, need we wonder at all the lesser and more numerous instances of stumbling which ever and anon meet the Christian's footsteps after he has passed the strait gate of regeneration, and got fairly into the narrow path to certain glory?

The fact is, that, for my poor part, I have always met with those blocks, stumblings, and offences in the certain road to Zion. And when the Saviour *plainly* declares that man is blessed to whom these blocks are not an overmatch, what a blessed encouragement, yea, what a crown of lovingkindness it is when the Lord shines, and one *plainly* sees, from living and lengthened experience, that these offensive blocks (over which so many are ruined) one has been enabled, by the Spirit's guidance, to finally overmaster at all clearly, so that one may "see one's way to the city."

And I certainly think that clear-sighted head-knowledge, with its eagle-gaze, can see better with its cold glance how these stumbling-blocks may be avoided than honest-hearted pilgrims can, who are actually in the road, and who come bolt up upon these blocks, and know not what to make of it. My brethren, it is solemn work to be *among* these blocks, and not merely to speak of them. I know even what it is to have been in bondage for a twelvemonth by about a

dozen texts of scripture brought by the Arminians to favour universal redemption; yes, and the bondage by them was never broken till God broke it. And I could go to the very spot within an inch, I think, or two, where God broke the bonds, and showed me the true way of taking those falsely-Arminianized texts. It is precious work when God rids us of a difficulty: "I will remember thee from the land of the Hermonites," &c. The psalmist knew the very spots, times, places, &c., where and when he himself had had dealings manifested between the everlasting God and himself. This makes it precious work when we can run over, through the remembrancing Spirit, the various items and parts of God's dealings with us throughout all of our experience of the blessed God and his glorious kingdom set up within us. I say, it is glorious work in any degree to be able to do it. In his light we see light; and glorious light it is. God ever makes the place of his footsteps to be glorious. And whatever we gain, we gain by fighting like soldiers; for they are poor soldiers that only wear a red coat for show, and who have never had to strike their sword or shoot their musket off at one *real* enemy. It is poor warfare (not deserving the name of war) never to come to close quarters with our foes; for how can fairly-won "victory" be accomplished else? So of these blocks, offences, and stumblings. Let a person be amongst them all, and tell us how he managed things; for I doubt not the strongest of all would say he had strength enough, and none to spare.

I believe in my heart some of those blocks that Bunyan speaks of—for instance, how he was tempted to sell Christ, and, by giving in to it a little, fell into cruel bondage of soul for years—I say, some of our bright men of head-knowledge could show how Bunyan two hundred years back was an ignorant man, and that all his years of bondage from such a thing was from lack of judgment. As Job says, "Ye are the men;" but as of the Slough of Despond so it may be said of these blocks and stumbling places. There has been much labour of the tongue and of the head (I suppose) bestowed to better them and make them more passable; and yet real pilgrims to the King of heaven declare that these road-menders are but of little use to those who are really in earnest, although they may be of great supposed use to those who are planning the road out in their judgments. But judgment wins not the prize; it is runners and fighters that win battles and races. And the race to heaven has to be run with patience; and tribulation among rocks, difficulties, and stumbling-blocks, must work patience. O solemn truth! And patience must have its perfect work. So that I suppose we must all be crucified; and these blocks are the nails, and kill us gradually, surely, and daily: "I die daily;" "Through much tribulation is the way;" and "these are they that have come out of great tribulation." O glorious work!—death to "the old man," and which yet gives vigour and activity to "the new man;" for among these blocks, stumblings, and difficulties, Hezekiah said, is the life of our spirit; so that hence there is no living to God without them, if the life of our spirit is in these crosses and trials.

I can solemnly declare, if I am a righteous man, (in the imputed righteousness of Christ, as I know I am,) that I have been tried. There is not one part of the way to Zion, as God liveth, but what my soul has been tried on (and solemn work it is); not a doctrine but what my soul has been tried on. There is the "block" of election. My soul, as Bunyan's, as the Lord liveth, (I can ask God to say amen to it,) was tried for years on it. O the plungings, awe, and reverence that were on my soul for years concerning it! And never (whatever men said; and men say *much* upon it) could I have it made straight and smooth (neither can the Lord's people on theirs) till the wonder-working light of God shone clearly upon it, in one's soul, and in power. There is more difficulty in these things to those who have to get all their religion from heaven than most men think of; there is indeed. Thus the stumbling-block to carnal wisdom, of Three Persons in God, is begun to be felt. As we read, the election is in God the Father. Christ says to him, "Thou hast given me power over all flesh, that I may give eternal life to as many as thou hast given me." Thus the heavy block of *personal* election has to be levelled, and to be made a plain, which is no easy thing. "Murmur not among yourselves," says Christ, "no man can come to me except the Father draw him; and every plant which the Father hath not planted shall be rooted up." Observe that word "shall;" is it not enough to daunt the stoutest natural courage? Yes, our proud spirits must be broken. But the time would fail me to particularize. So also of the work of the Holy Spirit. Christ declares that he will take of the things of Christ, and show them to us, the elect. Is not this a stone of offence, to see what the Spirit *shows* (O glorious showing!) us, and what we know in the letter? Yes, I call that a very sturdy stone of stumbling, over which hundreds and thousands are broken and lost. They cannot see the difference, and therefore put bitter for sweet, and so are under the curse, as we read in Isaiah v. 20.

Again. All manner of passages of scripture we are warned, if we lack wisdom in, to ask it of our gracious Father in heaven; and I doubt not but we shall find blocks cast in our way. And it is to be so; for God has determined that we shall go through much tribulation.

Again. Mysterious circumstances in providence will be a chain of stumbling-blocks, from time to time, in our way. And perhaps we shall never have them "taken up" clearly to our satisfaction, some of them, in this our mortal life. Otherwise, why does Christ say, "What thou knowest not now, thou shalt know hereafter?" Whatever we may know in this life, we shall, in a certain sense, after all, die fools. This life is called night-time. (Rom. xiii. 12.) And we shall never see "as we ought to see" till the full dawn of the life to come has brought in eternal day to our benighted eyesight.

These things call for humility. And Wisdom, who is justified in her children, shows them that they are in the midst of "blocks" of stumbling, and makes them feel, "if any man thinks he knows anything, he knows nothing yet as he ought to do." Bunyan speaks of *one* of the dealings with his soul, "which," says he, "after

twenty years' consideration, I have not come to a *settled* judgment concerning."

The whole conclusion of things is this: Are we hungering for, or satisfied with, the blood of the God-Man, and the righteousness to us (without works) imputed of the God-Man, the glorious Rock of Ages? For if we are there, however much we are torn about by these and all other (to us) unmanageable blocks of stumbling which *are to be* in the way of much tribulation to glory, it will all end well.

Happy is the man who is of an humble, child-like, and teachable spirit! To such the Lord will let light shine on their path; and they will see, in thousands of instances, that there is none that teacheth like God; that he will condescend to our low estate, and teach us little things as well as great things. And I can say, from my very soul, that I love him. He is more precious to me than rubies are.

And when one can see that the many stumblings about that one has had in one's mortal life, are all ordered for good; that all the "blocks," inward and outward, that we have come in contact with, or been wounded by, are all ordered right, to humble us and see what is in our hearts, that good may be done to us at our latter end,—how beautifully it all shines as the workmanship of Him who is wiser and more good than to be unkind and to err! Thus our short-sighted faculties are brought to bless the Lord, and to see that every "block" of difficulty has served, in the Lord's all-wise hands, to make mercy to shine with greater brightness. We thus see that it is well for us our way is hid to us oft. God's works are marvellous; and it is not for us to search them out unto perfection in this life. As the worthy J. Bunyan, so oft quoted, says, he could see we should never live properly till we were out of this world, and got into the next; that our life here did not deserve to be properly called living. It is so. "Judge nothing before the time," says the Lord; "The Judge standeth at the door," saith another; "The end of all things is at hand," adds a third. How brightly, in the self-existent light of the God of endless love, that never had a beginning, and never will have an end, must all the rough woundings by which we have ever been stumbled shine *then*, when we see that all the stones of offence that we have ever been tripped up by, in our "race" to eternal bliss, have all been ordered in the wisest manner possible for our final good, bringing on the fulfilment, to our sweetest gratitude, of that promise taking in every thing (not one thing excepted): "All things shall work *together for good* to them that love God and are the called according to his purpose!"

Abingdon.

I. K.

THE BURNING BUSH.

My dear Friend,—I fear that my long silence has produced some hard thoughts in your mind towards the poor Galilean for neglecting to acknowledge your last kind favour. Indeed, my sister, I must take blame to myself on account of omission, in not sooner presenting my sincere thanks for so spiritual, so savoury, and so experimental

an epistle. But though I am verily guilty in this point, and ought to suffer reproof; yet, as you yourself have had much forgiven, so likewise I hope that you will also forgive a poor brother, whom ill health, &c., have hindered from addressing you sooner. I might, by way of extenuation, put in other pleas to obtain an arrest of judgment; but, as I have always fared best when pleading guilty, I shall do the same now, and entreat pardon, though I dare not promise that I will do so no more.

I have perused your letter over and over again, with profit and consolation. Your paradoxes are quite intelligible to me, being myself a living paradox, or, as David expresses it, "I am a wonder unto many." But when I am enabled to remember all the way the Lord hath led me in this wilderness; when I reflect on my base original, my vile and polluted state by nature, the wonderful displays of sovereign mercy, long-suffering goodness, and inexpressible grace, manifested towards such a nothing-worth worm; I am, in my own eyes, a wonder indeed; yea, the greatest wonder on the face of the earth!

In your second sheet, you mention a great deliverance that the Lord had recently wrought for you; and the way in which you described it kindled a glow of grateful sensations in my heart to the God of all our mercies. My dear friend, "there is none like unto the God of Jeshurun, who rideth upon the heaven in our help." He is of a truth our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble, and nigh unto all that call upon him in truth. There are seasons of trial when we are hard pressed; when the enemy thrusts sore at us, that we may fall; and when we are ready to conclude, with Judah's afflicted king, that we shall see the Lord's delivering hand no more in the land of the living. But we have found, even in the heaviest conflicts, that we have been upheld by a supernatural power; and deliverance hath come when our wisdom and strength were all gone. Then, having found how gracious and how faithful the Lord is, we manifestly see our Jehovah-Jireh in the mount, set up our Ebenezer afresh, once more thank our God, take fresh courage, and go on our way rejoicing! But, seeing that we are still sojourners in this wilderness, and are not as yet come to the promised rest and inheritance, we must not expect to journey far ere some fresh tribulation presents itself to our view; something to perplex and trouble our minds; something that mars our peace and crosses our will. We often try to evade it and escape from it; we go round it again and again, but cannot get from it; no, it comes by divine appointment, and must needs be taken up. But when submission takes place, humbling grace removes the keen edge, we bow with resignation, and say, "The will of the Lord be done." When we are thus brought down under the various dispensations with which we are exercised, then comes a fresh "lifting up; for God will save the humble person" in due season. And thus we learn, by slow degrees, that all things *work together* for our present and everlasting good, and that there is a *needs be* that we are in heaviness through manifold temptations and trials.

The way and the fare of the heaven-bound traveller are for the most part very mysterious. Sense and reason are at times altogether nonplused. Without a measure of faith, and faith in exercise too, we cannot move one step forward, either in spirituals or temporals. We are indeed highly favoured in having the revealed will of God for our rule, and the footsteps of the flock for our example; (James v. 10;) but we cannot, even with these facilities, go forward without a fresh supply of the Spirit in his gracious teachings, guidance, and operations. It is by his blessed unction and power, my dear friend, that every grace is put into motion; and under his life-giving breezes they go forth in all their actings. (Song iv. 16.) And both the word and the Spirit are, by the everlasting covenant, secured to all the seed of our Lord Jesus Christ; (Isa. lix. 21;) and out of his fulness every vessel of mercy is supplied according to the measure he is pleased to give. (Eph. iv. 7.) Hence it is plain that "a man can receive nothing except it be given him from heaven," either in providence or grace.

In the present time-state, the Lord's disciples have a diversified lot. Some are blessed with outward prosperity; others are much straitened in temporal supplies. Some are blessed with rich communications of grace; while others, like Zaccheus naturally, are short in spiritual stature. Some are of little faith; others more strong. Yet all are alike beloved of God; and all receive their proper portion from him as a free and sovereign gift. And though, at certain seasons, we are wondering how it is that some appear to be more highly favoured than others; yet, in the issue, it will be found that "he that gathered much had nothing over, and he that gathered little had no lack." The mystical body of Christ, when properly seen, has an inimitable beauty in it; for God hath tempered this body together, and placed every member in its proper place; and there is a peculiar sympathy running through the whole body, as blessed Paul shows, (1 Cor. xii. 26,) though in this declining day it does not appear so manifest as in the beginning of the gospel dispensation. (Acts iv. 32, 33.) We do not judge from outward appearances alone, but chiefly from inward sensations. Tall cedars in profession (like Jesse's eldest son) may make a fair show to the eye, when the humble myrtle sheds a far more fragrant savour to attract the heart; and we often feel the closest union and sweetest fellowship with those who are least and last in their own esteem, because such bear the most resemblance to Him who said, "Learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart." For my part, I conclude that those who enjoy most of the Lord's gracious presence are the humblest souls under heaven; but true humility of soul is generally found among those who are sorely tried by afflictions, by temptations, by perplexing providences, by oppression, and by poverty. Such tried ones have no earthly resource, no refuge but in God. These, being driven out from all confidence in the flesh, and having found that all beneath the sun is "vanity and vexation of spirit," have been brought to embrace the Rock for want of shelter; and having proved that Christ Jesus is a Friend at all times, and one that sticketh closer than any brother among the chil-

dren of men, they cleave unto him with purpose of heart; and having found, by experience, that "it hath pleased the Father that in him all fulness should dwell," they rejoice in him as their everlasting Portion, and are enabled to find the whole of their happiness in Him who is the "Pearl of great price."

You will perhaps think that I am running on like Mary Magdalene, when speaking, as she supposed, to the gardener. (John xx. 15.) She had, you know, but one object in view,—Him, him, him! Ah! my dear friend, this blessed, risen, and glorious Immanuel is indeed the supreme object of my desires; and I only want to love him more intensely, as Mary did, and to enjoy more of his most gracious presence. But, alas! I am too apt to wander from my only Resting-place; too forgetful of Him that hath done such great things for me, who am not worthy of the least of all his mercies!

I am this day, my sister, brought, by the kind hand of God, into the 66th year of my mortal life; and it is not in my power to describe the various sensations of my soul while remembering the way in which the Lord hath led me in this wilderness. Last night, in reading the 146th Psalm, I found much sweetness in the 5th and 6th verses; and while pondering over the last clause, "Which keepeth truth for ever," my mind was led back to the period when the first word of life was spoken to my heart, which was this: "I will never leave thee; nor forsake thee." Here I paused and pondered; and though above forty years have passed since that took place, I can set to my seal that God is faithful in keeping and fulfilling the truth then spoken to the poor sinner who now addresses you.

I send this as a counterpart to your own good tidings, in order to stimulate you, that so we may "abundantly utter the memory of the Lord's great goodness;" that you may join with me to celebrate his praise; and that we may exalt his name together.

A little time back, I was sitting and meditating upon some of the perplexing providences which were pressing upon me, together with the tribulations of some of my beloved friends, when, taking up the ancient records, I happened to fix upon Exod. iii. 2, where the God of Israel appeared unto Moses, and displayed his glory in the bush: "And Moses looked, and, behold, the bush burned with fire, and the bush *was not consumed*." I cannot describe to you what passed through my mind; but I was both refreshed and comforted. I believe that the open vision Moses then had is evidently to be seen in the present day among the true members of the church of Christ; for I cannot find one disciple here with whom I have fellowship without seeing the burning bush in some shape or other; and could I reach L—, peradventure the same sight might be seen there. However, it is no small consolation to know that the Lord God of Israel is still in the midst of the bush; and, therefore, it is not consumed, seeing that he is a wall of fire round about his people, and the glory in the midst of them.

I hope that this will find my dear friend in a healthy state. I am at present rather oppressed with a cough, which shakes this feeble tabernacle; but the Lord is good to me, unworthy as I am; and

though both purse and scrip are but scanty, yet hitherto I have lacked nothing good.

I have no cheerful tidings to convey respecting the appearance of things here. As to the public means of grace, if I judge by my own feelings, we certainly are now on short allowance; and I am inclined to think that the L— sheep are fed with more luxuriant pasture when favoured with the ministry of that man whom I love in the bowels of Jesus Christ. I hope that the good Shepherd will shortly commission him to visit this thirsty land; and that, whenever he comes, whether he should begin at the eldest and leave off at the youngest or not, my chief desire is, that the cup of salvation may be found in my sack; being well assured that a certain faithful steward, by his Master's order, put it in many years ago.

If opportunity should offer, please to present my kind love to the present steward of his Majesty's household; though, I presume, notwithstanding all the kindness of my dear friend, I cannot prevail with her to open her mouth and plead the cause of the poor and needy here; therefore, we must prefer our suit in a higher court, in order to obtain a supply of fresh provisions from the King's table; for we have his own gracious promise to plead: "Verily thou shalt be fed."

I remain, in sincerity and truth, yours affectionately,

Feb. 12, 1825.

I. L.

FIRM ANCHORAGE.

My Beloved Parents,—I hope that the dear Lord has appeared for you in a way of providence; but, bless his dear name, if he has not, he will appear, if you belong to him; for he has immutably promised to provide for all the "election of grace;" and soul-comforting is the thought that he *never* outpromised himself. He often takes advantage of his dear children's extremities (both temporal and spiritual) to show that he is a God near at hand in every trying hour; and when all earthly resources are exhausted, he will manifest himself a God all-sufficient, "a very present help in time of trouble." My soul can bless his dear name for an experimental knowledge of these things.

"And, when thou art stripp'd of all things here,
Jehovah Jesus shall appear."

I have enjoyed more the last few days than I have for some months past. I told you, when I last wrote, that I was in deep waters; but I have been doing business in deeper since. Satan has been permitted to harass my poor-soul to such a degree that "I wondered where the scene would end." He sometimes told me that I had sinned myself out of the covenant; and though I felt so satisfied before that every chosen vessel of mercy should finally and for ever be saved, yet so strong has this temptation been that I have actually listened to this subtle spirit. Again he has suggested that if I got to heaven, I should not remain there, but turn apostate, and be damned after all. And on Sunday evening last, as I was returning home

from chapel, he came upon me with such amazing violence that I could (though in good bodily health) scarcely stand or move; I was, in feeling, at the very gates of hell.

"But O, my soul, admire and bless
The wonders of redeeming grace."

This extremity was God's opportunity, after suffering the tempter to toss my soul about like a frail bark on the stormy billows!

On Monday morning I awoke in sweet tranquillity of mind. My soul was blessed, and solemnly drawn out into holy converse with a Triune Jehovah, "with whom there is no variableness;" the roaring devil, with all his hellish suggestions, "*ifs*," and "*buts*," was banished; the monster self was brought low; and it was with me, "Jesus only!" O what a calm my soul enjoyed! It was really a foretaste of that eternal repose to which my soul was from everlasting predestinated. My soul did "rejoice with joy unspeakable, and full of glory." "Bless the Lord, O my soul," for another love-token. What shall I render unto him for his astonishing mercies? My soul was humbled in the dust, and I cried out, "Why me, why me? Why, dear Jesus, so base a wretch as I? Why such amazing love to so rebellious a monster of sin and iniquity?"

O my soul, "what hath God wrought?" Plucked thee "as a brand from the burning" thou hast so much deserved. But, bless his precious name, he died to save sinners, of whom I am chief. O how can I speak of him? Truly he is to my soul the "chiefest of ten thousand, and the altogether lovely."

O that I could see him now!
I'd put the crown upon his brow,
And shout, with all the hosts he bought,
The victory he for me hath wrought!

O how astonishing, that Father, Son, and Spirit, should all feel an interest in the salvation of such an ungodly sinner as I! O how my soul has wept "to the praise of the mercy I have found!"

May it be your happiness, my dear parents, to enjoy much of the peace-speaking blood of the cross in this vale of vanity, sin, and sorrows. One drop of this precious blood applied to the heart of a poor sinner by God the Spirit, will make him leap for joy, and long to leave this body of corruption and death, to be with Jesus, which is far better. When my soul has been in this blessed spot, all the vanities of time and sense have been but "dung and dross;" but as soon as the Lord removes the savour of his blood, I become as full of sensuality and carnality as ever. And thus you see, beloved, that there is no laying up a stock of faith or grace, as some talk about. We cannot command these blessings; they are sovereignly communicated to the soul by the Sovereign, Jesus, who bestows them when he *will*, and on whom he *will*. I have sometimes a good hope that you know something about these things savingly. O that it may be so! for I am satisfied that without an interest in the love, blood, and righteousness of Christ, the soul must eternally perish. How my soul has groaned over those that are dear to me in the flesh by kindred tie! But my prayers will avail nothing if

they are not the Lord's by covenant relationship; and if any of them should be saved, it will be because the Lord loved them and redeemed them by *his own* precious blood; for he says, "*All mine are thine.*" How very sweet this is to my mind! *I am* the Father's by choice, and the Son's by purchase. And, in reference to this "all," how sweetly he speaks of them in John vi. 37: "*All that the Father giveth to me shall* (no peradventure) *come to me.*"

But the question with the poor soul is, "Am I in that 'all'?" Hath he chosen me? Hath he loved me? Hath he purchased me? Did he suffer, bleed, and die for such a wretch as I?" This is a painful but blessed position to be in. This is "asking the way to Zion with the face thitherward." These are the longings and panting anxieties of a soul made alive from the dead, quickened to feel a need of salvation, and that not by the law, but by free, unmerited, sovereign, and superabounding grace, which is communicated to the soul by virtue of what Christ the Lord hath done.

When grace once takes possession of a poor sinner's heart, it will never leave him, in time or eternity, but is the "well of water springing up unto eternal life." O thanks be to a kind, gracious, long-suffering, and compassionate Father, for bestowing such a boon upon so rebellious a son as I! Bless his dear and precious name,

"He saw me ruin'd in the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all."

I must now conclude. And O that the Lord God of Israel may bless you with every covenant blessing, now and for ever! Amen.

From your unworthy son,

Bexley Heath, August, 1843.

S. C.

A LETTER FROM THE LATE NATHANIEL MARRINER.

My very dear Friend,—I hope you and Mrs. — are well, and likewise all the friends at H—. We are, through mercy, all well and comfortably situated as to the things of time and sense; but there is no minister in this neighbourhood that I can hear with any satisfaction, which causes my soul to be bowed down from day to day, though I am fully at a point about this, that the Lord's soul-satisfying presence has been with me many times since I have been here. He says, "Yet will I be to them as a little sanctuary in the countries where they shall come." And, blessed be his dear name! this I can set my seal to, and say, Amen. Once in particular, soon after I came here, I was walking out in the country, and was reading Hart's hymns, when the Lord suddenly broke into my heart, and sweetly melted my soul into contrition. I could not help sitting down on the bank, and, like poor Hannah, I was led to pour out my soul in prayer before the Lord. My soul was really carried away under a sweet sense and persuasion of the goodness of the Lord to me. I blessed and praised him from my inmost soul. I cried, grieved, moaned, blessed, and praised, all at one time; and was fully satisfied that the Lord's hand was towards my soul, and that for good. Ah!

dear D—, you know a little about this, and your soul and mine can testify to the everlasting honour of his dear name. He is worth ten thousand worlds, and “more to be desired than rubies.” Blessed be his dear name, he has not left my soul without an expectation from him, which I believe will not be cut off;—a comfortable hope in his dear name, which is as an anchor to the soul, both sure and steadfast. How sweet it is, my dear friend, to have a saving knowledge of the glorious plan of a covenant God in saving sinners! and I cannot but admire the wisdom and power displayed in the teaching of the Holy Ghost, in bringing a poor sinner to a feeling sense of his interest in it, and in enabling him to believe that he is accepted in the Beloved, notwithstanding his daily infirmities.

I heard Mr. W— regularly, whilst in London, and I can tell you that the Lord has blessed his ministry to my soul many times, and also to two or three of my old friends in London, who were members of dear Mr. Huntington’s church, and who, as well as myself, are fully satisfied that we have heard the voice of our dear Shepherd in and through him. And poor Mr. —, my very soul is knit to him for the truth’s sake, and sure I am, that notwithstanding all the cavillings of his enemies, the Lord has put him far above their reach. And you, my dear Friend, and myself, want no man to commend him to us, for our souls have been blessed under his ministry, to the joy and rejoicing of our hearts. When you see him give my love to him.—Yours truly for the truth’s sake,

Bere Regis, Dorset, Oct., 1821.

NATHANIEL MARRINER.

A FAITHFUL TESTIMONY.

Dear Brother,—It is “out of the abundance of the heart that the mouth speaketh,” or the fingers write. It is truly with regret that I write to you, at this time, upon a subject which troubles my mind, and which indeed gave me great pain of soul when I heard you say what you did, in your address at Mr. —’s house. You truly surprised me then. I could not have thought you had got into such a delusion, or into such a presumptuous spirit.

In the first place, you spoke against a servant of Christ and his work, because he spoke of his doubts and his fears in his preaching upon the path of tribulation. You said, “What good was it? Would that feed the people? No.” You said, “he had better preach Christ, the Way.” But you must recollect that every servant of Christ has his proper gift of God, and his work all marked out for him, the way he is to go, and the persons to whom he is to be made useful, before the foundation of the world; so that what you said was an impeachment of the wisdom of God in employing his sent-servant. And as to your saying that it was of no use to talk about his doubts and fears in preaching, I say that it is, inasmuch as it picks up many a poor, hobbling, desponding soul, who is afraid that he has no part nor lot in the matter of this great salvation, because he is such a poor, unbelieving creature. You may say that it is encouraging them in doubts and fears; but I must say that it is

encouraging them to hope still in the Lord, whether in providence or grace, that they shall yet praise him for delivering mercy, seeing, as they do by such preaching, that it is the way in which all the saints of old have gone before them, and that many now are going the same way. And thus they see that they are not alone; for they can say, with Hart, that they

"Dream not of faith so clear
As shuts all doubtings out;"

for they

"Remember how the devil dared
To tempt e'en Christ to doubt."

And

"Think not he now will fail
To make us shrink and droop:
Our faith he daily will assail,
And dash our very hope.

"To cause despair's the scope
Of Satan and his powers:
Against hope to believe in hope,
My brethren, must be ours."

So that you see the Christian's path is a path of warfare while here, whether it is before liberty or afterwards. At times, therefore, he wants his case met with, under the word, by those that have been in like circumstances. Therefore, you see that it is a use and a good unto such, and helps to feed them, in a sense, with a knowledge of the path they are travelling, and how God is their Guide and Director every step of their journey.

But again, secondly. You said that they preached about the corruptions of their own base hearts, to seek for evidences of a spiritual life; though you said, at the first, that the Spirit bore witness to the sinner's heart of what he was as a sinner by nature before God. And if being made a sensible sinner before God is not an evidence of divine life, I do not know what is. But you have spoken falsely concerning them, that they seek their evidences of divine life by talking about their corruptions. They do no such thing; but they draw their evidences of their spiritual life (and a sure evidence it is too) from their struggling against sin, sighing and crying unto God on account of sin, wrestling with God in prayer, desiring, longing, wishing, and panting for communion with God, to have fellowship with him, to enjoy his presence, to be conformed unto him, to be like him, to wear his holy image upon them, and to be clothed in humility. Now, such things as these are real evidences of a spiritual life.

But again. You said that we talk about our corruptions till we are pleased with talking about our bad hearts, and so are looking into ourselves instead of looking unto Christ, which it is our privilege to do; and to believe in Christ, and not to nurse or cherish our doubts and fears; "for" you said, "what good is it?" But let me tell you, my brother, that God's servants do not talk about the corruptions of their own hearts because they like to talk about these things; no, neither are they always or wholly talking about these things; but when they feel the plague of them, and the trouble and anguish of

mind it causes them, they cannot help them but talk about them; and, in doing so, they often find that there are many of the Lord's tried ones in the same circumstances. And thus their case is met, and it is a comfort to them that they are not alone. They also speak of these things that they feel within in order to be faithful unto the souls of men, and not deceive their souls in any way, but to show man how bad he is by nature, in a ministerial way, from their own experience; if haply they may feel any desire or wish constraining them to cry to God for mercy and forgiveness of their sins; not to encourage souls to love sin, or to be pleased with it. No, they cannot be pleased with what is a burden, a grief, a trouble that distresses them and often causes them to sigh and groan before God, like Paul, "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" Not that he was at a loss to know *how* or *who* could thus deliver him, in his judgment; for he knew how sin was put away by Christ; but this was his experience inwardly, more especially when he was overburdened with its weight and plague, in a feeling sense; for I have heard that he had been above twenty years in the divine life when he wrote this; and I think it appears from the chapter that he must have been in it some years, to write as he did in the 7th and 8th chapters of Romans.

Again. You said that it is our privilege to believe in Christ, and to look unto him, who is the Way of salvation. It is, when God speaks home the word with power to our souls afresh, and brings up faith in act and exercise, and so renews us with strength like the eagle's. Then indeed it is our privilege to believe in Christ, and to look unto him in very deed and reality; and not till then can we do so. An Arminian would not talk much worse than you have done; for we cannot act faith when we please; it is not at our command to perform in any way whatever.

Again. You said that the servants of the Lord had better preach the Way, Christ, instead of talking about their doubts and fears; so that there is a plausibility about what you said. But it will not bear inspection; for "the ear trieth words, as the mouth tasteth meat," says Job. Now, if Christ is to be preached as the Way, what is he a Way *from*, what is he a Way *unto*, and *to whom* is he a Way? He is called a Physician, and a skilful one; but how is he to be known and proved as such, unless we have some wounds that he is well acquainted with? And though he sees fit to probe them, he is sure and able to effect a cure. He is also a Priest that has atoned. But am I a filthy, polluted wretch to need that atonement to wash me clean, every whit, sensibly so? I have been nearly twenty years in the divine life, and about sixteen years I have known what the liberty of the gospel is; but I find and feel that I need the fresh applications of his pardoning love and atoning blood as much as ever, at times; yea, I seem to need it more; for I see, feel, and find myself weaker, filthier, and more helpless than ever. Therefore, I dare not say presumptuously, as some do, that I do not need the fresh applications of his pardoning love and blood again and again; O, no; for though Christ has for ever settled the debt for me and all

the chosen race, yet I cannot be satisfied unless I have the enjoyment of it more or less in my soul; and I hope that I never may be satisfied with a form without the power. Such preaching as this will not lead us to rest in ourselves, as you say, nor to look there to rest for any thing; no; but it will make us look and rest out of ourselves to, in, and upon Christ, our All in all.

Thus, my brother, you appear to have fallen from the simplicity of the gospel of Christ, to become a fashionable preacher of the present day, instead of being one of the old sort, not giving up truth in any part of it whatever; for "if we study to please men," says Paul, "we are no longer the servants of Christ;" and it appears to me that you are aiming, by your talk, to be like the fashionable preachers of the day. The Lord restore you from your error; for I believe that the Lord has called you to preach his gospel; and may he make you an honest, faithful, experimental, plain, simple, yet an humble preacher of his holy gospel.

I add no more. May God bless the same to your soul, for his name and mercy's sake. Amen and amen.

London, May 17, 1844.

R. J.

COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

My dear Sister,—I felt glad when I read your account of the Lord's manifested goodness to your soul. It appeared evident to me that his work was revived in you, and I felt humbled before him that favour should be shown me in inclining the hearts of his children to write to me. I do assure you, that instead of being puffed up with pride, I am made truly humble; and the tear starts into my eyes while I write, to think that the dear Lord should take such a sweet method to endear himself to my heart, and thereby cause me to bless him with my whole heart and soul; and then again I feel such an increase of pure love to him and his beloved children, that it dissolves my very heart. My language I think sometimes is too strong, but I assure you the strongest expressions fall vastly short of the inward feelings of my heart. I love them, and bless them, and call upon the name of the Lord to increase them more and more. There is a secret something in the communion of saints that language cannot set forth. It is a peculiar feeling, that makes Jesus Christ increasingly precious, that helps the body to edify itself in love; it separates from earth, it exalts and enriches the soul; it sweetens the cross, gives cheerfulness in the midst of troubles, and produces a holy smile, mingled with a rising tear, in the very midst of afflictions; it raises and strengthens our confidence, it animates our hope, it sweetly brightens our prospects, and wings upward our expectations; it brings eternal realities into our hearts, and sinks our miseries and fears. In a word, my blessed Lord sometimes so indulges me in sweet communion with himself, through his saints, that I am melted down with love, and filled with oneness of spirit with himself and his dear children, and so established and confirmed in his sweet mercy towards me, that I am gladdened and relieved in giving vent to a

heart filled with gratitude in tears, and sometimes my very soul looks forward to the time when there will be no interruption to love, joy, or praise. O! how my soul breaks out in the language of the poet:

"Happy songsters!
When shall I your chorus join!"

And yet there is no one thing I am more ready to halt in, notwithstanding these precious feelings. I am at times so befooled by the devil, so blinded by unbelief, so confused in my judgment, that I can neither believe, hope, nor think right about anything; and I feel that I cannot make that straight which appears crooked, neither can I make darkness light, but am obliged, from necessity felt, and grace given, to ask the Lord to do it, and to teach me, and lead me, and move me to do that which is good, and to keep me from doing that which is evil. And I trust that he is graciously moving me now. But what ground have I for such a trust? Why, felt love, which is of God. He that dwells in love dwells in God; for God is love. But is it pure? I answer, yes. How do I prove it? Why, take the truth, take Jesus Christ from you, and I will be bold to say that you would not touch my heart, much less move it.

I feel at times, my dear sister, a solemn sweetness in appealing to a heart-searching God, and feeling his approbation; knowing, by witnessing power, that I hold the mystery of faith in a pure conscience, and that I have not the faith of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Lord of glory, with respect of persons. It is a sweet mercy not to be left to call that common or unclean which God hath cleansed. We are all one in Christ Jesus; there is no difference; for the same Lord over all is rich unto all that call upon him.

When I thought of beginning to write, my heart well nigh failed. I felt such utter destitution that I feared I should fail in writing, for want of matter; but these things came springing up in my mind. When the Lord sent forth his disciples without purse or scrip, he asked them a question, "Lacked ye anything?" and they all said, "Nothing, Lord;" and so say I; and yet how hard it is to venture! What a keen struggling I feel betwixt flesh and spirit! How fear presses me sore, whilst faith seems dormant! My feelings are expressed by the poet:

"Tis to credit contradictions;
Talk with him one never sees;
Cry and groan beneath afflictions,
Yet to dread the thoughts of ease.

"Tis to feel the fight against us,
Yet the victory hope to gain;
To believe that Christ has cleansed us,
Though the leprosy remain," &c.

The Lord tries the righteous, that their offerings may be pure.

When I came to the latter part of your letter, it seemed as if the unction was gone, and darkness crept on. At first, I thought that it was a mark against me; but the thought would not, could not abide. Then I was led to ponder the matter over in my mind; and it struck me respecting the Israelites trying to keep the daily manna till the

next day, but it bred worms, and stank. Then again it occurred to my mind that sometimes a certain hateful thing

"The heart uplifts with God's own gifts,
And makes e'en grace a snare."

Whether my friend was in the snare or not, I cannot say; yet something seemed to whisper so,

"Glad frames too often lift us up;
And then how proud we grow!
Till sad desertion makes us droop,
And down we sink as low."

I feel and find it a very hard thing to be nothing; and to make myself of no reputation, is more than I can do; for it appears to me to be only aiming at it, at best.

I am still kept a beggar and a debtor. It appears to me, from the testimonies of the Lord's living family, that there is a very gracious revival going on, to fit the church, I think, for the fiery trial that is fast approaching. But what a mercy it is that the Lord has promised to be with his people, and bring them through!

Give my kind love to our brother and sister. I received her blessed testimony, which moved my heart and constrained me to bless the Lord. If helped, I purpose writing to her. Whenever rightly disposed, try and be free in writing.

My dear sister desires me to give her love to each of you. I trust that the Lord is moving in her heart. Beloved, be kindly affectioned one to another, in honour preferring one another; "be sober, be vigilant; because your adversary, the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he devour."

"A few more days, or months, or years,
In this dark desert to complain;
A few more sighs, a few more tears,
And we shall bid adieu to pain."

The days of our mourning will soon be ended. O what a dreary land this is to us when our Sun forbears to shine! We possess all things and inherit all things in him, the Centre, Source, and Sun of bliss. Bless his precious name, poor Robert loves him still. He is my All.

"I without him perish must."

But he will in no wise cast out. I have been a little refreshed in spirit by hearing my very near and dear sister, Mrs. P—, lisp out a little, in broken words, of the Lord's mindfulness of her. Israel is not forsaken of Israel's God; he is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever,—unchangeable, merciful, and faithful.

Believe me to remain a lover of all that love our Lord,

Faringdon, January, 1844.

R. D.

A LETTER OF THE LATE MR. W. J. BROOK.

My dear Friend,—I have but just returned from London, where I have been detained before the Lord a month. Your letter should have been answered earlier, but upon this account. You have fallen into good hands, even the hands of the living God, having been be-

gotten to a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, who is "the resurrection and the life;" and because he lives, we shall and do live also; for with him is the fountain of life. And a blessed thing it is that we have such a Head of influence, and that no other qualification is necessary than to feel our want of him; so that the moment a sinner feels in truth and sincerity his need, there is no proper ground to doubt his willingness and ability to save and to help. His constant language is, "Why are ye so fearful, O ye of little faith?" And I do believe that it is a feeling peculiar to God's elect to be burdened with a sense of one sin; that is, unbelief. It stands in our conscience the chief of all offences. Our native enmity, pride, rebellion, lust, &c., are not half so dreadful to an enlightened conscience as that soul-denying and God-dishonouring sin of unbelief; and our Lord has promised his Spirit to reprove us on account of it; and we may know our possession of the Holy Spirit as the Spirit of grace from such reproof, as it is said, "When he is come, he will reprove the world of sin, because they believe not on me." Let the Arminians say what they will, this must be the world of God's elect; for we are sure that "the world at large knoweth him not, neither seeth him. But ye know him; for he dwelleth with you, and shall be in you." And as he reproves this sin, so it is his peculiar work to work genuine faith to counteract unbelief. The fruit of the Spirit is faith. It is true that a man may have all faith, so as to remove mountains, and yet be nothing; but genuine faith always works in all its stages by love. When it lays hold of the justice and judgment of God, it works by love, though not sensible love, in the heart, which casts out fear; and it may be proved in a very simple way. If you are full of wrath, anguish, and bitterness, on account of the arrows of God drinking up your spirit, and a hypocrite or worldling begin to abuse him, take him to pieces, and revile him; though you have nothing within but misery, and cannot give him a good name yourself, you are all on fire in his cause against them, and find your heart roused to maintain his sacred Majesty in honour. This is true; and so it is in all the stages of faith whereby we approach unto and get a hold in God. "He that cometh to God must believe that he is." (Heb. xi. 6.) But we never come to an object which we hate, by the operation of the Spirit of God. Wheresoever there is a feeling sense of unbelief, there must be faith; and wheresoever there is faith, there must be unbelief. These two, counteracting each other, cause all the changes you feel. We stand by faith in God, and depart through unbelief. At the same time, both shall be in exercise; at other times, one much weighs down the other. In fits of unbelief, we put all away that God has brought forward; in strong faith, nothing can move us from our steadfastness. Feeling that unbelief is our plague, and being much harassed with it, faith at the same time shall be looking out for some token, answer, operation, invitation, help, and support; will plead, cry, read, meditate, and yet seem to make no advance. When faith takes some hold, and is sensibly exercised, unbelief will also damp, discourage, shake, and bring forward objections, magnify obstacles, and increase timidity in the same spirit.

"Lord," says one, "I believe. Help thou my unbelief." This soul felt both at one and the same time. While I am writing, I find them both; and yet I shall see that faith will come off victorious; for faith is of God. I have got faith; and whatsoever is born of God overcometh the world, which harbours and produces nothing but unbelief.

My pen has run on at a strange rate; I hardly know why or wherefore. But such comes out as comes uppermost; and such as it is, for want of better, I send you, that you may not conclude that I have forgotten you; no, you are all often upon my mind. God bless thee. So prays

Yours affectionately,

Brighton, Sept. 23, 1807.

W. J. BROOK.

TRUTH READ BETTER THAN ERROR PREACHED.

My dear Friend,—That the love of Christ is unchangeably fixed upon the elect, is a truth which my judgment always assents to; and I trust I can say without presumption that I have, at times, for nearly twenty-seven years, felt it in my heart, and rejoiced in it. I feelingly know the change from "My Beloved is mine, and I am his," to "My Beloved has withdrawn himself. I sought him, but I could not find him; I called him, but he gave me no answer." His first visit to my soul was in the way of rich, free, and sovereign love; and so have all his subsequent manifestations been up to this present hour; and I would not have them spring from any other cause for a thousand worlds. But there is a vast difference between knowing this in the head, and sensibly enjoying one's interest therein in the heart. I find that the older I grow, the less am I dandled upon the knees, and have the more reason to cry, "Lord, lift thou up the light of thy countenance upon me." I am called more to fight against my sins, corruptions, doubts, and fears; and, in spite of past experience, I am compelled to cry and groan for fresh direct tokens of his love towards me. And I wonder now, more than I used to do, how he can endure my enormities and provocations.

The Lord was pleased to call me by his grace when very young; and had he then opened the flood-gates of my iniquity to the extent he has done since, I verily believe that I should have sunk into utter despair. The Lord does not deal with all his children alike in this respect. I have much, very much to be thankful for, in his separating me from the world so early in life, and in preserving me in my unregenerate state. I know nothing of the vile, base, outward sins of Sabbath-breaking, drunkenness, swearing, uncleanness, &c.; and am, therefore, I consider, an astonishing monument of grace, that he delivered me from the pharisaic position consequent upon a life of moral rectitude, and has condescended, in infinite mercy, to teach me what heart-sins are; that "in my flesh dwelleth no good thing;" that I have the seeds of every evil thing within me; and that nothing but his almighty power prevents them from breaking out. It is very painful to feel all this; and yet I would not be without the feeling of them;

for I am confident that none but sensible sinners can rightly prize the precious blood of Christ, which "cleanseth from all sin."

I am sometimes favoured with a manifestation of my sonship; and O how I have been broken down when this has happened after a fit of murmuring and rebellion! Then how sweet have these words been to my soul: "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him; for he knoweth our frame; he remembereth we are dust!" and what shame and hating of myself have followed! I will wind up this medley by relating a recent instance, in proof.

Last Sunday morning, I went to chapel very dull and low about having to read instead of hearing preaching; my heart as dull and insensible as a rock; no disposition to crave the Lord's blessing; the opinions of others, that reading sermons was not God's ordinance, ringing over and over in my mind; and irritable because none of my friends were present when it was time to begin. But this was not all; for, after waiting above five minutes, and finding no one ready to go into the desk, I had the temerity, in this angry mood, to commence the service myself. I gave out and led the hymn, read the chapter, and mumbled on, after a sort, in prayer, without any perception of its getting further than just clearing my lips, and curling round and round my head like the smoke from a chimney in a foggy day. And how could it be otherwise? for it was all my own, all from the flesh. What a miserable plight to be in! But, blessed be God, toward the close, a divine breathing came; and I feelingly exclaimed, "Do, Lord, at this time show that thou approvest of the means we use in the absence of the preached word." This was the blessed Spirit's prayer; and it was heard and answered; for never were read sermons more blessed in our place than those we then attended to. As I went on reading, my heart was softened; penitence ensued; and the sight which I had of my own perverseness, and the superabounding grace and long-suffering of the Lord, is unutterable. I have not yet lost the savour of it; and these words of Hart have rung in my soul ever since:

"Pardon all my baseness, Lord;
All my weakness pity."

You may imagine how ashamed I was of my pettishness, and how angry I was with myself for being angry with my brethren. I seemed also, in my feelings, to be just like a child under the correction of a kind Father, crying out, "I'll never do so again; I'll never more doubt that thou hast blessed and wilt again bless the reading of thy own servants' sermons, when used in thy fear." But, alas! folly is so bound up in my heart, and I am such a poor forgetful creature, and so prone to waywardness, backsliding, and self-will, that I cannot trust myself. What a mercy that salvation is not of works!

I have not related the above to any of my friends here, except Mr. B—, to whom I mentioned it in a letter I wrote on Tuesday; but I confide it to you because you are similarly placed with me, as it respects our public engagements, and perhaps have been similarly

tried. If so, brother, I would say, help me to praise Him; "let us exalt his name together."

Remember me kindly to the friends at R—. May the Lord bless you with peace among yourselves. Accept my best wishes for your own welfare.—Yours truly and affectionately,

Faversham, Aug. 14, 1844.

I. D.

AN EBENEZER.

Dear Sirs,—I have been favoured to hear Mr. —, (and, bless the Lord, I feel it a favour,) to the satisfaction of my heart, speaking from this text: "Many there be which say of my soul, There is no help for him in God. But thou, O Lord, art a shield for me; my glory, and the lifter up of mine head." (Ps. iii. 2, 3.) The remembrance makes my heart glow with love to the dear Lord for his mercy and goodness towards so vile a wretch, and to his dear servant; for I can say that the dear man is in my heart to live and die with him; and I bless God for inclining his heart and sending him amongst us to proclaim the glad tidings of the gospel of peace. The great God who knoweth all things, knoweth what darkness had for a long time overspread my mind, and the many fears that I was filled with, lest I should be left to sin against Him, which the blessed Lord knows that I have cried against. And O the many temptations and snares which the enemy has set before me and laid in my path! But, bless the Lord, he has not left me to fall, and be ensnared in them so as to bring guilt on my conscience thereby. But this day the dear Lord has shown me his loving heart; and I believe that I did embrace him in my heart and affections. While my soul was thus feeding on what I had heard the day before, the same words kept rolling over my mind: "Many there be which say of my soul, There is no help for him in God," &c. Immediately I threw myself down on the ground, being alone, and vented my feelings to the Lord; and he alone knoweth it to be truth what I say. And truly I had sweet fellowship and communion with him; and the sweet freedom which I then felt with him I cannot describe; for I could plead with him as freely as a child does with his parent. In my simplicity, I asked the dear Lord to open his loving heart, and take me in; yes, I did indeed, and to keep me from ever straying from him. And I felt that I was not denied by him; for I do believe that his loving heart was freely open unto me, and I felt and knew that my whole heart and affections were taken up with my loving and dear Lord.

This was a sweet and sacred spot to me. My heart was melted with love, and my eyes flowed with tears. Surely it was a Bethel to my soul. But, my heart pouring itself out to the Lord, and the love of God in a most glorious manner pouring into my soul, I did not know how to leave the place, it was so glorious, so sweet and precious to me. I believe that I could willingly have lain there and died, and gone home to eternal glory, in the sweet peace and love that I felt, had it pleased my most gracious Lord it should have been so.

My soul has been melted under a sense of the Lord's great goodness to me, a poor, hell-deserving sinner, since I have been writing this. O! it is a glory indescribable; and I know not how to set it forth; but,

"When we reach bright Canaan's plains,
We'll sound it in immortal strains."

May God the Holy Ghost often favour me with such love visits as these, because it brings me to the foot of the cross, humbles me in the dust before God, and makes me willing to be anything or nothing, just what it pleases the dear Lord that I should be. Surely, my dear fellow-sinners, this is glory begun below. And if a taste of it is so great while here upon earth as to draw our hearts away from every thing besides, what must it be in eternal glory, when the clog of earth shall be left behind? O the sweet love that I now feel! At this moment, my soul longs to take its flight into the arms of eternal rest, where I might cast myself at the feet of my loving and dear Immanuel. O how blessed to take a view into the paradise of God, there to see the King in his beauty and excellent glory, and to behold the land afar off, where neither sin, sorrow, nor corruption shall ever roll across my peaceful breast, but all shall be love and perfect bliss.

My love to all that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and in truth.

July 31, 1844.

A BEGGAR.

OBITUARY.

Messrs. Editors,—I send you the particulars of the last affliction and death of one of God's precious jewels in Manchester; one who, for nearly forty years, was of the number of those who through much tribulation enter the kingdom; afflicted in body, and persecuted, yea, bitterly persecuted, by one who made a profession of religion.

For upwards of eight years previous to her death, the Lord was pleased to take away her sight, and otherwise afflict her; so that she could not attend the house of worship on his day, which was a great trouble to her; for God's family were her delightful company. But when she could hear a little of the sermons which that aged servant of God, the late Mr. Gadsby, preached, her heart would be all on fire, as if afraid of losing one word; for the word of God was truly the support of her soul. But, of all God's family, I think that she was one of the weakest and feeblest. I never found her presumptuously to take what did not belong to her; but, on the contrary, she was so diffident when I read the promises of God to her, that she would say, "Ah! true; but are they for me? I am afraid." There was no building on a rotten foundation with her, nor on past experience either; no, neither the one nor the other would satisfy her; she must have a present application of atoning blood applied with divine power to her soul, or she could not rest satisfied. Truly, like the palmist, her tears were her meat night and day. But, in the midst of all, she was not without some precious love-visits from her

dear Father. She had been a traveller heavenwards for about fifty years; and often, when bitterly persecuted, have I heard her exclaim, with Watts,

"Shall we be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sail'd through bloody seas?"

- And often has she said, "I do not wonder at poor creatures putting an end to their lives; for if I had not been kept, I should have done it long ago." Seeing her husband and children eagerly pursuing the downward road to everlasting destruction, her breast has heaved within her, while tears have run from her sightless eyes.

Dear Sirs, I need not tell you that there is a reality in religion; yes, yes, there is. Were there not, I am firmly persuaded that this aged saint must have sunk long ago under the weight that pressed down her soul, and made her often long to go home beyond the reach of sin or sorrow.

For about two or three weeks before her death, God was pleased so heavily to afflict this saint as to deprive her of reason. I tried repeatedly to get a knowledge of her feelings while in this state; for before her senses left her, Satan was permitted to make very fierce assaults upon her; her evidences were clouded; her soul was cast down within her; and often did she express her fears that all was not right. And when I attempted to point out the unalterable faithfulness of God's promises, and the God of the promises,—for instance, "I will bring the third part through the fire," &c., (Zec. xiii. 9).—"Ah!" she would say, "but am I one? That is what I want to know." Then I have pointed her to such passages as Heb. xii. 6, 7, to show whom he does chasten,—sons and daughters; but she could not crack the shell; and I am so much like her that I could not crack it for her; consequently, I could do no more. And while in this dark state, I had to go from home for two or three days; and on my return I could hardly get a correct answer from her. I asked her many questions, and read the word of God to her; but reason had fled in a great measure.

O! here was an aged sister brought thus low through an affliction mainly caused by an ungodly, unclean husband, yet a professor. O ye professors! look at Matt. xxiii. 27. But I leave all such characters in His hands who has said, "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap," and proceed to describe what I have proved to be true, as well as the poet, when he says,

"How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In the believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear."

As I observed before, whatever question I asked of an earthly nature, she invariably gave me a wild, rambling answer to it; but if my questions contained the name of Jesus, it brought a direct answer immediately; as, for instance, "Do you know Jesus?" "Yes, bless him, I do." "Is the name of Jesus precious?" "I hope it is." And thus it was with her, whilst her children and all earthly connec-

tions had lost their power of attraction upon her, the name of Jesus appeared to convey an unction with it that invigorated her soul, and brought a sensible and sweet answer of peace. For two or three days before she died, she was, to all appearance, altogether insensible; consequently, I found it quite useless to attempt asking her anything.

Well, and perhaps some will say, "What ground have you for thinking her a child of God, seeing that when passing through the swellings of Jordan, she was dark, and that doubts and fears plagued and distressed her?" To such I would say, in the language of the apostle, "To you who believe he is precious." Thus to this aged saint he was precious; yes, even when he hid his face from her. And if I know anything in reality, she proved the truth of what the poet says,

"Yea, down to the Jordan of death,
These foes shall the Christian withstand;
And feel, when resigning his breath,
The Canaanite still in the land."

But *ere now* she has proved the next verse true:

"Her place of repose is on high;
No Canaanite enters therein,
To drink of the rivers of joy,
Remote from the regions of sin."

Manchester, Aug. 3, 1844.

JOHN.

A CRITICISM.

Messrs. Editors,—Permit me, through the pages of your valuable periodical, to correct an error of some importance in the latter clause 1 Cor. xv. 45, arising from the injurious interpretation of the word *made*. The verse referred to reads thus: "And so it is written, The first Adam was made a living soul; the last Adam was *made* a quickening Spirit." According to this reading, Christ is undeified, being "*made* a quickening Spirit;" in other words, though He be the eternal and life-giving God, he is set forth as "*made*," or created. In the 47th verse of the same chapter, Paul affirms the last Adam, or "Second Adam," to be the LORD from heaven; but in our present interpretation of the 45th verse, the beautiful antithesis of the two Adams (creature and Creator) is lost, and Christ, the eternal God, stands forth a mere created being. The passage should have been thus rendered: "The first Adam was made a living soul; the last Adam *was* a quickening Spirit." Then the Godhead of Christ would have remained intact and clear.

Yours affectionately in the Lord,

Bath, June 10, 1844.

G. H.

[We by no means agree with the above criticism. A very moderate knowledge of the original must convince any one who consults the passage that it cannot be translated as "G. H." points out. It is literally thus: "The first Adam became into (a Hebrew idiom for 'became a') a living soul; the last Adam (became, understood) into a life-making spirit." This is the exact literal translation, but allowing for the difference of the languages, it may be rendered thus: "The first Adam became a living soul; the last Adam (became) a life-giving Spirit."

But it strikes us that "G. H." does not see the mind of the Spirit in the passage. The Holy Ghost is not speaking here of Christ in his self-existent Deity, but of Him as the covenant Head of his people. He *became* a quickening Spirit to them as God-Man Mediator—became so according to covenant purposes, and more particularly became so when he rose from the dead. The Apostle's argument is this:—The first Adam, as a covenant head, became, (or was made,) a living soul, and when he died in his soul, all his posterity died in him. But Christ, the second Adam, became, (or was made,) as a covenant Head, a life-giving Spirit, so as to be a Head of influence, and to give spiritual life to his people. The word made, or became, does not refer to Christ's original deity, but to his Mediatorial character; and the antithesis is not, as "G. H." supposes, between the two Adams as creature and Creator, but between them as covenant Heads; and in this sense both Adams were made, or appointed by the will of the Father,—Adam the first by actual creation, Adam the second by special appointment.

There is a similar passage, John v. 26, "For as the Father hath life in himself, so *hath he given* to the Son to have life in himself." This life given to the Son is not his life as the Son of God, one with the Father and the Spirit, but his life as Mediator. This mediatorial life was *given* him on behalf of his people; "for it hath pleased the Father that in him should all fulness dwell," as Zion's Head; and out "of his fulness (this mediatorial fulness) have we received, and grace for grace." In the same way, Christ, as the second Adam, was made, or became, by the appointment of the Father, a quickening Spirit, that He might, as the covenant Head of his people, give them spiritual life. Adam the first had but a soul life, not a spiritual life; but Adam the second is a quickening Spirit, having spiritual and eternal life lodged in him as a covenant Head, according to the Father's purpose, and by the Father's appointment. The passage does not, therefore, at all refer to the original, uncreated Godhead of Christ, but to his mediatorial character as God-Man. He became or was made such, and it is his people's mercy that he did become a quickening Spirit; for thus, by divine appointment, He communicates life to their souls: "Because I live, ye shall live also."

The Holy Ghost knows best his own meaning, and has expressed that meaning in the clearest manner in the scriptures of truth; all criticism, therefore, which would overthrow the true translation of the passage must be incorrect; and it will generally be found that there is a meaning, at first sight perhaps obscure, but which, when seen, shows that the attempted amendment is not only wrong criticism, but wrong divinity.—Eds.]

EDITORS' REVIEW.

The Christian's Crucible: being the substance of Two Sermons. By William Giles, of Liverpool.—Gadsby, Manchester; Groombridge, London.

Affliction is the lot of the Lord's people; for they are chosen in the furnace of affliction, and through much tribulation must they enter the kingdom. And however they may murmur and rebel against, as well as shrink from the furnace, they know well there is no other way to be freed from their dross, and come forth a vessel meet for the Master's use.

Mr. Giles, in his sermons entitled "The Christian's Crucible," has ably and minutely entered into this branch of Christian experience. A "crucible," we need hardly observe, is a fining pot formed of such materials as can endure the heat of a furnace, and therefore indispensable to the purifying of the precious metals. Though the word "crucible" is not used in our translation, yet, as the equivalent term

"fining pot" is there found, (Prov. xvii. 3; xxvii. 21,) it is so far a scriptural expression.

Let us see, then, how Mr. Giles handles "The Christian's Crucible."

His little work is the substance of two sermons preached, we suppose, at Liverpool, though neither date nor place is given. The text is, Zechariah xiii. 9, "And I will bring the third part," &c.; and the first sermon opens thus:

"There is nothing that the child of God more needs, nothing that he is more ready to acknowledge the value of, and yet nothing that he more shrinks from, than the trial of his faith in the sevenfold heated furnace. As he peruses the divine testimony, he finds that none of the spiritual Israel have escaped, as many of the guilty idolaters at Babylon did, with a mere look in at the mouth of the furnace, but have been virtually placed where the three Hebrew children were, 'into the midst of the burning fiery furnace.' (Dan. iii. 23.) He reads that 'if we are without chastisement, whereof all are partakers, (i. e., all whom the Lord loveth, Heb. xii. 6,) then are we bastards, and not sons;' that 'the trial of our faith is much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire;' (1 Peter i. 7;) and that 'we must through much tribulation enter the kingdom.' (Acts xiv. 22.) He knows that the strongest evidences of his election and calling have grown out of his sorest trials; that he has nothing more to thank God for, as means of grace, than his afflictions; that if Jehovah were to ask him whether he would wish to spend a lengthened life on earth with an entire deliverance from the fiery trial, he could not (when in his right mind) say, 'Yes:' still he shrinks from it when it arrives, as a silly child from the bitter draught of medicine, who would almost sooner die than take it, though given by a father or a mother's hand. The fact is, that every one who has been in the furnace is made painfully to know that the dross of pride and of carnality of every kind, clings so closely to the mind that nothing but a hot and protracted fire will separate it; and that the peaceable fruits of righteousness are yielded only by those who are '*exercised*' by chastisement—a word importing often great length of time, of suffering, and of patience; from which ordeal frail human nature recoils, 'for no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous.' (Heb. xii. 11.)"

Mr. Giles directs our attention to four points connected with the text,—1, The Refiner; 2, The precious metal; 3, The refining process and the crucible; 4, The God-glorifying effects resulting therefrom.

We extract a part of what he says under the head of the Refiner, which we think much to the purpose:

"The Refiner. 1. Such is the value of the precious metals, and such the subtlety of the art of refining, that no ignorant person would de for the business of a refiner. He must understand the nature of the metal itself, and should be well acquainted with the best kind of crucible or melting pot for the purpose, the most effectual test to try with, the nature and amount of the corrosive matter with which the metal is combined, the quantity of heat that should be applied, and the length of time for its continuance. He should also be accustomed to the endurance of heat himself, and be possessed of much patience in watching the process of purification.

"2. Now, every soul enlightened by the Lord the Spirit, will at once exclaim, 'None but Jesus can be suitable for the office of refiner in the church of God; none whose attributes are variable from Him who is "Emmanuel, God with us," can sustain the office of the purifier of chosen, redeemed, and immortal souls. He must be God, who fully knows the nature of such a soul, and who penetrates with an omniscient eye into its exigencies and into the varied corrosive combinations of pride, ignorance, and carnality, under all their multiform existence, with which such a soul, in its fallen and degenerate state, is associated; he must be

God, possessed of infinite wisdom, to adapt the test to the state of the thing tested, in all the peculiarities of its physical, moral, and intellectual constitution; he must be God, having power to kindle or abate the fiery ordeal, and to bring forth the precious metal purified thereby. But, to a mind illumined from above, it appears no less necessary that he should be Man. Apart from this, he could not be touched with a feeling of our infirmities, being 'in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin;' (Heb. iv. 15;) much less could he have 'suffered, being tempted,' and, on this account, be 'able to succour them that are tempted.' (Heb. ii. 18.) Yet one Refiner is alone necessary or revealed, as says our text, adopting the personal pronoun 'I.' 'Precious Representative!' adds the believing heart; 'it is He, it is He, who, as he tabernacled in our nature, was the only Being that could say, without blasphemy, 'He that hath seen me, hath seen the Father.''' (John xiv. 9.)

Under his second head Mr. G. has given four reasons (and they appear to us sound and scriptural ones) why the elect are compared to the precious metals, gold and silver. Our limits, however, do not permit our extracting this part of his discourse; and we therefore pass on to what he says under the third head, "The refining process and the crucible:"

"1. It is well known by those who are skilled in the art of Metallurgy, or the working of metals, that both gold and silver, in their natural state, have large portions of alloy with them; that they are found in matrices or masses that must be separated from them before they can be employed either for use or ornament. The purest or virgin gold is found to possess much dross. The application of this fact is too obvious almost to need explanation. Under a foregoing head of discourse, the circumstances of the family of God, naturally considered, have been alluded to; but who shall describe the unbelief, pride, carnality, legality, and every abomination found in the human heart after a work of grace has been begun, after the digging from nature's quarry has been effected? So much dross indeed seems to exist, when seen with the eye rendered vivid by the Spirit's development of the sanctions of the law, and the claims of Jehovah's unutterable love, as revealed in the gift of Jesus and his condescension and death, with all the innumerable mercies and blessings conferred upon the bodies and the souls of the redeemed, that the mind of a child of God is often horrified at its defilement, and thinks it can be no better than the 'reprobate silver' spoken of by the prophet. Now, although Jehovah never designs to convert the believer's dross into gold, and the old man will never become a new man, while the world shall last, ('for that which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit,') yet the faculties of the new man will be progressively displayed; faith, knowledge, and experience of divine things, will be increased; or, to preserve the figure, the gold and silver will, by God's treatment of them, be made declaratively to exhibit more and more what they essentially are.

"2. Various methods have been adopted for the purifying of the precious metals without the application of fire, but they are said not to have succeeded; and recourse has, after all, been had to the Melting-pot, the Furnace, and the Fire. A plain indication is given us of this process in the language of the text; and it is asserted also that the third part shall be brought *through the fire*—a circumstance that could not occur if all included in the expression were not put into it.

"3. Strange as it may appear, it is as true as strange, that there is added ten or twelve times more alloy than the metal itself contains, (say lead or other ore,) with a view to expedite the refining process. This alloy, being lighter than the metal, and, by soon becoming fluid, unites itself with the other alloy pertaining to the precious metal, and prevents it (that is, the alloy) from being so much covered by the precious metal as it would otherwise be; by which arrangement the heat of the furnace acts more efficiently and rapidly on the native dross.

"And is there no instruction here, beloved brethren? Does it not serve to explain why the Lord's people are subjected to so much trial from the world and

the devil, as well as from the drossy flesh that they carry with them? Does it not account for their relative as well as personal temptations? Does it not help us to comprehend the pertinency of the statement made by the prophet, 'Behold, I have refined thee, but *not with silver*;' and furnish us with another key to the enigmas of the apostle, 'All things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose?' (Rom. viii. 28.)

"4. It is also worthy of remark that the heat of the crucible has to be increased while the refining process goes on. This fact is staggering to a Christian's mind while passing through it. God's judgments wax hotter and hotter, as in the case of Jacob, Joseph, David, Job, and others; and, because of this, he often thinks that he must be destroyed, and that He who kindled the fire has left off to watch it. He is led also, at times, to imagine that all the previous heat he has experienced has been of no avail; for, if it had been productive of any benefit, it would at least now begin to abate. The fact, however, is just the reverse; for it is as the refining process is in actual progress that an increase of heat is requisite, and that the judicious refiner applies it; for he knows that that amount of heat which would keep the metal in a melted condition when the dross was abundant will not be sufficient beneficially to effect it when a large proportion of the dross has been consumed. See here, ye servants of the Lord, why that last trial or this present trial is longer or more severe than when the heavenly Refiner first put you into the furnace. He sees that your increased faith will bear more heat, and that your remaining unbelief requires more fire to burn it up. Trials that would have overwhelmed you in an earlier part of your Christian life, are now encountered by a firmer faith; and the preciousness of that faith (though now, as aforetime, it may seem ready to give way) is manifested both to the glory of its divine Author and the ultimate comfort of its privileged possessor."

In the second Sermon, Mr. Giles describes some of the crucibles into which the Lord puts his redeemed. We will give two extracts from this portion of his subject:

"1. Let us begin where God begins: 'Behold, I have refined thee, but not with silver; I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction.' (Isa. xlviii. 10.) Now, although there may be a difference in the intensity of the heat of this crucible to different individuals, the spiritual as the natural birth is accomplished in travail. As in the heart of the publican, so in the hearts of all God's elect, there will be heat enough to exert a smiting on the breast, with 'God be merciful to me a sinner!' So terrible was the intensity of this to him who addresses you, that he can never forget the suddenness and fearfulness of his anguish to the latest hour of life, when the dolorous cry, 'Undone, undone, unclean, unclean, lost, lost, for ever lost! O whither shall I flee from the wrath to come? What must I do to be saved?' seized him at the midnight hour, made his very bed tremble beneath him, caused his pillow to swim with tears, and continued for hours, till the body, exhausted with the throes of the soul, fell into a doze, which was repeatedly broken by the deep, heavy, and involuntary sighs that heaved from the troubled breast. Isaiah's experience, when he cried, 'Woe is me! for I am undone;' that of the three thousand, when, 'pricked in their hearts,' they exclaimed, 'What shall we do?' that of Saul of Tarsus, when, fallen to the ground, 'he, trembling and astonished, said, Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?' were all of a similar kind; and although, at the time, it appeared to them to be anything but an evidence of choice and calling, yet it was of both; for never was a non-elect soul put into such a furnace as this."

* * * * *

"3. There is the Crucible of the Law set in judgment upon him who has been trying to obtain righteousness by it; what is called in scripture the coming of the commandment; that is, the commandment that was 'unto life,' in the poor soul's esteem, bringing with it a verdict of death in the conscience, and being a much swifter witness of condemnation against him, after he has toiled, and struggled, and vowed to comply with its injunctions, than it ever was before. In the awakenings of the soul in effectual calling, when Jehovah appeared to be a

consuming fire, and danger was apprehended, and mercy was cried for at the hands of the Lord Jesus, there was, in the experience of him who delivers this discourse, an immense mixture of legal confidence with all the overwhelming consciousness of exposure to divine wrath; and he recollects agreeing with another individual, who made great pretensions to be in earnest about religion, to retire very frequently together, every day, that they might plead together with God that he would grant them grace to live a sinless life. On some occasions, they assembled six, seven, and even nine times in a day, with this view, and really thought they had attained perfection in the flesh, although many of their prayers were learnt by heart from Matthew Henry's 'Treatise on Prayer,' Doddridge's 'Rise and Progress of Religion,' the Church of England Prayer Book, &c. &c.; and they were so concerned, in their own apprehension, about the salvation of others, as to leave the window a little open, that they might take knowledge of them how much in earnest they were about their eternal interests. God, however, was soon pleased to set fire to this worse than castle-building. They grew envious of each other's performances; and criticisms began to pass mutually about them: one charged the other with being indebted to other men's wits and piety for his fluency; anger and variance followed, and a speedy termination both to professed prayer and friendship ensued. Of the subsequent history of this quondam friend the speaker knows nothing, but he well remembers how, on reflecting on this affair, he was led to see himself in the light of a mocker of God, and a taker of his name in vain; a thief, for having stolen other men's thoughts, and passed them for his own; a hypocrite, for making long prayers to be heard by others; covetous, for envying the tones and readiness of his companion; and, in a word, an absolute breaker of that law that he had blindly thought he had obeyed, and had promised, before God, in a covenant written with his own blood, that he would never cease to obey. Now, not only did the law appear to be exceeding broad, but exceeding mighty to condemn and kill; not only did it thunder death from its own broken commands, but, armed with all the faithless pledges and covenants that had been made unto it, presented itself in such an array of terrible condemnation, that envy was awakened towards dogs and cats, and trees and stones; indeed, the vilest reptile seemed to be a saint and an angel when contrasted with the faithless wretch that stood, self-reproached and naked, before its bar. Shame, fear, despondency, and wretchedness that cannot be told followed; and until the blessed Spirit shone upon the Word, and showed, to the soul's amazement, that works of law done by the sinner form no part of the righteousness that renders him acceptable to God, and that to attempt to perform them, with this intent, is both to sin against God, to dishonour the law, and to insult Christ, there was no deliverance from this fiery furnace; but when he was revealed as the End of the Law for righteousness, that God was well pleased with him for his righteousness' sake, and that his righteousness is unto all and upon all that believe, and that without difference, and the troubled soul came crying, 'Lord, cover a naked sinner with Jesus' righteousness,' 'Lord, cleanse a guilty wretch in Jesus' blood;' then, in the Lord's time, hope and peace returned, for there was an inward witness from God himself, 'Thine iniquity is taken away, and thy sin purged.' (Isa. vi. 7.)

Our last extract shall be concerning one of the effects produced, and the Lord's hearing and answering prayer poured forth in the furnace:

4 "Adoration and triumph. 'And they shall say, the Lord is my God.' Adoring wonder and worship are contained in this ejaculation. Refuges of lies are now abandoned, false hopes and confidences are thrown away, legal and fleshly expectations are vanished. Jehovah, in the person of the Lord Jesus, is feared as all and in all, loved as all and in all, and sought to as all and in all. The language of the heart now is, 'Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth I desire besides thee.' Away, ye vanities of earth! away, ye rags of fancied righteousness! away, ye doubts and fears! I have heard his gracious words and seen his lovely face; the spirit of adoption within enables me to

cry, 'Abba, my Father!' Ah, how many years have many of the people of the Lord sighed, and groaned, and prayed for such a testimony of the Spirit as would enable them to call Jehovah theirs with an unflinching tongue. Little, however, did they calculate where this unutterably precious privilege would be given; little did they think they might be previously put into a raging furnace, be smothered almost with the smoke and abomination of their own defilement, be apparently abandoned by God, deserted by their former hopes, without a promise applied to cheer or relieve them; the Bible, for a time, spiritually locked up, though read with avidity, or listened to with profound attention; but when the bitterest things were being written against themselves, when led to think they must be hypocrites, and they were, in their fears, on the brink of apostacy, being induced to question whether there was a God or not, a Christ or not, a heaven or not, a hell or not, and, to their own imaginings, about to give up all religion; such passages as these have come with invincible power: 'Call upon me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me;' 'I will never leave thee, I will never forsake thee;' 'I will allure thee into the wilderness, and speak comfortably to thee, and make the Valley of Achor for a door of hope;' 'Whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth;' 'Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid;' 'I will bring the third part through the fire, and will refine them as silver is refined, and try them as gold is tried; they shall call on my name, and I will hear them. I will say, it is my people; and they shall say, the Lord is my God.' In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, believing confidence, dissolving love, adoring wonder have seized the troubled mind; sorrow has been converted into joy, fear to reliance, despondency to hope; the reconciled countenance of God in Christ Jesus has shone forth with an ineffable glory and preciousness, the heart has leaped with delight, the eyes have flowed with tears of gratitude and affection, and the tongue has exclaimed with transport, 'Dearest Father, precious Father, lovely Jesus, my Lord and my God, how shall I adore thee?' 'Had I ten thousand hearts to give thee, they should all be thine;' or, in an ecstasy of overwhelming emotion, has repeated, 'Abba, Father! abba, Father!' 'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name.' Body and soul have both seemed wrapt up in God, and heaven begun below."

Our readers will form a pretty correct idea of the staple of the piece from our copious extracts. That the doctrine is sound, and the experience accurate; that the language is extremely correct, and, with a few exceptions, simple and clear, will be readily acknowledged. Still there seems to us something wanting; that indescribable savour and power which so commends itself to the conscience does not rest, as we could wish, on its pages. It is a very well written and able sermon; but the Holy Ghost does not seem to have much shed his dew and unction upon it. It appears to us too much studied, and wants that flowing ease and artless abandonment of preciseness and extreme accuracy which carries a spiritual reader along, his heart beating in sweet unison to well nigh every sentence. It is truth, sound truth, and, in places, deep truth; and yet it does not sink down into the soul, and touch those inward chords of spiritual feeling which, as they vibrate under the touch, produce such sweet and peculiar emotions.

Our standard perhaps is high—too high for most writers. A man may be a gracious man, and write experimentally and well, and yet be lacking in that power and unction which is so sweet and profitable. Whether the Holy Ghost has called a man to write who has not this unction and savour, is another matter. Some good men preach, but no power attends their words; and so some good men may write, but no

dew rests upon their writings. The Lord's people must be the judges of both preachers and writers. We do not set up our own judgment as a guide to them. We express what we see and feel "without (allowed) partiality, and without hypocrisy," desiring neither to please, nor very much fearing to offend. It is a pleasure to us to find in men's writings what does our own souls good; we love to feel a little softening of heart as we read, and to have our affections drawn heavenward. What we feel does us good, and comes with a measure of weight and power to our conscience, that we are obliged to speak well of, and we rejoice to recommend it to our readers; but if it does not commend itself with some little weight and power to our conscience, we cannot, if we have any godly fear in our bosoms, speak well of it. We may approve of the truth contained in it, or give our assent to the experience set forth; but there is no use—and we cannot conscientiously do it—to recommend and speak highly of works which do not, in some way or other, little or much, find their way into our heart.

We really wish we could speak of dew and savour as resting on Mr. Giles's sermons. The truth set forth in them is so great, and, for the most part, so ably handled, that it would give us real pleasure to be able to believe it was written under the unction of the Holy Ghost. We do not feel that it was. What is wanting cannot be numbered; and with all its clearness, accuracy, and solidity, the life-giving spirit which animates the whole seems to us wanting.

POETRY.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN A POOR SINNER AND HOPE.

BY THE LATE WILLIAM GADSBY.

Sinner.—I'm wretched, and lost, and helpless, and poor.

Hope.—But Jesus is merciful: knock at his door.

S.—Law-wreck'd and sin-tortured, pluck'd up by the root,
I feel myself void of all spiritual fruit;
I'm blind, lame, and guilty,—sure none can be more,—
And know not which way to get up to the door.

H.—The Door is at hand; 'tis Jesus, the Lamb,
Who loves to have sinners to plead his dear name.
His once broken heart felt all thy sad woe;
And now he feels for thee, and will not say, "Go."
For mercy still thirst, and incessantly cry:
The God of all grace will prove himself nigh.

S.—I'm filthy and hard, and loathsome and bare;
How can I, how dare I, attempt to draw near?
Sare no one on earth has more cause to despair. }

H.—The mercy of Jesus just suits thy sad case;
'Tis sovereign, free mercy, entirely of grace;
And soon he, in mercy, will smile on thy face. }

S.—Thy words may sound sweet, but can it so be,
That Jesus will smile on a sinner like me,
So filthy, polluted, unholy, and base?
I cannot, I dare not, expect such free grace.

- H.*—Your baseness but proves 'tis mercy you need;
 From high-crying crimes you want to be freed:
 And Jesus delights his rich grace to bestow
 On souls heavy-laden with guilt, sin, and woe.
 Whoever is willing his grace to receive,
 His mercy he freely will unto them give,
 And cause them to feel that in him they must live. }
- S.*—Such a dead lump as *I* to have hope in the Lord?
 What! Christ set *me* free, his grace to award?
 My case is too desp'rate; I'm full of dismay;
 I'm fill'd with confusion, unable to pray;
 Nor can I believe that the Lord will appear,
 To bless me with peace, and make me his care.
- H.*—False reasoning, and pride, and cursed unbelief,
 Are now of thy enemies some of the chief:
 They try to divert thee from Christ and his blood,
 And lead thee in self to seek something that's good;
 And so bring a price for pardon and peace,
 Instead of receiving the Lamb and free grace.
 God's method of saving is sovereign and free,
 Without any price of goodness in thee.
 If thou canst believe, and on Jesus rely,
 Thy burden of guilt will assuredly fly,
 And Christ and salvation will fill thee with joy. }
- S.*—How can I believe, with such a base load?
 My sins are against a righteous, good God.
 His law, and his justice, and goodness must cry,
 "See, yonder's a wretch, deserving to die!"
 And can he, in justice, give true joy and peace
 To such a polluted mass of disgrace?
- H.*—Come, poor trembling sinner, for mercy still cry,
 And Jesus, the Saviour, will not let thee die;
 His thrice-blessed heart rich grace will bestow
 On broken-down sinners who feel their sad woe.
 Though sick, faint, and feeble, on Jesus rely;
 His grace, all-sufficient, thy needs will supply:
 A real sin-sick sinner he will not let die. }
- S.*—Whatever you say, I tremblingly fear
 My sins will at last sink me into despair.
- H.*—Of anything short of dear Christ and his blood
 Thou well may'st despair; such despairing is good.
 'Tis Jesus, and Jesus alone, must thee bless
 With life, peace, and joy, and true righteousness;
 His precious atonement, brought home to thy heart,
 Will heal thee of all thy sad torturing smart.
- S.*—But if for a moment I have a small hope,
 Fresh hurricanes come, and break down my prop,
 And leave me to sink as low as before;
 Yea, sometimes, I think, I've sunk down much lower.
 Thus I fear to have hope, lest all should prove vain,
 And plunge me still deeper in misery and pain.
- H.*—Let all thy props go which self can prescribe,
 And bear all thy weight on Christ crucified;
 Lean wholly upon him, by faith in his blood,
 And thou shalt indeed have true peace with God.
- S.*—A true peace with God I cannot obtain;
 'Tis what I desire, but desire it in vain.

A poor, guilty, trembling creature am I,
Not worthy to live, nor yet fit to die;
No help can I find, nor on Jesus rely. }

H.—To Jesus alone for pardon still cry;
And if you can't speak, for pardon still sigh:
Believe in his name, and thou shalt have rest,
And prove that, in blessing, he has thy soul bless'd.
Fall down at his feet; plead his love and his blood;
He surely will bless thee with true peace with God.

S.—Believing is something I cannot obtain.
I fear to presume to trust in his name,
So awfully great and deep is my stain. }

H.—Lie prostrate before him; there pant, groan, and sigh;
And he will appear, and lift thee on high.

S.—Is any poor sinner as wretched as I?
I neither can stand, fall down, nor yet fly.
Where am I? what am I? Lord Jesus, appear!
Or plunged I must be in eternal despair.

H.—The blood of the Lamb can cleanse even thee:
Believe in his name, and thou shalt be free.
No sinner that on the dear Lord casts his care,
Shall ever be plunged in eternal despair.

S.—Fain would I believe. Lord, bless me with faith
In him who vanquished sin, hell, and death;
Help me to cling to him, by faith, hope, and love;
Give him my affections, and lift them above.

H.—Amen! Hear his cry, dear Spirit of God,
And draw him by faith to Christ and his blood;
Or bring Christ to him, in hope, power, and love;
And set his poor trembling conscience above.

S.—“Amen!” says my heart. Come, sweet Spirit, haste,
And draw me to Jesus, the Fountain of grace;
Apply the atonement, and give my soul rest,
And cause me to feel that in Jesus I'm bless'd.

H.—Thou most blessed Jesus, speak peace to his heart,
And cause all his guilty fears to depart;
Kiss his soul into rest, and cause him to prove
The power of free grace and immutable love.

Brighton, June, 1839.

MERCY EXTENDED TO THE GUILTY.

Lord, I deserve thy righteous frown; Satan I found too strong by far,
My sins are multiplied and great; To let me seek salvation there.
And floods of wrath might crush me down, With guilt's sad load, I sadly trudged
Burying my soul beneath their weight. With wayward steps the downward road;
I've spurn'd thy law, despised thy word; Sin's wages fear'd, yet still I drudged
Thy precepts every one I've broke; And groan'd beneath its galling load.
My heart hath said, “Who is the Lord, When thus a captive-prisoner bound,
That I should bow to wear his yoke?” Foreboding death and endless woe,
I oft thy threaten'd vengeance heard, I heard the soul-transporting sound,
Yet stopp'd my ears, and turn'd away; “Unbind the slave, and let him go.”
And while I thy just judgment fear'd, How sweet the sound no tongue can tell,
I still remain'd too proud to pray. When mercy's tidings reach'd my ear.
If, trembling at thy righteous bar, I, that before seem'd doom'd to hell,
I tried to seek thy grace by prayer, Now flew to joy, from dark despair.

A SOLITARY ONE.

THE GOSPEL STANDARD,

OR

FEEBLE CHRISTIAN'S SUPPORT.

"Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled."—Matt. v. 6.

"Who hath saved us, and called us with an holy calling, not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began."—2 Tim. i. 9.

"The election hath obtained it, and the rest were blinded."—Rom. xi. 7.

"If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest.—And they went down both into the water, both Philip and the eunuch; and he baptized him.—In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."—Acts viii. 37, 38; Matt. xxviii. 19.

No. 108. DECEMBER, 1844. Vol. X.

AN ORIGINAL LETTER FROM THE LATE J. RUSK.

Dear Friend,—I received yours, and have now sat down to write to you, though never more conscious of my utter weakness, foolishness, and inability. I know that some people confess this in a mock-modest way, but I speak the truth from my heart, for I really feel it. I took your letter to the Lord, and begged him to answer it himself, for he knew that I could do nothing. "Who by searching can find out God? who can find out the Almighty to perfection? His way is in the sea, his path in the mighty waters, and his footsteps are not known." I would not wish you to lay too much stress upon your feelings, as it respects faith, for it will not do to make faith a foundation, either for providential mercies, or yet for spiritual blessings. Christ is the foundation for faith to build upon for the soul's salvation; and as he is the heir of all things in providence, we shall have as much of them as shall be for our good and his glory; and at times I can say with all my heart, Amen, but not at all times. As to what you say of there being no likelihood or appearance of God's answering you according to your faith, I answer that faith must be tried; for if it be not tried, how can you tell the difference between natural faith and spiritual?

Read carefully the account of the children of Israel. It is plain that when God told Moses he had heard their groanings, and was come down to deliver them, Moses believed and expected it directly; and, God not appearing according to his expectations, he told the Lord that he had not delivered his people at all. For the way God took was to lay heavier burdens upon Israel, and that Pharaoh should use them very cruelly to ripen him and his hosts for damnation, and to humble Israel greatly; so that the Lord might be glorified both as a

God of judgment, and as a God of salvation. You may see also in Abraham, the father of the faithful, how long his faith was tried about a son; and when he prayed as follows, "O that Ishmael might live before thee," he had some hope and some confidence that God would hear him. If this be denied, then I ask how it is possible for a man, without the least faith or hope, to put up such a petition to God? But God says, No, I will not answer him according to his desire. I believe that God's children are not without natural faith, though they may have spiritual also; but spiritual faith is sure to be well tried; natural faith goes by the appearance of things; and if things look favourable, this faith works well; but spiritual faith works best without these appearances, and against hope in nature believes in hope through grace. What a great deal poor Abraham had to cope with! For there is no doubt when the Lord promised him all the land of Canaan, and it is said that "he believed God," that his faith understood something more literal than to have only a burying place, and to have to purchase that. But he was to be brought off from confidence in the flesh. If you deny this, how can it be true that they were "men of like passions" with us, as the scriptures affirm? For if God were to make such a promise in particular to one of us, do you think we should steadfastly believe he meant it only spiritually, so as to hold fast that faith, and never doubt it at all? Or that natural faith would not try to come in, and carnal reason say, "It may be, perhaps, that God intends literally to give me the promise?" I say that this is very likely, as we are all of like passions; and if this be denied, then we are not at all of like passions, which is contradicting the holy word. And after Abraham got the promised seed, then was it not a great trial to offer him up as a sacrifice?

Now what I wish to lead your mind to is, the *delay* of the promise; and that it is for the trial of the faith—yet it was not a denial. Consider David also; how long he was tried before he got the kingdom, whereas at first how fair he bid for it in killing Goliath of Gath; surely he would secretly conclude that he should be established king, by giving such a deliverance to Israel. But, alas, David must be humbled again and again; yes, and have many fears, and conclude that he should one day fall by the hand of Saul, so that he fled from him. You see how deliberately God goes on with his works; but our time is always ready. As it respects myself being tried in this way that you speak of in your letter, I really have again and again; and it has puzzled me not a little. When I have been out of work, I have at times been highly favoured with the Lord's presence in writing, inasmuch that I have wished from my heart to be wholly engaged in the Lord's work. I had a large family in real want of everything, and no work; but many a miserable hour, yea, and day too, have I got over while writing, and reluctantly have gone to look for work, leaving that which I was sure I had the approbation of God upon; and when I have gone, I have lost the enjoyment of his presence, and got more and more shut up in bondage. Well, when I have been discharged, and got again to writing, I have felt all right again; so that it appeared as if God were angry with me for looking out for work, which could

never be the case, for "he that provides not for his own house has denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel." But there is a great deal of human, fleshly wisdom hanging about us, which God will surely cripple, and many of God's family find it the same. I went out lately to look for work very comfortably, and according to my feelings as if the Lord would appear, and with a spirit of prayer, from the real sense of my need; and when the day has been over, I could not see it to be of the least use my going out that day, for nothing has appeared in my favour, and I have walked miles in vain. But such dealings bring us from a confidence in the flesh; we are looking for God to work this and that way, because he has worked so before; but he does not; this is to keep us from trusting to the instrument, and making an idol of it; yet we wonder why it is so. I have walked with some that were good people, and have known my affairs, what a family I have, and how hard put to it from day to day, and, according to my reason, they could have put pounds in my pocket; but though they knew my circumstances, they did not try to help me, when they might without being a penny out of their own pocket, but have given advantages to ungodly men. And how is all this to be settled? I answer, in God's sovereignty, and no other way; and it has made me know by experience, what at one time I could not believe, the truth of this text, "Who is he that saith and it cometh to pass, when the Lord commandeth it not?" So that I have been brought to this conclusion, that no person, good or bad, is any more to me than God is pleased to make him in a sovereign way. But as I said before, you must not lean too hard upon your faith, but remember that "as far as the heavens are above the earth, so are God's ways above ours, and his thoughts also."

Genuine faith of a spiritual nature takes in these following things: 1st, sooner or later, suddenly or more deliberately, God is pleased to convince all his people that they are sinners; not in their judgments only, but in their hearts; and they are enabled to set to their seal that God is true, in the testimony he has given of man's heart in the holy word; so that we can go at certain times in secret to the Lord, and he gives us power to confess our vile, base, and abominable hearts to him; and we can say at that time with truth, from feeling experience, that from "the sole of the foot to the crown of the head, we are full of wounds, and bruises, and putrifying sores," and that "every imagination of our hearts is evil, only evil, and that continually." Now this is real faith, and such people have an honest and a good heart; an honest heart because they tell the truth as it is—they are "children that will not lie," as some do, when they say they never at any time transgressed God's commandments; and it is a good heart, because such are partakers of God's Spirit. "Thy Spirit is good," says David; and God's word, which is called by Paul, "the good word of God," has a place in such a heart. The Holy Spirit works agreeably with the word, and persuades us that we are such sinners as that word speaks of, and enables us to confess it from the heart; and this discovery will go on till death; for the longer we live, the worse we shall see and feel ourselves, and the

worse we see and feel ourselves, the nearer we are to God; "But now mine eye seeth thee, wherefore I abhor myself;" (Job xlii. 5, 6;) "Woe is me! for I am undone; because I am a man of unclean lips, for mine eyes have seen the King, the Lord of hosts." (Isaiah vi. 5.) And when Daniel saw him, all his comeliness was turned into corruption.

But 2ndly, another lesson we have to learn, and which proves that we have real faith is this, that we are altogether without the least power to help ourselves. It is easy to say, "I have no power," but not to say so from feeling experience; and therefore God lets us try to overcome our secret lusts, our besetting sins, idols, &c., and we pray him to help us; and every fall into them that we have, we are sorry for, and feel determined not so foolishly to fall again the next time, and we really expect that we shall not. But, alas, Satan and sin work on our corrupt affections, and with open eyes we go again and again into sin, and bring a heavy burden of guilt upon our consciences. The law that Paul speaks of in his members, is nothing else than a love to sin. This is too strong for you and me; and we try to be more diligent in reading, hearing, praying, repenting, believing, &c., all of which we think is within our power in some way or another; and we go on at it till all we once thought we had appears now to be lost. We read till we appear nothing but confusion, and at last feel a dislike to the Bible and good books. We hear the word, but it appears of no use, for we feel gospel-hardened; and that text sometimes will shake us, "I have commanded the clouds that they rain no rain upon it;" and we seem like the door upon the hinges. We pray, but it appears all in vain, for the more we pray against sin, the stronger it works; so that we go very reluctantly to that also. And as for repentance, our hearts are like stones, and we conclude that God has given us up like Pharaoh, and we can no more believe that we are God's children and under his teaching, than we can create a world, so strong do we feel unbelief. "I know that thou wilt not hold me innocent," said Job (ix. 38); and "if I had called and he had answered, yet would I not have believed that he had hearkened to my voice." Now all this, and much more, for I cannot enlarge, is to teach you and me that we are all altogether without strength. Therefore God says, "when the Ethiopian can change his skin and the leopard his spots, then may we that are accustomed to do evil learn to do well;" and we are brought to a full point in this by experience. Now how could we find it out any other way than by our trying our own heart and our own arm, and finding our supposed strength to be weakness?

Now we have two more lessons to learn, in order to prove the reality of our faith. Thirdly, then, we have to learn that there is salvation in no other name under heaven but in Christ Jesus. This some may think is very easy; but it is not so easy to trust our own soul's salvation wholly on him in a storm, when our souls are sinking in despair, and feelingly we conclude that our hope is gone. From not having a steadfast faith here, and not being enabled to come naked, stripped of all for free salvation, arises

that legal, working spirit; but depend upon it, that we shall be brought to give all up, and say, with Esther, "If I perish I perish." Now every thought is brought into captivity to the obedience of Christ. But, though I have experienced these things, yet to this day I feel in a storm, that legal, working spirit, trying to pray, read, watch, &c., and a secret leaning this way for the storm to abate. It is very hard under peculiar sinkings of soul, to trust wholly to Christ, believing that all salvation, temporally and spiritually, is in him.

And, lastly, the crowning work, or the full assurance of a complete faith, is to believe that he is *our* Saviour, and to say, "my beloved is mine, and I am his."

Now, certainly you can tell whether you have a measure of the faith I have been describing or not, and if you say No, I cannot say that I find anything clear. But I can go a step lower, and yet according to truth, which is this, Do you in heart love Zion? I don't say at all times, but at any time; and is there a cleaving to the Lord's people for the truth's sake, as Ruth clave to Naomi, and the disciples did to Paul, when he preached on Mars' hill; and though you appear to have no love, and feel enmity work, yet does this love come again? If it do, grace reigns, or else corruption would have overcome it. Again, when the light shines on a verse, in reading the Bible, or in reading a good book, so that you see a beauty in it, do you feel a love to it also? If you say Yes, this is receiving (not truth only) but the love of the truth, and it is that you may be saved. Again, do you feel an earnest desire at times to come to the light? I believe, by your letter, you do; and this shows honesty of heart. Wait, then, on the Lord, for he says, "They shall not be ashamed that wait for me," and "Blessed is the man that heareth me," (there is a circumcised ear to know his voice from all others, and such are blessed already, and the blessing is everlasting life,) "watching daily at my gates." Not having entered as yet into justification, the gate of righteousness, we therefore cannot as yet praise the Lord—"thou shalt call thy gates praise"—but watching and waiting like a beggar; not in the hall, but at the posts of the door. Here Hannah was, but God raised her up from the dust and from the dunghill, and set her amongst the princes of his people. Again, do you feel an appetite at times for Christ Jesus? I believe you do, and love to hear his truth; and if so, you are blessed, and shall be filled: "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled;" hence Paul says, "The Lord fill you with all joy and peace in believing." But you and I shall ever have changes while in this world, let us have ever so clear an experience; for the fulfilment of the promises of God is ever to needy people, which need will be kept up till death. In this way we are kept on the look out—many enemies within and without—so that we shall find it a painful path, tribulation a daily cross, self-denial, and hating our own life. Faith is to be tried by fire; many waters are to try to quench love, that we and others may know that it cannot be quenched, "for charity suffereth long, and is kind." Every grace will be tried by a corruption to oppose it, and this is part of faith's fight. Every visit our souls

have from Jesus, and we feel victory by faith in his finished work, is faith's triumph. But what a blessed thing I have often thought it is, that the promises (unconditional promises) are made to the weak, foolish, needy, destitute, ignorant, fatherless, widow, hungry, thirsty, lost, fearful, helpless, feeble, &c., so that you and I can come in in some of these things. You know that those that were with David, who were so weak that they could not go over the brook to war, still abode by the stuff; and David made it a statute, that as his part was that went to battle, so should his be that abode by the stuff—they should all partake alike. If anything spiritual is to be understood here, as I firmly believe there is, Christ is the captain of our salvation, of whom David was a type. Now, there are some valiant soldiers that are engaged in this war, but there are others that appear to be valiant, as there were in David's day—men of Belial—and these, never knowing their own weakness, would wish to have degrees of grace. But no, we are chosen in one Head, all loved with one love, all bought with one price, all receive one Spirit, and shall all be glorified alike.

If any of my scribbling is suitable to you, give God the whole glory, and do not forget to pray for your servant in Christ,

January 9, 1820.

J. RUSK.

"THEY SHALL MOUNT UP WITH WINGS AS EAGLES."

Dear Brother,—May mercy and peace be with you.

I suppose you will think that I have but little regard for you, as I have not sent you any letter for some time. I had nearly finished a letter to you, when I heard of your keen affliction in breaking your leg; and I laid the letter by; for I thought that it was not worth sending. I did indeed feel for you, and, I hope, was enabled to pour out my soul for you at the throne of grace, that the dear Lord would be with you, to support, comfort, and bless you with quietness and submission to his sovereign will; for I am confident that it is amongst the "all things" that "work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose." I am very glad to hear that you are getting better; and I hope that the dear Lord will still go on to bless you with an increase of strength, that you may again go forth on the walls of Zion, to blow the silver trumpet of the gospel. I hope that the dear Lord will spare you many years, for the benefit of his children, and his own glory.

I am still holding on in the old path of tribulation, and still proving that, notwithstanding all the cursed imaginations of my carnal heart, "the purpose of God, that shall stand;" and, bless his dear name, I have times when I can see and blessedly feel that his purposes, decrees and fixtures are right, beautiful, and glorious. At these times, I would not have one thing altered; I can then say from my heart, "Bless God that things are as they are;" I then envy no man's situation, nor covet any man's greatness, honours, or glories, but am lost

in wonder, adoration, praise, and thanksgiving for his wonderful loving-kindness to the vilest and the most unworthy of all; I can then sing, with David, "Blessed be the Lord, who daily loadeth us with benefits, even the God of our salvation: He that is our God is the God of salvation; and unto God the Lord, belong the issues from death." O what self-loathing, what God-adoring praise there is when my soul is here!

Surely it is the goodness of God that leadeth us to that repentance which needeth not to be repented of. How can a poor empty professor, that is dead in sins, enter into these blessed things, for they have never entered into him? And why have your poor soul and mine ever known and felt them? Because it was, and is, given unto us to know the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven. But to them it is not given: "For whosoever hath, to him shall be given, and he shall have more abundance; but whosoever hath not, from him shall be taken away even that he hath. Therefore speak I to them in parables; because they, seeing, see not; and hearing, they hear not, neither do they understand." O! my poor soul, adore the sovereign, discriminating, electing love and choice, that ever he should hide these things from the wise and prudent, and reveal them to such a babe. My poor soul bows down at his blessed feet, and with humble feelings of heart I exclaim, "Lord, why hast thou revealed these things unto us, and not unto the world?" And O how soul-melting, to hear and feel the sweet answer of God drop into our hearts like rain,—“The Lord did not set his love upon you, nor choose you, because ye were more in number than any people, for ye were the fewest of all people; but because the Lord loved you!” O wonderful cause! Hypocrites may gnash at it with their teeth; Arminians may rage and rave against it; devils may roar, and hate it; but my soul loves and adores it,—“Because the Lord loved you.” And I find brother John is lost in wonder how to express its glory. “Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God; therefore the world knoweth us not, because it knew him not. Beloved, now are we the sons of God; and it doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that when he shall appear, we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is. And every man that hath this hope in him purifieth himself, even as he is pure.” And brother Paul adores and exalts the same love and choice: “But God, who is rich in mercy, for his great love wherewith he loved us, even when we were dead in sins, hath quickened us together with Christ; (by grace are ye saved;) and hath raised us up together, and made us sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus.” It is so heart-refreshing and soul-cheering that it is all because the Lord loved us.

Empty professors of religion may tell us that this opens a door to licentiousness; but we can say with a holy indignation, “Shall we continue in sin, that grace may abound? God forbid.” And we can give them a blessed reason why we cannot sin that grace may abound: “How shall we, that are dead to sin, live any longer therein?” Bless God, we cannot. The grace of God teacheth us “that,

denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly, in this present world; looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ; who gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works." These things may God help us to speak, and exhort, and rebuke with all authority, and never mind any man that may despise us.

But what am I about? You will be ready to smile, and say, "Where is the old snail getting to?" Why, my dear friend, I have had a holiday for a short time from working at the dung gate, and have been entertained with a little of the glories of Zion, her bulwarks and strength, our God round about us, and the glory in the midst of us. And is it not sweet to be here, to "see the King in his beauty," and "the land that is very far off," and hear his sweet voice, "I will glorify the house of my glory?" And what a sweetness there is in giving back what God gives to us! "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory, for thy mercy, and for thy truth's sake." In his temple, every one speaks of his glory: "They shall speak of the glory of thy kingdom, and talk of thy power." Is it not sweeter to be here than muddling, working, and toiling up to the neck at the dung gate? O! my dear friend, if the dear Lord would but do as I would have him to do, I would be for ever praising him, loving him, honouring him, and obeying him, in thought, word, and deed. O that it were his will that I could but love him more, praise him more, thank him more, and never, O never, disbelieve him more! I have never proved him to be unfaithful to one promise yet, nor ever shall; he has ever been my present Help in trouble. He sent me out without purse or scrip, and yet I have never lacked one thing. And I see and feel what a rebel I have been; how my poor soul has plunged, kicked, and fought against him, till I have cried out, "My soul chooseth strangling, and death rather than life!" and yet these very things he has turned into the greatest blessings. O! for ever adore Him that has done all things well.

When my soul is here, how wonderful it is to look back upon all the Lord has led me through, during about forty years, in this dreary wilderness! My soul exclaims, "Mercy and truth have followed me all my life long; not one thing out of its place." And how soul-strengthening, melting, and encouraging, to look forward! All the way completely cleared; devils conquered; sins all swallowed up in "the Fountain opened for sin and uncleanness;" death destroyed, and "he that had the power of death, that is, the devil;" heaven opened, and a sweet view of the glorious inheritance that nothing can cheat us of. How can my soul, at such times as these, help exclaiming with humility, confidence, and joy, "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, which according to his abundant mercy hath begotten us again unto a lively hope, by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, to an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you, who are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation ready to

be revealed in the last time. Wherein ye greatly rejoice, though now for a season, if need be, ye are in heaviness through manifold temptations?"

My dear friend and brother in Jesus our beloved Lord, my soul prays that you may have abundance of peace and love multiplied in your soul daily and hourly, if it be his blessed will. My soul loves you dearly for the truth's sake; and I cannot desire greater blessings for you than the presence of the Lord, the smiles of Him that is "the chiefest among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely;" who is "the Lord our Righteousness;" our adorable, great High Priest, that has atoned for all our cursed sins; our blessed Bondsman, that has discharged the whole debt, and blotted it out of the book, so that not one farthing can be found; our glorious Captain, that has conquered and silenced every foe; our beloved Sun, that warms, revives and cheers us, drives all the beasts of the forests into their dens, and brings out and enables our poor souls to go forth to the work of praise and love until the evening; our kind, indulgent, tender, affectionate, faithful and ever-loving Father, that bears with all our manifold infirmities; nay, the All in all; for it is of him, and to him, and through him, that all things are; to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen and Amen. My soul begs that you and poor worthless I may sit with him, talk with him, walk with him, preach with him, live with him, die with him, and reign with him.

My dear friend, think not that I have forgotten you; you are in my heart to live and die with you. And if you ask why I have such love for you, I answer, it is for the power of the truth that has dropped into my soul, like rain upon the new-mown grass, from your lips. Can I ever forget my many journeys from Besses-o'-th'-Barn, when I came loaded with burdens and miseries of all descriptions, to such a degree that both body and soul have been so weighed down that I could expect nothing but to sink, never to rise again? But the blessings and presence of the Lord have come so powerfully that all the mountains have crumbled down before me, and I have returned home with joy and gladness, my soul being as full of the blessings of the Lord as ever it could hold; and it has exclaimed, "The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the still waters; he restoreth my soul; he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake." Nay, my soul many times, in returning home from hearing the precious truth from your lips, has cried out, "My cup runneth over. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I shall dwell in the house of the Lord for ever."

Dear friend, my union of soul to you did not originate from any fleshly union; that always ends in the flesh. I should not wonder that you have observed, as well as I, many that would have pulled out their eyes and given them you; but in a little time have cried out, "Crucify him, crucify him!" But, bless the Lord, we have not so learned Christ; we have felt a little what it is to drink into the same spirit, so as to be of one heart and of one mind in the things of God and truth.

I hope that you will send me a letter, to let me know how you are going on. And that the dear Lord may be with you, and bless you with every new covenant blessing for time and eternity, is the heart's desire of your unworthy, but affectionate brother in Christ Jesus.

Trewbridge, Nov. 6, 1840.

J. W.

WHAT IT IS, TO BE A CHRISTIAN.

My dear Friend,—Grace, mercy, and peace, by the power of the Holy Ghost, be in thy soul feelingly multiplied.

Fellow-traveller in Zion, the city of our God, I feel my spirit somewhat stirred to write once more to you, concerning what has been, what is now, and what is yet to come; and the Lord draw out that faith which he has implanted in thy soul and in mine into lively act and exercise, that we, in the consideration and reflection thereof, may be enabled to weep and rejoice together.

In considering what *has been*, first, with respect to ourselves, we 'were dead in trespasses and sins.' This was once our state by nature. Well may it be termed "dead in trespasses and sins." As the natural body lies in death inactive, unconscious, unfeeling, and lifeless as a lump of clay; so it is spiritually with every soul on earth, till quickened by God the Holy Ghost. Dead to God and divine things, it no more can perform living, spiritual acts than the dead body can act naturally; but alive in sin and to sin, in open rebellion against God and his Christ, drinking down sin as the greedy ox drinketh down water, drunk with sin and the love of sin, (hence sin hath made the nations mad,) willingly blind and foolish, ignorant and vain, high-minded, proud, presumptuous, and self-willed despisers of God, his Christ, and his saints; persecutors of Jesus and his followers; haters of holiness, of praying souls, and praying breath; shunning the place where God's dear people resort; without hope, and without God in the world; sporting on the brink of misery; professing "godliness, but denying the power thereof;" professing to be the followers of Christ, while their conduct and actions prove that they have not his Spirit, and are none of his,—carnal men hope to get safe at last, and are at the same time secretly expecting to be saved partly by works and partly by grace; contrary to the way by which Divine Wisdom has appointed to save the elect family. And thus will they perish in their own deceivings, unless God undeceive them in the sovereign riches of his mercy and compassion.

In this state, the greater part of the human race is now; in this state we once were; but it is written, "And you hath he quickened, who were dead in trespasses and sins." Does this blessed assertion belong to us? Ah! my dear friend, here is the turning point. Many hope without a good ground or cause of hope; such will hope in vain. Not so the quickened soul; he shall not hope in vain, and his expectation shall not be cut off. Are we, then, made to differ from the general bulk? Grace, then, must have made the difference, for I am sure that we could not; therefore, Zion's God shall have all the glory. "But how do we know that we are quickened?" say

some. We answer, by comparing our feelings and desires with the revealed will of God; by feeling a perfect hatred to sin in every shape; a sincere groaning and mourning on account of the workings of sin dwelling in us, and seeing the lengths, and breadths, and requirements of the law of God. The commandment, being exceeding broad, cuts up all our legal props, slays all creature hopes, destroys our false confidence and refuges of lies under which we seek to hide ourselves, and brings us in guilty before God, in thought, word, and deed; makes us sensible of our guilt, and brings in the curse of the law, the sentence of condemnation, while we are under it as a covenant of works. We thus despair of obtaining salvation by the deeds of the law; turn to Christ, the only Refuge from wrath to come; look to him alone for salvation; long to receive mercy from and through him; fly for one's life to shelter in his wounded side, beneath the droppings of his blood—to hide in him, “the Munition of rocks;” desire to live and die at his dear feet in sweet and solemn communion with him, in the enjoyment of his presence, to his declarative glory. We are made willing to renounce the world and worldly things for him—to forego the world's applause, and to endure its censures and persecutions, its hard speeches and frowns, for his dear name's sake, in hope of reigning with him above, and to be free from sin, and sorrow, and affliction, for ever. We come to him continually in fervent prayer, in vehement desire, in deep-fetched groans that cannot be uttered, in secret sighs of penitential grief, real sorrow and contrition of heart, because of the workings of unbelief and felt abominations done within; we receive from his fulness constantly, or feel unsatisfied and unblessed if we do not; and desire to be in a frame feelingly and rejoicingly to praise him, or feel the most miserable of all flesh. These are some of the evidences and feelings of a living soul, the signs and tokens whereby God has in some measure established the belief in my conscience that I am born of God, not by the will of man, nor his might, nor power, but by the Spirit of the only true and living God; and I trust also that you can trace some marks here of your new birth. Therefore, let my friend lift her head up, and hope for better days; for she shall see greater things than these. Did thousands but half know what the pangs of the new birth are, they would not make so light of being born again as they do; and had we known at our first rising into life what awaited us, our trembling hearts would have sunk a thousand fathoms lower. As soon as we were quickened, our troubles began (spiritual troubles, I mean; for temporal troubles, compared therewith, have but little weight). A wounded spirit, who can bear? Law-terrors in the conscience, what tongue can describe? The bitter anguish, relents, bewailings, repentings, groanings, and afflictions which the quickened soul endures before pardoning mercy is received into the conscience, far exceeds my pen to set forth; the chastening of the Lord which the sealed of God feel when their heart-affections wander from him, no mortal can make known, neither can a chastened soul think of without the most solemn trembling at his feet. The truth of these things I have proved by feeling experience, therefore do not speak at an uncertainty.

We have now arrived at Calvary. Brought in guilty, and condemned, we die to all hopes of ever being saved by works, either in whole or part. Refuge fails us; on the brink of despair, we cast a longing eye once more towards his holy temple, and cry, "God be merciful to me, a sinner!" Mercy flows into our souls, and melts our hearts and eyes at his feet. The joys of heaven now begin below; pardoning blood removes guilt and the fears of death from our consciences; peace, the effect thereof, flows in like a river; the blessedness thereof buries all our past troubles; our sorrows are drowned in the ocean of atoning blood and redeeming love. A time of intercourse begins as soon as peace is thus proclaimed; communion with God is enjoyed. O what a blessed period of our existence! Now the favoured soul hopes that his troubles are over, and wishes to die to be with Christ, and sin no more. But this is not to be the case; the trial of faith yet remains to be endured. The heavenly vision gradually withdraws; a conflict begins within. "If it is so, if I have received pardoning mercy, why am I thus?" cries the distressed weakling. The fountain of iniquity rises within; his sins abound; solemn checks of conscience keep him from open acts; groans and sighs are his daily portion, and bitter lamentations attend his wakeful hours. Do what he will, he feels an opposition from within. All things seem to be against him; his way is hedged up; his expectations are crossed on every hand; with little or no heart for prayer, a treacherous calm benumbs his spirit. (This is the worst state that a Christian can be in. God Almighty preserve my friend, if she is ever allowed to come here, till deliverance shall come.) The world allures; the flesh would fain grasp the bait. Trials follow each other with double force. He begins to wake out of sleep; gentle breezes now and then expand his soul; but he is in bondage still. "Lord, bring my soul out of prison, that I may praise thy name," he cries. He cries, and cries again; grows sick and faint even unto death; while hope is yet deferred. Then, when about to give up the ghost, deliverance comes. "Though thou slay me, yet will I trust in thee," re-echoes through his troubled soul. "Thy sins, which are many, are all forgiven," is the reply. "Why me—why such mercy, Lord, to me, who deserve everlasting banishment from thee," replies the soul in tears? "Because I am God, and not man, and rest in my love, and hate putting away," is the answer. His hard bondage is again broken; a cessation of arms is sent forth; and peace is once more sealed in his conscience with blood; which lays the weeping child in the dust again at his dear Redeemer's feet.

Thus, you see, it is no small thing to be a Christian. If any one would die a Christian's death, he must first live a Christian's life. Thus far also respecting what has been; and relative to what is now, and what is to come, let a few words suffice, as time admonishes.

When I look to the past, I feel ashamed of myself before the Lord, and only wonder that he lets such a rebellious monster live. The base ingratitude of my wretched heart after so much mercy, so many tokens of his lovingkindness, so many proofs of his faithfulness, long-suffering, forbearance, and tender compassion received, is to me

astonishing. My wanderings and reclaimings have been many; my fretfulness, repinings, and rebellion under his chastening hand, have been great; the sins of my heart, lips, and life, have been sufficient to stop me for ever from boasting; though, blessed be God, he has been as good as his promise when he sealed my pardon at the foot of the cross, that he would strengthen me, help me, and uphold me by the right hand of his righteousness; so that I have not brought any disgrace upon his dear cause. Nearly thirty years of my worthless life have now elapsed since the Lord gave me that promise; he also said, "Fear not, I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God." The effects produced and felt, I shall never be able to relate. What progress have I made since that blessed time? Just sufficient to constitute me the chiefest of saved sinners still, and no more; a constant suppliant at the footstool of divine mercy, and increasingly dependent on divine power, and the most unworthy of all God's dear family. Few and evil have been the days of my pilgrimage here below; but hitherto I have lacked nothing of all that God has promised; to the honour of his name would I now record it, and do desire to hand it down to generations to come, that many yet unborn may praise him also. Afflictions and trials, without and within, losses and crosses, and disappointments and miseries more than I can tell, have been my lot; but all have hitherto worked for my good. The Lord has taken away many of my supposed comforts, and has given me much consolation in Jesus, and good hope in and through his blood, in return. O what a blessed exchange!

"Not health, nor wealth, nor sounding fame,
Nor earth's deceitful, empty name,
With all its pomp and all its glare,
Can with a precious Christ compare."

"Hitherto hath the Lord helped me," is now my cry. Christ and his finished work is the theme of my heart; his name is my only plea and boast; his wounded side is the way whereby I approach to God; his Spirit, drawing out faith into exercise, is the power that enables me to plead effectually and to prevail with him; his glory, I trust, is my constant aim; and the hope of living and reigning with him above, and ceasing from sin and sorrow for ever, now thrills through all my powers with heavenly joy, and makes my soul willing to endure all things that I may attain to the bliss, glory, and blessedness that shall be revealed in us beyond the grave. "Bonds and afflictions await me," said Paul; why, then, should we shrink back from or under our little troubles, our far lighter crosses by the way? We must have trials; for it is "through much tribulation we must enter the kingdom." Does my friend desire above all things to enter therein at last? The Lord enable her to endure hardness as a good soldier of the cross. Let us sit down amidst our troubles, and count up the sum total with blessed Paul. Hear the blessed method of his arithmetic: "I reckon," saith he, "that the sufferings of the present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed in us;" and we are sure that if his sufferings were not, ours are not. Every pain, every affliction, every trouble, let it be from what quarter

it may, leaves that one in the appointed number less; and if we can ~~live~~ through this poor, sinful, dying life at any rate, so that we can be supported and blessed by Him with his presence and grace to serve, love, and glorify him by the way, we shall soon lose sight of all our troubles, cares, and losses, when our last breath has for ever fled, amidst the glories of the Lamb. Then let us ask, my friend, which of us shall be the greatest wonder there.

Let this suffice for what is now; and hence you may gather how it is with me; and I trust that it is well with you also. What is to come while we are on this side the grave, we know not, neither should we be anxious to know; for "sufficient for the day is the evil thereof;" and who by taking thought can add, or take from, or alter what Jehovah has designed? God will work his sovereign will, whether we are submissive or not. Nothing will make us submissive thereto but a sense of a blood-bought pardon felt in the conscience. To feel submissive and resigned to the divine will, is blessed beyond description. Nothing but divine power can bring us into that frame, and keep us there. This also I have learned of the Lord.

But to conclude. Though it is written, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him," it is said also, "But God hath revealed them to us by his Spirit," *us* who have his Spirit dwelling in us, and not to one soul beside. Have we this Spirit? Is sin a grief and burden to us? Are we looking and longing for redemption in, and through, and from Jesus?—for salvation through, and healing and cure from, his bleeding wounds? Do we long to enjoy rest at his feet below, and desire to live and reign with him above? Then we are the blessed *us* here spoken to. Some of the things here revealed to us by God the Spirit, are as follows:—Our sinnership; our lost, undone estate by nature; our utter helplessness and inability, and Christ's all-sufficiency, power, and willingness to save us; forgiveness of all our sins through his blood sealed in the conscience, received by faith, and really enjoyed within, through the power of the Holy Ghost; our election of God; our eternal union with Jesus; our adoption, justification, sanctification, effectual calling, final perseverance, and assurance of our justification.

O what a cluster of blessed things is here! How blessed beyond expression it is to taste the sweetness of them by faith, and enjoy them within! My soul knows that they will not lead to licentiousness, but to holiness in conduct, lips, and life, let others say what they please. Let me but enjoy the power of these truths, then let the world smile or frown if it please. The secret locked up in my breast, I esteem above rubies; crowns and thrones cannot be compared with it. Christ enjoyed below, and Christ enjoyed above, what more can a mortal desire the enjoyment of? The one gives an assurance and is the foretaste of the other; therefore, we know in part what heaven is, before we reach that blissful place; but when we are safe there, then shall we know in full—when we see Him who died for us face to face, without a veil between. The precious things enjoyed within while here, give a blessed idea of what those things are

which are reserved for us and for the whole elect above, and a firm and fixed persuasion of their reality and existence; but we must die to know what they are in their completion in glory: "Here we know in part, but then shall we know even as we are known."

Allow me now to leave the subject for your secret reflection, and sum up all in that blessed expression, "Christ in you, the hope of glory." And may the Lord comfort our hearts amidst the troubles of the way, make us joyful in tribulation, fervent in spirit, and constant in prayer, till we on Canaan's shore shall shout, "Victory, victory, victory through the blood of the Lamb!"

Yours affectionately,

Redworth, Feb. 16, 1844.

G. T. C.

THE PLAGUE OF THE HEART.

My dear Sir,—I am truly concerned to hear of your case. May He who wounds, heal. He is the great Physician of souls; and it is only those who find themselves sin-sick that will apply. O what a fountain of indwelling sin have we been made sensible, feelingly sensible of! "When I would do-good, evil is present with me," the apostle cried and roared out lustily, when he felt "the plague of his own heart;" and indeed it is a plague. But blessed are those who know it, and feel it too. You may depend upon it, that a mightier power than our own has taught us this severe lesson; and I hope that by terrible things in righteousness he is teaching both of us—first by flogging our self-righteousness well out of us, next by showing us our utter helplessness even to believe or lay hold of the promise, aye, even to believe without his help. For when the Spirit of truth comes into the heart, what does the sinner see? A sight that makes him shudder, that makes him sick, aye, heartily sick, and loathe and abhor himself. He sees what he never saw before, and what not all the powers of nature, or books, or even the Bible, could teach him, unaided. He has read—I have read, many a time—that "the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked;" that "all the imaginations and thoughts of man's heart are only evil, and that continually;" that "out of the heart proceed murders, blasphemies," &c.

Now, every heart is such as here described; but it is only when a ray of light breaks in, that we can see; and a pretty commotion there is when the awful spirituality of God's law is first felt in the sinner's conscience. He now *feels*, and for the first time, that "the wages of sin is death," and must be so; and he can set to his seal, so far, that the book of God is true. Well, this is *his* work; for "he shall convince the world of sin." And you may depend upon it, when you feel properly convinced of this, it is the Spirit's work; and be thankful for so much light; for He that has begun will carry it on.

He convinces too of unbelief. You say that you would, if better in health, be enabled to appropriate the promises to yourself. You might as well say that you would reach down the sun! It is the Spirit's work, after having wounded, to heal. When wounded, ask

him to apply the healing efficacy to your heart; for he "will be inquired of to do these things for them." Ask of him faith and strength, and we know "that, if we ask anything according to his will, he heareth us; and if we know that he hear us, whatsoever we ask, we know that we have," or shall have, "the petitions that we desired of him."

But you know that the Christian life is a continual warfare; and our enemies are indeed fearful—*ourselves* the *worst*; for "a man's foes are they of his own household;" and one—the great and most easily besetting sin—is unbelief. You know that there is a prayer for those who feel the plague of their own heart; and a truly blessed one it is, and will suit all the times and seasons of a Christian's life, "any man who shall know the plague of his own heart." (1 Kings viii. 38.)

It is only the new life that feels the power, the hateful power of sin within us; and, paradoxical as it may seem, we are never *alive* until we feel the "body of sin and death"—never saved until we find ourselves lost. There must be life when we cry to be delivered from sin, which formerly, so far from wishing to be delivered from, we rolled under our tongue as a sweet morsel. We cannot be "dead in trespasses and sins;" for the dead neither see, hear, nor feel. And no doubt you have a similar feeling with myself, viz., that of all sins, indwelling sin is the worst; that you have in you an enemy to God! and this sore torment you must carry about with you, and fight against, to the end of your journey. Yes, an enemy to God every one has within; but only the real Christian feels it; and this, more than anything else, causes him to go mourning because of the enemy and the oppressor.

Now, this "fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom," and will keep a man from sin when all his vows, wishes, and good resolutions, are as "chaff before the wind."

R.

"BE YE SEPARATE."

Messrs. Editors,—In November, 1843, I sent you an account of the Lord's dealings with my soul, in bringing me out of Egypt and mystical Babylon; for it appears to me that Egypt is typical of the country in which I was born, and Pharaoh typical of the king of this world, under whose government I then was, and from whom I was delivered by a stronger than he. I had settled it once to serve him all my days, and to be content to go to hell at last; so I wallowed in all kind of sin with greediness. I had made a covenant with death, and with hell an agreement. But O the longsuffering of God, to bear with a wretch like me, and to say that my covenant with death should be disannulled, and my agreement with hell should not stand! The Lord's thoughts were not as my thoughts, nor his ways my ways; for when it pleased the Lord to stop me in my mad career, I could no longer enjoy sin; the fear of death, hell, and judgment separated me from all my former acquaintances.

So there is such a thing as being separated from outward sin, and sinners too, and yet not joined to Christ by faith.

Now it was not whether I *would* be a Christian, but whether I *might*. What can I think, then, of those preachers that tell all men that they know the way; and say, "Christ has done his part, and now it rests with you;" and that cry, "Believe just now?" I call them "blind guides;" for I had no power to believe, neither did I know what to believe, any more than a man that was really dead and buried, till it pleased the Holy Spirit to reveal to me the Object of faith, and also to give me faith in that Object, which was, a divine Surety groaning, sweating, bleeding, dying for the sins that I had committed. Universal redemption is a universal lie. Thousands are now in hell who professed to believe that Christ died for the whole world, and tens of thousands are in the way thither with the same lie in their mouths. I say, then, to the Lord's family, "Be ye separate from all that bring any other doctrine save the Lamb and his blood." These cries of "Lo, here!" and "Lo, there!" often put the Lord's family, at first, more to the stand than anything besides; for they see these professors flourish like the green bay tree. But we read, "All shall worship the beast, or his image, whose names are not written in the Lamb's book of life." And I find that how much soever other sects and parties differ, they are all agreed in this, to give some of their power to the beast or his image. (Rev. xiii. 16; xvii. 13.)

Church of England ministers, for instance, have all subscribed to one creed, and yet their preaching is as different as can be; some Arminian, others Calvinistic. I have heard some of these men preach the letter of truth as far as doctrinal statement is concerned; but I never heard one of them say how *he* had been lost and found, killed and made alive, nor yet give any account of the leadings and teachings of the Holy Spirit in bringing him from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God. Now, if any of these men have been regenerated and born of the Spirit, they must know that all men are not regenerate, and that there was a time when they themselves were not; and they must know that they were not regenerated at the font, although the minister told a lie there, and said that they were. Then how these regenerated men can tell the Lord that he has regenerated the child with his Holy Spirit when they have sprinkled a little water in its face, is to me unaccountable; and yet, I think, there is probably not one out of a thousand who has not done so. And then to live in the same parish, and to see these regenerated children of theirs grow up in all kinds of vice and wickedness; to see them become cursers, swearers, reprobates, infidels, and atheists, and yet keep going on in the same way, looks very much like death. Children of God, be separate from these. I know some that are taken with these letter ministers, and go to church by stealth, or by by-ways, to hide themselves from other members and their minister; but the souls of all that I know to do so are in a very poor state; and of

others that go, I cannot discern that they have even been brought out of Egypt. Therefore, be separate.

Some Independents (only a few) preach a great part of the truth; but then there is always a sneer at the ordinance of believer's baptism. Thus, you see, they give some of their power to the beast.

The Lord has given us a standard to try all doctrines, sects, and parties by; and if they speak not according to this, it is because there is no light in them. "Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and, lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world. Amen." "Whosoever, therefore, shall break one of these least commandments, and shall teach men so, he shall be called the least in the kingdom of heaven." Be separate.

In reference to soul matters, above all things we should be conscientious, as in the sight of God. Depend upon it, God allows nothing to be thrust into his service. It is a reflection upon infinite wisdom to do anything contrary to his word; as if he had forgotten something that we have remembered, of great service to him, or to his church. Hence you hear men say that we are allowed to have our own opinion; hence they make the law of God of none effect by their tradition.

My dear friends, that know the Lord Jesus Christ by the teaching of the Holy Ghost, you know that nothing but the blood of the cross could take away guilt from your conscience. And that precious blood was never shed in vain; it cleanses from all sin. And as far as the blood extends, so far the Holy Spirit's sacred, quickening, sealing, sanctifying influences extend, and no farther. Where the priest put the blood, he put the oil; (Lev. xiv. 14, 17;) so all for whom our great High Priest shed his precious blood, shall have the anointing of the Holy Spirit too. There is no such thing as standing before God but in the righteousness of Christ, except to stand as a condemned criminal, and to hear him say, "Bind him hand and foot, and cast him into outer darkness. There shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth." And there is no way of entering into Christ's visible body, the church, but by baptism. This is the scriptural way. This sensibly separates a Christian from the world: "If ye love me, keep my commandments." There is no other ground on which I can stand with a good conscience but this.

Conforming to antichristian churches or any false teachers, will as surely bring you into spiritual darkness and bondage as ever Israel of old were carried into Babylon for idolatry, where there were nothing but idols; and there to make them worship idols, or cast them into a fiery furnace, or into the lion's den, till they were idol-sick. I speak this feelingly and experimentally; for after it pleased the dear Lord to reveal himself to me as my only Saviour, there was one Turnaway from the truth to fables came to preach near where I reside; so I went to hear him. He called us all hypocrites that were trusting to the blood and righteousness of

Christ; and he set up perfection in the flesh in the place of Christ; or, at the least, it was Christ and Co. My soul rose against it at the first, and I knew that it was false. But I went to hear him again, and he was permitted to blind my eyes; and it left my poor soul in such a state of darkness and confusion, that I knew nothing at all. I seemed to lose my standing. I was like a man in a wood, amongst briars and thorns, in a dark night; I could neither see the way nor feel it. There was neither sun, moon, nor star, for many days. And when the sun arose, and the true light began to shine, I found that I had been going back in the dark, and that I was just about the same place where I was born. And it is indeed the creed of Sodom; for drunkards, liars, swearers, harlots, thieves, and all the abominable of the earth, are of that opinion. What a mercy that I was delivered!

But be you aware of the flatterers: "A man that flattereth his neighbour, spreadeth a net for his feet;" (Prov. xxix. 5;) "The mouth of a strange woman is a deep pit: he that is abhorred of the Lord shall fall therein;" (Prov. xxii. 14; "Her house is the way to hell, going down to the chambers of death;" (Prov. vii. 27;) "Whoso pleaseth God shall escape from her; but the sinner shall be taken by her." (Eccl. vii. 26.) "Be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing; and I will receive you, and will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty."

Dear Sirs, permit me to say that I feel a real union of soul with you, and many of your correspondents too. May the Lord bless you, and give you light to discern between form and power, between flesh and spirit. You will have many a sneer; but you will have many a warm-hearted prayer ascending to the throne for you. It is not for want of love towards you that you have not heard from me sooner, but the spring was stopped.

Wainfleet, Sept. 13, 1844.

S. T.

DIVINE FELLOWSHIP.

My dear Friend,—I believe that I know something of the thirsting and panting desires you mention, and what it is to be favoured with a spirit of grace and supplication. These are vital favours, I believe, next in value to the blessed anointings of the Holy Spirit; but O how sweet are the dear Spirit's divine breathings, meltings, and soul-glorifying visits! When he descends thus into the heart, we are like Peter on the mount of glory, blessedly wrapped in amazement in the presence of our glorified Lord, in his kingdom; and we know not what to say or do, but the heart directly pours itself out thus: "It is good to be here." O, to have a little sweet communion with our adorable Jesus thus! We can then say, "Truly our fellowship is with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ." We see the blessed Trinity, Three-in-One, turn in with us, and sup with us. How condescending thus to visit the hearts of poor worthless sinners! How heart-breaking

the very thought! And, my dear friend, this has been the case with my unworthy soul again this morning. O what sweet communion of soul have I had this morning with the dear Lord, for nearly two hours! I longed for the time of my change to come, that I might be with my dear Jesus, to enjoy his heart-dissolving love and mercy as it is, and to be free from vile sin. It has been heaven upon earth to me this morning. How sweetly did the kindness of the Lord, expressed in Isaiah xliii., bless and melt my heart, under the sweet anointing of the blessed Spirit!

But I have felt reluctant to mention this, (yet I cannot refrain,) lest I should be handing the precious jewels about too much, and lest it may perhaps cast you down; for if we are not in similar frames, sometimes the blessings of others cast us down. I hope that the kind Lord will favour you with his sweet visits, and, like poor Mary, cause you to wash his blessed feet with tears of love and heart-broken gratitude.

The Lord bless you and keep you.—Yours truly and affectionately,

Preston, Sept. 28, 1844.

J. M'K.

EVIDENCES OF A HEAVENLY BIRTH.

My dear Friend,—I feel very sorry that I have not answered your last letter before now. It is not, I assure you, for want of esteem or affection, nor because I do not wish to hear from you, nor because I do not feel an interest in your soul's present and everlasting welfare. I hope that you will therefore pardon the long delay, and put the best construction on what might appear coolness or indifference. It is not always that I feel a desire to write, even when I have the opportunity; and sometimes when I would write, I feel so benumbed and deathly in my soul, and withal so sterile and wretched, that, to my thinking, I could not write a single line. I am frequently disgusted with myself for what I have written to you, or to any of my friends, about the goodness of the Lord, and the solemn revelations of the ever-blessed and eternally-adorable Jesus Christ, as my Saviour and Surety, my Beloved, my Daysman, Intercessor, and glorious Righteousness to my poor soul.

At times, God lifts me up very high, and puts a song of praise in my mouth, causing me to adore his solemn sovereignty, which, from the days of old, he displayed in choosing me and forming me for himself; and, in the Trinity of his dear person, guaranteeing my safe arrival at home in heaven, and ultimate glorification with Him who was once crowned with thorns, with Him who gasped and groaned under the flood-gates of infinite wrath for such a dog as I. So also I feel at times so enveloped in darkness, so low, and at such an infinite distance from God, that I think it almost impossible that I shall ever be a partaker of the inheritance of the saints in light. I think that, upon the whole, I have experienced more darkness of mind of late than heretofore. "My soul hath cleaved unto the dust;" cares have so corroded my heart, and I have felt so mistrustful of God, as

to be truly miserable. I have had no heart to pray to the Lord, no enablings to cast my burden upon him; and my faith has been so low as not to believe that he cared for me, and would sustain me. This is indeed a sad plight to be in. I sometimes feel as a beast before God, wayward, stubborn, sullen, peevish, unthankful, and fretful, not considering "the operations of his hands." But O! I do not desire to feel like this; and at times I firmly believe that God is a God of providence, as well as a God of grace; but, then, my faith is so tried, that what I am assured of one hour, I question the next.

But I am afraid that I shall tire your patience with writing about myself. Your letter is now open before me; and you say, in the first place, "that if not altogether deceived, you found a little honey in my last." Is it possible that God would bless to your soul any thing that such a worm as I could write? for God is my witness that I feel myself the veriest worm that ever crawled on the earth. But I assure you that I would not give a single rush to be able to write well and much, without feeling what I wrote about, and if lacking the anointing of the Holy Ghost. It is the eternal Spirit that must reveal Christ to the heart, soften the soul, and lead the mind up to God. Brokenness of spirit, sighing, crying, longing, thirsting, panting, groaning, and breathing towards God, have, in all ages, characterized all those that have been born of the Spirit. The life that God imparts to the soul at the time of regeneration pants for Christ; it is a "life that is hid with Christ in God;" and nothing short of Christ revealed can possibly satisfy its desires. Blessed be God for an experience of these things in one's own soul.

The Holy Ghost sometimes brings to my remembrance those seasons of godly sorrow, lamentations over sin, and burning desires for Christ which I used to feel many years ago, before my soul was assured by the Spirit of truth of its interest in the Saviour's blood. Nor was I without my misgivings, doubts, and fears that all was not right; that I was deluded; and that the holy meltings of heart I had were only as the morning dew, that quickly vanishes away under the shining of the sun. This seems to be the case with you; for you think that you are altogether deceived; and that the root of the matter is not to be found in you; and you ask,

"Can ever God dwell here?"

The root of the matter is in that man's soul who mourns before the eternal God under a sense of sin. Dost thou grieve at his footstool, and there bewail thy miserable condition as a ruined sinner, and know what it is, by painful experience, sometimes in an agony of soul to roar out, "God be merciful to me, a sinner?" It is because spiritual light is communicated to thy mind to see thyself in the light of God, to know something of thyself by the teaching of his Spirit. God does not dwell in the heart of a hypocrite, or a pharisee, or a mere nominal professor, but "with him that is of a contrite and humble spirit." (Isa. lii. 16.) Godly contrition and humility were never, and can never be felt in an uncircumcised heart; therefore, it is only among God's living family that we hear such sad complaints of themselves, of sin, and of sinfulness. It is because a ray of God's

holiness has shone into the dark recesses of thy evil heart that thou seest such abominations; and didst thou not experience soul-travail, thy religion would not be worth a straw. To know nothing of the piercing efficacy of the Holy Spirit, under which we tremble before a heart-searching, rein-trying God, as poverty-stricken, spendthrift prodigals, is also to lack all knowledge of the gospel as good news to perishing sinners. Unless you felt yourself to be a lost man, how, I ask, could you prove the sweetness, preciousness, and blessedness of a Saviour? Had you never felt the sentence of condemnation within, you would never have panted for the salvation of the Lord. "Come unto me," saith Jesus, "all ye that labour, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Some suppose that this text is a general invitation to sinners, and that all may come that please to Christ; whereas, it is only spoken to those who are born again, and are drawn by God to Jesus, the sinner's Friend. No man ever came to Christ that was not drawn by the Father; nor was there ever a single instance of man or woman coming to the Lord of life without feeling a love to his dear Person. Do you desire and pant for Christ, the Redeemer? There is love in the desire, and a vehemency in the panting, which only living waters can satiate.

I should have noticed more of your letter, but my paper is full. The Lord sustain you, and refresh your spirit. Adieu.

London, April 9, 1843.

P. R.

INQUIRIES.

"The priest's lips shall teach knowledge," &c.

Messrs. Editors,—I have taken the liberty to request that you, or some of your correspondents, would favour me with an opinion (by God's blessing) upon that passage in Huntington's "Justification of a Sinner, and Satan's Lawsuit," (page 104 in my volume,) wherein he says that "Presumption, and covetousness, are not once filed among any of the bills that God hath brought in against a real citizen of Zion." The first is the unpardonable sin; but is the second a greater crime than murder, or theft, or adultery? Surely many of God's family fall into this sin.

I would also inquire, being in a family (members of the Established Church) whose habit is to have "family prayer" read every evening, and their express wish being that I should join them,—whether I am not playing the hypocrite, and not acting as becomes one of God's children, by so doing, while I positively object to forms of prayer.

Hoping for a reply to these inquiries, through the medium of your pages, as soon as you may be enabled so to do, I am, Messrs. Editors, (yours in the Lord, I would fain say,)

Deal, March 10th, 1844.

S. T. K.

[We cannot just now lay our hand upon the work to which S. T. K. refers; but most probably if we could refer to it, we should find from the connection that Mr. Huntington meant the dominion of those two sins. That master in Israel needs no one, and certainly not us, to explain his meaning; but we have

no doubt that he had scriptural ground for his assertion; and that he had a reference to Numbers xv. 30: "But the soul that *doeth ought presumptuously*, whether he be born in the land, or a stranger, the same reproveth the Lord; and that soul shall be cut off from among his people;" and to Eph. v. 5: "For this ye know, that no whoremonger, nor unclean person, nor *covetous man*, who is an idolater, hath any inheritance in the kingdom of Christ and of God."

That a child of God is tempted to presumption is clear from the prayer of the psalmist: "Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins; let them not have dominion over me; then shall I be upright, and I shall be innocent from the great transgression;" and that covetous desires work powerfully in the heart we continually feel. But as idolatrous desires are not idolatry, that is, an open forsaking of the Lord, nor adulterous desires open adultery, so covetous desires and schemes are not open, allowed, indulged covetousness. The apostle expressly says that "a covetous man, who is an idolater, hath no inheritance in the kingdom of Christ and of God." We cannot, we dare not resist such a positive testimony, whatever havoc it make in the ranks of the army of professors. But as one act of drunkenness, though a lamentable fall, does not make a man a drunkard, so one act of covetousness does not make a miser. Yet, as habitual drunkenness constitutes a drunkard, so habitual covetousness stamps a man as covetous. Sin has dominion over each; grace does not reign in them unto righteousness; and by solemn decree both are shut out of the kingdom of heaven.

As to the latter part of the question, let honest conscience do its office. We can give no advice one way or the other. It will be our correspondent's wisdom and mercy to take the matter before the throne, and seek counsel from the Father of lights, who, if any man lack wisdom, gives ungrudgingly to him that asks in faith.

Were we to say it is hypocrisy, S. T. K. might not have faith to act consistently with what such an answer would require; and we have no desire to give a sop for conscience, and allow our correspondent to shelter himself under our encouragement to act hypocritically. We are not in S. T. K.'s circumstances; and though it might be easy for us to say, "Act the part of the hypocrite no longer;" yet unless we could give him faith to act upon our advice, he might do that in the flesh which can be rightly done only in the spirit.

S. T. K., seek a wiser Counsellor than we, one who knows all thine heart, all thy circumstances, and all thy present and future ways.—Eds.]

Messrs. Editors,—I should take it as a favour if you, or some of your correspondents, would give me your thoughts on Gal. vi. 1. Who are the *spiritual* that are to restore the fallen brother? Am I to understand that it is those who make the greatest outward show in religion, and are the most wonderful in talking about it? Because I have observed these to be the most backward; endeavouring rather to shun than to restore a brother overtaken in a fault. Surely they have never been enabled to consider this passage, "Lest ye be also tempted;" if they had, they would be more ready to restore a fallen brother than to say, "I am holier than thou."

A READER OF YOUR PUBLICATION.

["The spiritual" are doubtless those who are taught by the Spirit to know their own vileness and Christ's grace, their own weakness and his almighty strength—who know the plague of their hearts, and, being broken down in spirit before the Lord, can restore a fallen brother in the spirit of meekness. There is no difficulty here; the greater practical difficulty lies in this point—*who the fallen brother is, and how, and when* he is to be restored.

Sometimes persons who are but hypocrites in Zion become manifested by falling into open sin. These would gladly be considered as fallen brethren, and condemn as pharisees all who will not restore them.

When persons fall into open sin, we must be convinced of two things before we can restore them. 1. That they are brethren. Their fall has shaken our confidence; and we may require, therefore, more than usual evidence of their being partakers of grace. And we require, 2, that God should have given them repentance not to be repented of, and that made manifest in our consciences.

Where this is the case, the spiritual will indeed be glad to restore their fallen brother, knowing and feeling their own vileness and weakness, and how liable they are to fall every hour.—Eds.]

POETRY.

THE SAFETY OF THE LORD'S LITTLE ONES.

The chosen of Jesus are little and few,
Compared with professors, and lightly esteem'd;
But God is their Father, both faithful and true;
And none but this people were ever redeem'd.

'They fear very often lest they should be wrong,
Lest some pious devil deceive with a smile;
While fiends of perdition, in enmity strong,
Oppose and deject them by all that is vile.

Their breathing for mercy's an emblem of life,
Though little, and feeble, and broken their prayer;
For if they'd no feeling, there could be no strife,
And no opposition to sin and despair.

They fear, and they fight; they believe, and they doubt;
They triumph or tremble, in darkness or light:
And thus, by Jehovah, they're led round about;
And through all their journey they're always led right.

Their faith, though 'tis little, is precious and true;
The more it is tried, the brighter 'twill shine;
The strong oppositions they meet with but show
That on his sweet promise they trust and recline.

Not one of these chosen can ever be lost;
Not one of these little ones finally fall;
For justice received the price they have cost,
And Jesus completely redeemed them all.

They may be in darkness, and terrors affright,
Be toss'd with a tempest, but never be wreck'd;
As dear unto Jesus as when in the light;
For God is the Father of all his elect.

"Not one shall be lost," their Redeemer hath said,
'Though often dejected, perplexed, and tried;
United as members to Jesus, their Head;
And safe in his covenant they shall abide.

His justice and mercy unite in the train
Of all his perfections, to keep them secure;
And all they encounter oppose them in vain,
Held fast in the hands of omnipotent Power.

In death they shall conquer, though fearing to die;
For Jesus, their Captain, hath conquer'd before:
And when they ascend with their shoutings on high,
They'll see all their enemies dead on the shore.

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